

Current Literature

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A Review of the World

But the ship sailed safely over the sea,
And the hunters came from the chase in glee;
And the town that was builded upon a rock
Was swallowed up in the earthquake shock.

BRET HARTE.



HALF a century in building, half a minute in falling—that is in brief the story of San Francisco. The earthquake shock which, followed by an uncontrollable fire, has practically destroyed the metropolis of our Pacific coast, was just twenty-eight seconds in duration. It began, according to the records in Lake Chabot observatory, Oakland, at 5:14:48, a. m., April 18, and ended at 5:15:16. It was followed by other shocks later, but it was the first shock that did the damage, and which started the conflagration that completed the city's ruin. With gas escaping everywhere from the broken gas mains to aid in the quick spread of the flames, and with the supply of water cut off by reason of the broken water mains, the citizens were next to helpless as the flames swept first over the business section and then spread to the residence section until, according to General Funston's estimate, 200,000 people were rendered homeless in twenty-four hours.

HAD it not been that the full force of the shock was limited to the business section and came at an hour when that section was comparatively deserted, San Francisco might have furnished a loss of life equal to that seen when Lisbon was destroyed by an earthquake and sixty thousand persons were killed. Had the stone walls of San Francisco's tall steel structures fallen a few hours later into streets teeming with a busy throng, had the big department stores collapsed when filled with shoppers, there would have been thousands of deaths where there were hundreds. It was bad enough, Heaven knows,

as it was; but how much worse it might have been! The city can be and will be rebuilt and its beauty and glory may in the years to come be really enhanced by the catastrophe. Says the *New York Times*:

"That there has been a lamentable disaster admits of no doubt. But, apart from the irreparable loss of life, the great earthquake of San Francisco of 1906 may be as much a blessing in disguise as the great fire of Chicago in 1871. We may be quite confident that the new San Francisco will bear as improved a relation to the old as that which is no longer the new Chicago bears to the temporary settlement on the swampy river which was the site of Chicago before the fire."

FIRE and earthquake have, indeed, rendered feasible for San Francisco a scheme for her improvement and reconstruction upon which many civic enthusiasts have expended large sums to little purpose hitherto. The Californian metropolis is a city of hills, or rather a metropolis amid hills. Scarcely was it in ruins when a plan to rear a new San Francisco was well under way. Indeed, this very plan had been formed months back. The earthquake merely made it timely. There is to be a civic center, which, according to an article in *The Overland Monthly*, will be about where the ruined City Hall stood, and from which the restored streets will diverge as spokes from the hub of a wheel. Here will be the City Hall, a Custom-House, Federal buildings, with such civic institutions as academies, an opera-house and the library. All roads will lead to this center as the pivot on which the newly built city will turn and have its being. Steel-framed structures will be necessary. The lesson of the earthquake seems to be not that tall buildings are dangerous, but that all those which are not strongly skeletonized are liable to collapse. This plan for the reconstruction of San Francisco originated in the mind of

D. H. Burnham and his associates, and has been supported by an association formed some time ago to co-operate in securing its adoption. San Francisco has for months past bestowed so much thought upon the radical reconstruction of her business section and her slums that the emergency does not find her unprepared so far as plans for the future go. But in the structures of the new San Francisco, according to the distinguished American geologist, Major Clarence Edward Dutton, the science of seismology will have to be carefully considered, that a type of building may be evolved adapted to the elastic wave-motion to which the earth's crust in California is prone. The Japanese learned that lesson long ago.



THE BUSINESS SECTION OF SAN FRANCISCO

This whole section is in ruins. The first shock of the earthquake, the one that did the damage, lasted less than half a minute. What it failed to do in the way of destruction the conflagration completed.

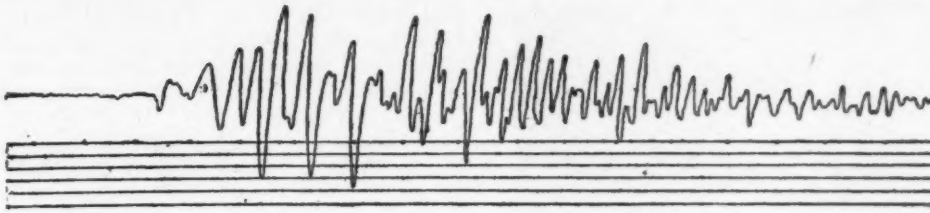
IT is the suddenness of a calamity of this kind that gives it its most dreadful aspect and that for the time being stuns the mind and paralyzes the will. Here is the account of one of the eye-witnesses of the scenes after the earthquake. It is written by a New York *Sun* correspondent:

"Of the scenes which marked the transformation of this the gayest, most careless city on the continent into a wreck and a hell it is harder to write. That the day started with a blind, general panic goes without saying. People woke with a start to find themselves flung on the floor. In such an earthquake as this it is the human instinct to get out of doors, away from falling walls. The people stumbled across the floors of their heaving houses to find that even the good earth upon which they placed their reliance was swaying and rising and falling so that the sidewalks cracked and great rents opened in the ground.

"The three minutes which followed were an eternity of terror. Probably a dozen or more persons died of pure fright in that three minutes, when there seemed no help in earth or heaven. There was a roar in the air like a great burst of thunder and from all about came the crash of falling walls. It died down at last, leaving the

earth quaking and quivering like jelly. Men would run forward, stop as another shock, which might be greater any moment, seemed to take the earth from under their feet, and throw themselves face downward on the ground in an agony of fear."

Vesuvius gave warnings of its recent eruption months before. But the earthquake in California gave no warning. It struck with the abruptness of a bolt of lightning and did its worst work while a person might hold his breath. Not in San Francisco alone, but in Palo Alto (where the buildings of the Leland Stanford University have been severely injured), in Santa Rosa (where not a brick or stone building was left standing) and in numerous other towns and small cities the damage has been proportionately as great as in the city by the Golden Gate. The whole country has been inexpressibly shocked and measures for quick relief have been promptly instituted. The exact loss of life will probably never be known. The damage to property runs into the hundreds of millions.



THE AUTOGRAPH WRITTEN BY THE EARTHQUAKE

The waving line above tells the story, in the unimpassioned way science has, of the great tragedy in San Francisco. It is the line traced by the pencil of a seismograph in the office of the State geologist at Albany, N. Y., 3,000 miles from the scene of the tragedy.



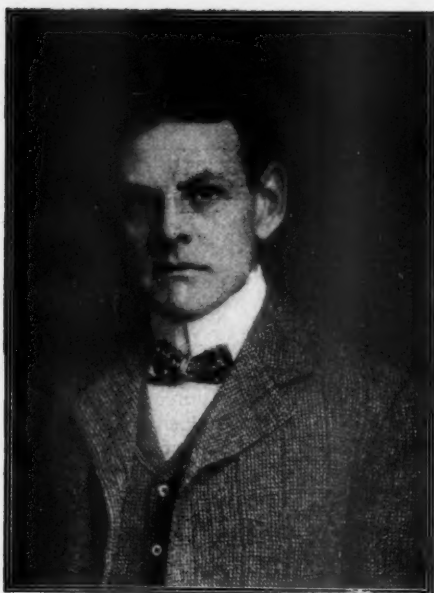
THE "man with the muck-rake," as he originally appears in "Pilgrim's Progress," is merely a type of the carnal-minded man, who could look no way but downward, and "raked to himself the straws, the small sticks and dust of the floor"—that is to say, the riches of this world. The expression has, however, been extensively applied of late to writers in the papers and the magazines who make a specialty of exposing graft and corruption in corporate and political life. There are protests from many sources from those who think that this "literature of exposure" is being overdone. Senator Lodge raised his voice in the Senate lately to denounce reckless attacks upon public men. District-Attorney Jerome, evidently stung by the persistent criticism of his recent attitude in regard to criminal prosecutions of insurance officials, expressed himself caustically on the "hysteria" which he discerns in the present state of public sentiment. Ex-Governor Black has expressed the view that the idea has gone almost wild in this country to-day that "the only way to prove oneself simon-pure and God's noblest work is not to have a dollar." Into the midst of the discussion aroused by these and other utterances has come President Roosevelt's speech at the laying of the cornerstone of the new office building for the House of Representatives.

THE President was careful to distinguish between those writers who are indiscriminate in their assaults upon the character of public men and those who remember that an attack even upon an evil man is of use only when free from hysterical exaggeration and absolutely true. "Expose the crime and hunt down the criminal," he said, "but remember that even in the case of crime if it is attacked in sensational, lurid and untruthful fashion,

it may do more damage to the public mind than the crime itself." Worse even than hysterical excitement is "a sodden acquiescence in evil," and the present unrest is therefore an encouraging sign; but if it is to result in permanent good, the emotion must be translated into action that is marked by honesty, sanity and self-restraint. "There is mighty little good in a mere spasm of reform. The reform that counts is that which comes through steady, continuous growth. Violent emotionalism leads to exhaustion." The work of reform is not merely a long uphill pull. "There is almost as much of breaching work as of collar work; to depend only on traces means that there will soon be a runaway and an upset." Moreover:

"The Eighth Commandment reads, 'Thou shalt not steal.' It does not read, 'Thou shalt not steal from the rich man.' It does not read, 'Thou shalt not steal from the poor man.' It reads simply and plainly, 'Thou shalt not steal.' No good whatever will come from that warped and mock morality which denounces the misdeeds of men of wealth and forgets the misdeeds practised at their expense; which denounces bribery, but blinds itself to blackmail; which foams with rage if a corporation secures favors by improper methods and merely leers with hideous mirth if the corporation is itself wronged. The only public servant who can be trusted honestly to protect the rights of the public against the misdeed of a corporation is that public man who will just as surely protect the corporation itself from wrongful aggression. If a public man is willing to yield to popular clamor and do wrong to the men of wealth or to rich corporations, it may be set down as certain that if the opportunity comes he will secretly and furtively do wrong to the public in the interest of a corporation."

Throughout the address the President evinced fear of an injurious reaction in the public mind, and he went so far as to point out one case in which injury has already been done to the public service. "One serious diffi-



THE WRITER OF "THE TREASON OF THE SENATE"

The above title of David Graham Phillips's series of articles, placarded in large type on the bill-boards of Washington, had much to do, it is thought, with eliciting the President's muck-rake speech.

culty," he said, "encountered in getting the right type of men to dig the Panama Canal is the certainty that they will be exposed both without and, I am sorry to say, within Congress to utterly reckless assaults on their capacity and character. What the President said on this subject has received general approval both from radicals and conservatives.



ANOTHER SERIES OF MANHOLE EXPLOSIONS, BUT JEROME DOESN'T MIND

—Macauley in N. Y. World.

DISCUSSION of this subject, as already stated, had reached a point of considerable intensity even before the President made his speech. The campaign of exposure, said Mr. Norman Hapgood, editor of *Collier's*, in a speech in St. Louis, "has not gone half far enough. . . . It will not hurt us to know all the facts about our communities. How is it possible to be a self-governing community unless we know everything of the political and financial methods going on at the head of our affairs?"

This question, says the Springfield *Republican*, is more theoretical than practical. Reformers must take the American people as they are and they "will as surely tire of exposures as of roller skates or bicycles." It continues in words that have the greater weight because of the keen and intelligent sympathy which *The Republican* has steadily shown in the purposes, if not always in the methods, of even the most radical groups of reformers:

"Believe us, there is nothing more to be gained at present by piling up examples of corruption either in political or business life. Worst of all must be mere reiteration of what has already been said, only in far more lurid and reckless form. It is the overstraining for effect that impels the gallery to mock the hero of melodrama, and in the same way the overworking of the materials in this chapter of exposure must produce the same result. Reaction is generally caused by excess, or satiety. And it is our observation that the public to-day cannot be safely fed on warmed-over tales of public scoundrelism. There is a positive danger to the reforms which all desire, in provoking a reactionary spirit in the land.

"The time, then, has come when all the energies of reform should be concentrated upon the reaping of the fruits of the popular uprising. The time for exposure has passed, notwithstanding that Mr. Hapgood is right, perhaps, in thinking that it has not gone 'half far enough.' The quickening of the public conscience, which has been the splendid achievement of those who have laid bare the anatomy of modern pelf, should now be materialized into measures which will distinguish the present period as one that scored an advance no possible reaction could overcome."

A DEFENSE of the press in this relation is advanced by the conservative New York *Times*. It admits that "the incendiaries of the ten-cent weekly and monthly field" seem to have discarded conscience and lost their sense of responsibility, but we must remember that even the magazines cannot make bricks without straw. It continues:

"It is not surprising that the bricks they make should partake of the hue of their material, and no one will deny that the straw supplied to them

during the past year has been very yellow indeed. The most reckless and sensational newspaper cannot out of its own resources create any harmful degree of public excitement. There must be something to be excited about. The frauds, the wrongs, the extortions, the breaches of trust, the corruptions, and the 'graft' that have come to light during the twelve-month have been flagitious enough to stir any people to anger. In the main the press has but reflected the public temper. That the wrath of the people and their excitement or hysteria have been raised to a higher pitch through the exaggerations and the reckless sensationalism of the press is doubtless true, but the occasion and the substance of the resentment were not of its making. For the most part it has been true to its function of presenting the picture of the times."

A note of jubilant optimism comes from the New Orleans *Times-Democrat* as it considers the situation:

"From pulpit and university and press one hears voices which have been stifled too long. Through all the veins of the body politic there thrills the vigor of fresh blood. Ideas long accepted as gospel truth are imperiously challenged. Men long worshipped for their plutocratic fortunes are snatched from their pedestals. The prophets of the new order have ceased to stand in the pillory. In this mighty conflict nothing will perish that ought to endure, nor will individual or class be despoiled of aught that is held by sound title; but we must look beneath the surface, if we would reclaim our heritage and possess the substance of freedom once more. A trumpet has sounded and it is a trumpet that will never call retreat."

One of the most famous and discriminating authors of the recent literature of exposure, Mr. Lincoln Steffens, in bringing his recent series of articles on the Government at Washington to a close, has this to say on the general subject of graft in America:

"My belief is that so far as our government is bad, the evil thereof is chargeable, not to particular bad men, but to the good citizens; and that not alone their neglect, but their (often unconscious) participation in some form (often unidentified) of graft, keeps them 'apathetic.' Bankers call themselves good citizens; I know three or four who are. I should like to have the others ask themselves why they are leaving reform to what they call 'Socialists.' Isn't it because they are not only busy, but in on the graft somewhere?"



SOMETHING very like a sensation was created by the utterance made by President Roosevelt, in his "muck-rake" speech, in favor of a progressive inheritance tax on large fortunes. The utterance on this point was incidental and brief, but it has overshadowed all the rest of the speech so far as the newspaper comment



HE HUNTS THE ADULTERATORS OF FOOD

Mr. Norman Hapgood, of *Collier's*, believes the campaign of exposure has not yet gone half far enough. He will keep on with his part of the campaign.

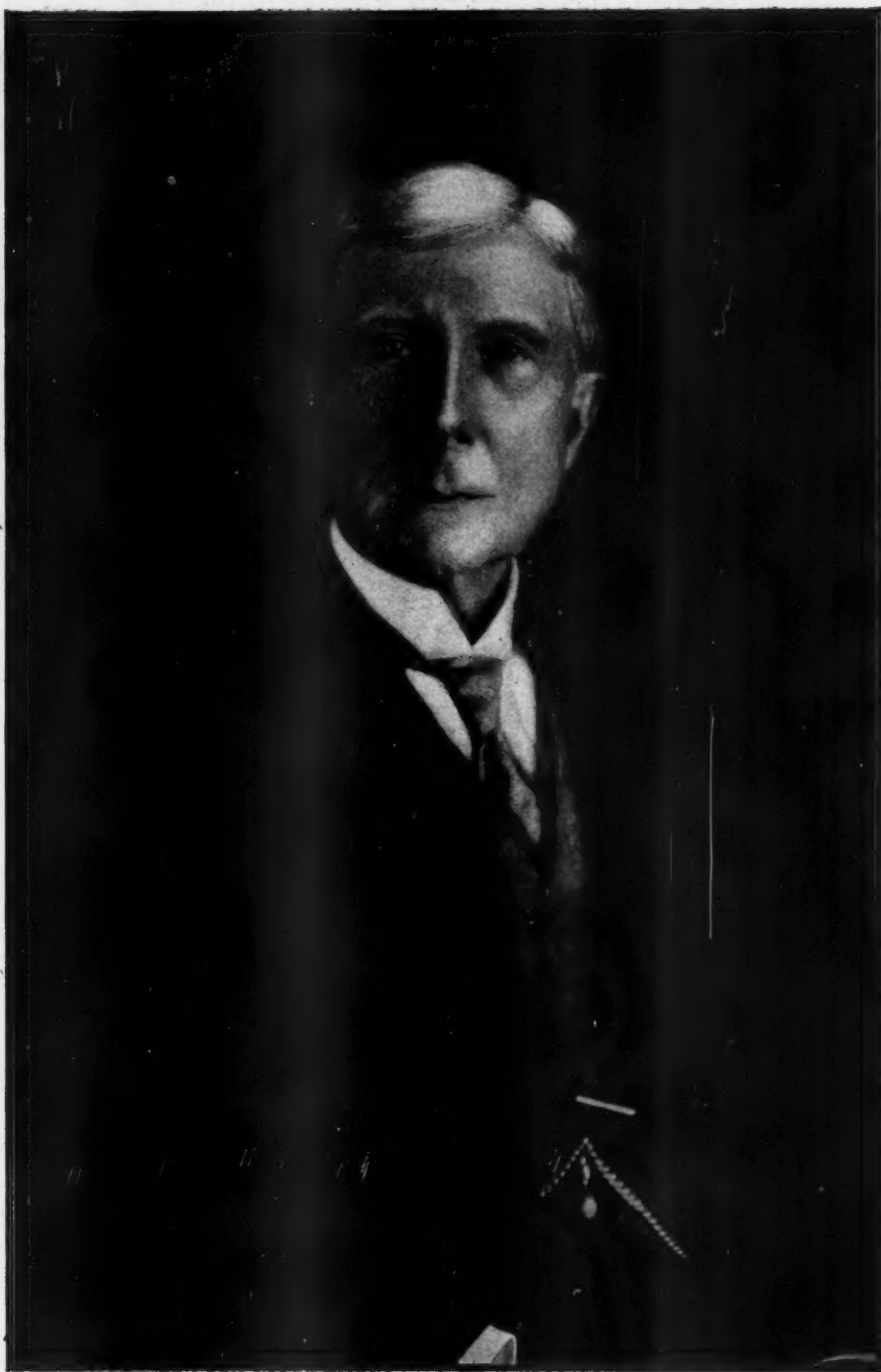
is concerned. This is what he said on the subject:

"As a matter of personal conviction, without pretending to discuss the details or formulate the system, I feel that we shall ultimately have to consider the adoption of some such scheme as that of a progressive tax on all fortunes beyond a certain amount either given in life or devised or bequeathed upon death to any individual—a tax so framed as to put it out of the power of the owner of one of these enormous fortunes to hand on more than a certain amount to any one individual—the tax, of course, to be imposed by the national and not the State government. Such



ONLY "A FIT OF HYSTERIA"

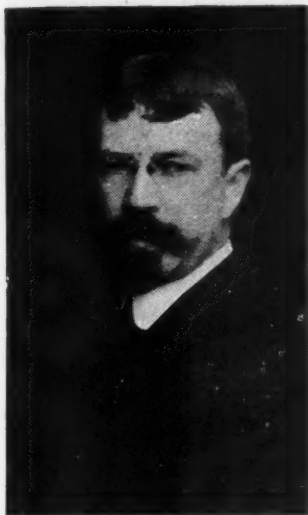
—Rogers in N. Y. *Herald*.



Photograph by Ames.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER OF TO-DAY

The fact that he has lately donned a wig and has been blessed with a new grandson lead some facetious papers to juggle with the phrases "hair-apparent" and "heir-apparent." If President Roosevelt's inheritance tax ever prevails, no one will be more affected by it than Mr. Rockefeller and his heir-apparent.



Lincoln Steffens's specialty is corruption in municipal and state politics.



Miss Ida Tarbell is the historian of Standard Oil and the biographer of John D. Rockefeller.



Ray Stannard Baker makes a specialty of railroad corporations, but does not limit himself to them.

THREE LEADING PRODUCERS OF "THE LITERATURE OF EXPOSURE"

taxation should, of course, be aimed merely at the inheritance or transmission in their entirety of fortunes swollen beyond all healthy limits."

"A monstrous proposition" is the way the *New York Times* characterizes this suggestion:

"Mr. Roosevelt, we are ready to believe, did not see its full meaning or the way in which it would be taken. That does not change, it certainly does not lessen, its baleful significance. If ownership beyond a limit to be fixed by vote of Congress is an offense, then all ownership is exposed to punishment, since Congress can change the limit from year to year. And in the long run the very right of property becomes dependent on the view the majority for the moment may happen to take; the fifty-acre farm, the two-story cottage, is no safer than the palace of the millionaire. What notion could be more directly adapted to inflame the passions of the multitude than the notion that beyond a line they are themselves to set possession is criminal? With possibly the best of motives, with a pathetic endeavor to be moderate and balanced, Mr. Roosevelt, the President of the United States, has set a pace the wildest Socialist cannot exceed toward a goal the Anarchist is seeking."

The *New York World* is unable to see anything revolutionary in the suggestion:

"To tax fortunes 'given in life' might indeed prove so difficult as to compel in practice the substitution of an income tax. But neither this nor the proposed inheritance tax is revolutionary or alarming. Both might be highly desirable measures of taxation, especially if coupled with a decided lightening of the excessive burdens of the tariff upon consumers. Both are now col-

lected in most of the progressive European governments, and both have been collected in this country."

ACCORDING to *The Sun's* correspondent, little else was discussed in Washington by public men the next day but the President's proposition. Some denounced it as rank socialism and pointed to the platform on which Eugene Debs ran for the presidency in 1904, pledging the party to "graduated taxation of incomes, inheritances, franchises and land values." Cable despatches from England represent a lively interest there in the President's suggestion. The *London Daily News* thinks public opinion will approve it. The *London Telegraph* says the doctrine will not sound very dreadful to Englishmen, who have long had an income tax combined with the principle of graduation. The *London Express* says that the same suggestion has been made by scores of political economists. Several of our Western governors have indorsed the President's views, among them Governor Elrod, of South Dakota, and Governor Brooks of Wyoming. Ex-Judge John F. Dillon, the noted corporation lawyer, sums up his views on the subject in the sentence: "The whole of our prosperity rests in individual freedom, the inviolability of private property, and the sacredness of contracts." Such a measure as the President proposes would, Judge Dillon

thinks, destroy the incentive to activity and the mainspring to labor. The *Philadelphia Press* regards it as "the most radical proposition ever made by a President of the United States." The *Chicago Tribune* observes that "if the genius of the President succeeds in formulating a system, which he does not at present pretend to do, he will have done more to deprive anarchists and agitators of their fuel for class hatred than could be done in any other way."



HE center of the stage, in our national affairs, during the last few weeks, has been held by the courts, especially the Federal courts. The attention which was concentrated a short time ago upon the Senate and its powers, and before that upon the President and his powers, is now focused upon the judicial branch of the Federal Government. Various events have brought this to pass. The important decision by the Supreme Court in the tobacco trust and paper trust cases (noted by us last month) has awakened wide and enthusiastic comment. The decision of Judge Humphrey in the meat-packers' case has caused disappointment, so far at least as the press is concerned, equally intense and widespread. The decision secured by Attorney-General Hadley, of Missouri, requiring answers to his questions on the part of Standard Oil magnates has evoked many expressions of editorial delight and of congratulations for the young attorney-general.



SAFE!

—Macauley in *N. Y. World*.

The lynching of a negro in Chattanooga, in violation of a stay of execution granted by the United States Supreme Court, is an event that has unprecedented features and may have some momentous consequences. The visit of officials of the American Federation of Labor to President Roosevelt to demand that the right of Federal courts to issue writs of injunction in labor disputes be abolished and the President's reply furnish more very interesting material for discussion and political speculation. A new decision by the Supreme Court on the subject of divorce, to the effect that no divorce, if granted by a State in which but one party to the divorce is a resident, is enforceable in other States, may, it is thought, render 20,000 children illegitimate and place hundreds of women, some of high social position, in a very embarrassing position. And finally the foremost issue up for debate in Washington this year—that of railroad rate regulation—has revolved, in late weeks, around the relation of the Federal courts to Congress and the extent of the right of the latter to abridge the powers and jurisdiction of the former. This series of events has not yet produced any articles in our ten-cent magazines on "The Treason of the Supreme Court," but it has elicited some sharp criticism and some very jubilant commendation, and the magazines may be trusted to get into the procession this month or next. The first line of attack is probably indicated in the remark by Mr. Bryan's paper, *The Commoner*, that "one of the essential reforms of to-day is the abolition of the life-tenure federal judiciary."



HAT is called "the meat-packers' decision" has evolved a new phrase for our dictionary-makers to take note of. The phrase is "immunity bath." Attorney-General Moody is responsible for the phrase, but whether Commissioner Garfield, or Judge Humphrey, of the United States district court at Chicago, or Thomas Jefferson, who drafted the Federal Constitution, is responsible for the thing itself is a subject of dispute. The occasion that gave it birth was the criminal prosecution of the meat-packers—sixteen of them—for violations of the anti-trust law. They pleaded immunity from penalty under the provision in the fifth amendment of the Constitution that says no person "shall be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself."

Their claim was that, under legal compulsion, they had given evidence to Commissioner Garfield, of the bureau of corporations, in his recent investigation; that this evidence had been turned over to the judicial department and formed in part the basis of the prosecution. The attorney-general scouted the plea for immunity as absurd, and he pictured the result if it prevailed. Washington would become a health resort for all sorts of corporation magnates pursuing devious ways. "I can imagine them meeting," he said, "and saying: 'Good morning, good morning, Mr. Rockefeller, have you had your immunity bath this morning?' Look at the absurdity of the thing!"

Judge Humphrey looked, and then decided that whether or not "the thing" was absurd, it was according to law. He said in his decision:

"Garfield came to the defendants and held up before them the powers of his office. They did not go to him and volunteer anything. Now, since the defendants volunteered nothing, but gave only what was demanded by an officer, who had the right to make the demand, and gave in good faith under a sense of legal compulsion, I am of the opinion that they were entitled to immunity."

This immunity extends not to the corporation itself but only to the individuals who conduct it. Whereat a harsh and bitter laugh has been heard throughout the land. For a corporation cannot be imprisoned.

NOTHING less than a calamity has befallen the country, according to Attorney-General Moody's view—a calamity to "the government, the people, the laws and the administration of the laws." For apparently the case cannot be appealed to a higher court, and as it stands, it seems to put an effectual end to the usefulness of the bureau of corporations. Such a conservative paper as *The Journal of Commerce* (New York) has the following to say concerning the decision:

"The more the ruling of Judge Humphrey in the Chicago Packers' case is considered the more extraordinary it appears, and it is hardly conceivable that it can be sound judicial doctrine. It seems as though some influence must have operated upon the judicial mind besides a desire to see the law vindicated against the designs of its willful violators."

This seems to the Topeka *Capital* unjust. Judge Humphrey, it says, "has a specially clean reputation," and was a judge in a thousand to try the beef trust. The fault, it thinks, is in the failure of law to keep abreast of the

times. Centuries ago, in the age of tortures, it was necessary, in order to protect the innocent, to exempt them from testifying against themselves. That exemption now is the strong defense of the guilty. But Judge Humphrey is not responsible for the law as it exists. A great many papers blame Commissioner Garfield. Says the *Boston Herald*:

"This breakdown of the government's criminal prosecution was not due to any fault or lack in the office of the attorney-general. It is chargeable wholly to the heedless if not ignorant action of Commissioner Garfield in prosecuting his inquiries for information with so little knowledge and care as to release the men whom he subjected to his legal 'force pump' from any personal liabilities for their acts or for those of the corporations which they control and direct. . . . Had a commissioner of greater legal knowledge and experience, imbued with a desire to do things in the right way rather than to do them 'anyhow,' been intrusted with the duty of prying into the affairs of great corporations, this humiliating failure might have been spared the administration."

In a special message to Congress on the subject, President Roosevelt declares that Commissioner Garfield had only performed the duty imposed on him by Congress. He characterizes the decision of the judge in strong terms which have created another presidential sensation. "Such interpretation of the law comes measurably near making the law a farce," he says, and to make the will of Congress "absolutely abortive." He adds: "I can hardly believe that the ruling of Judge Humphrey will be followed by other judges." He urges the enactment of new legislation declaring the will of Congress more explicitly.



THE LAW: Bagged, by Jingo!
THE ONLOOKER: Only the bag, by Jingo!

—Warren in *Boston Herald*.



HE cry against the courts because of "government by injunction" is again heard. It was raised last month in the White House in a presentation of grievances made to the President by leaders of the American Federation of Labor, who claim to represent a membership of two million wage-earners. At the end of their presentation address these words were used:

"As labor's representatives, we ask you to redress these grievances, for it is in your power to do so. Labor now appeals to you and we trust that it may not be in vain. But if perchance you may not heed us, we shall appeal to the conscience and the support of our fellow-citizens."

If the press correctly interpret these words and the subsequent action of the Federation's executive council, they mean a new and distinct labor party in the near future. The purpose of this party will be, as stated by the council, to "elect men from our own ranks to make new laws and administer them along the lines laid down in the legislative demands of the American Federation of Labor, and at the same time secure an impartial judiciary that will not govern us by arbitrary injunctions of courts, nor act as the pliant tools of corporations." The petition presented to the President and later to Speaker Cannon contained a number of grievances—the suspension of the eight-hour law at Panama, the alleged relaxation in the administration of the Chinese exclusion laws, the unsympathetic attitude of the present Labor Committee in the House of Representatives, the insufficient restrictions on immigration, and the competition of convict labor; but the grievance that was evidently regarded as the most important of all was the one that relates to "government by injunction."

THE reply made by the President on the different subjects laid before him has received fully as enthusiastic praise as anything he has ever said. Speaking on the question of injunctions, he regretted that the delegation had not been more specific in its complaint. He asserted that he was in favor of the bill now before Congress to prevent certain abuses of the writ of injunction, but that if the bill was unsatisfactory to the Federation they could probably kill it readily as the capitalistic elements are also strongly opposed to it. He declared that in the four and a half years that he has been in the White House

the writ of injunction has not been invoked once by the Federal Government against labor, but has often been invoked against capital. And in conclusion he stated that labor could not reasonably ask for immunity from injunction by the courts for acts that were wrong, and that he would invoke it just as readily against labor as against capital if the occasion called for it. The entire response by the President was made, in the opinion of the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*, "with a candor, good judgment, good temper and good taste that must everywhere meet admiring recognition." Whether the Federation leaders admired it we do not know; but it does not seem to have satisfied them. The declaration for independent political action followed soon after.

THIS grievance of the Federation is the subject of the leading editorial in a recent number of *The American Federationist*, written and signed by Samuel Gompers, the head of the Federation. It is entitled "The Injunction in Labor Disputes Must Go," and begins: "What we have called Holdomism—Holdom, of Chicago, a judge beloved of plutocratic lawyers and rabid enemies of unionism—the carrying of the injunction to unheard-of extremes, is arousing the just and natural indignation of honest, unprejudiced men." Mr. Gompers refers approvingly to recent action by the Chicago Typographical Union looking to the formation of an anti-injunction league, "the sole purpose of which shall be to compel every candidate for office, without regard to political affiliation, either national, state, or municipal, to place himself on record as opposed to the injunction as applied to trade unions," and also to the suggestion of a Kansas labor-union that a national conference be held "for the purpose of agreeing upon the best plan for preventing further aggressions, recovering lost ground, and securing such a basis for law as will increase instead of decrease respect for the courts." Says Mr. Gompers:

"It is not a question of particular individuals. The whole system must be attacked. Judicial candidates everywhere must be made to understand that the working masses mean to assert and defend their rights as citizens and free men—the right to trial by jury, the right to free speech and free association within the law, the right of moral suasion, the right to induce men to join unions, the right to use the streets and highways peaceably and in an orderly manner. All these rights, as we have repeatedly shown, have been denied and invaded by the injunction judges, and without a shadow of justification."

MR. GOMPERS asserts that eminent lawyers and impartial jurists recognize the viciousness of the injunction proceedings. He quotes from a recent address by Mr. S. S. Gregory, ex-President of the Illinois Bar Association, who says:

"So far as I know, it was he [Judge Tuley, of Chicago] who coined the phrase 'government by injunction' which has gained such wide currency. This expression not inaptly characterizes those efforts now so common to commit to chancery the enforcement of the criminal law under the guise of protecting property rights. . . . It requires and is bound, sooner or later, to receive legislative treatment as to matters of procedure, which will render it impossible for courts of equity to administer the penal code without any limitation in respect of the constitutional rights of the accused, under the form of proceedings in contempt for violating an injunction. This mode of procedure becomes peculiarly obnoxious and hostile to liberty when it is resorted to by the nation or state in respect of matters as to which the sovereign has no property interest, and solely and only for the purpose of procuring an injunction against criminal conduct already prohibited by the law. The necessary effect of this course is, if violation of an injunction thus obtained be alleged, to deprive the accused of his constitutional right to trial by jury, on what is virtually a criminal accusation."

WHAT Mr. Gompers has to say about injunctions does not elicit anything like the amount of comment that is elicited by the supposed threat to form a new labor party. "Several so-called labor parties have figured in the politics of the United States," observes the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*. "Not one of those parties raised a ripple on the surface of the current of politics. The real labor men, the many millions of workers in all fields, shunned those parties, as they will shun the one which the federation wants to start, if it should ever get started."

A number of journals find the inspiration of this projected movement in the recent success of the Labor party in Great Britain. Says the *Springfield Republican*:

"It must be admitted that the English experience has already taught labor in America how much more easily the desired legislation may be secured from parties in power if only labor commands a solid block of votes in the arena of parliamentary strife. The French experience teaches the same lesson. And when such facts are so manifest to eyes outside the unions, is it absurd to suppose that the American labor leaders themselves are blind to them?"

The *Journal of Commerce* (New York) declares that the allegation that the writ of injunction has been perverted so as to attack

and destroy personal freedom is "without a shadow of foundation." It says further:

"There is a prevailing suspicion that the two million enrolled members claimed by the American Federation of Labor are largely men in fiction, and there is a tolerable certainty that not more than a fraction of that number would be governed in their action at the polls by the cut and dried formulas of their leaders. But organized labor has, nevertheless, through the lobby it maintains in Washington, succeeded in terrorizing members of Congress to an extent out of all proportion to its real strength. It would have an extremely healthy influence on our politics and legislation to require this supposititious body of American citizens to stand up and be counted."

It is interesting to note, in this connection, another editorial by Mr. Gompers, recounting the fact that Mr. Hearst's papers have been of late assailing the trade-unions and their leaders, and that a recent visit of protest to Mr. Hearst resulted in a mutual understanding and a promise that the attacks by his papers should cease.

..



THE long and able debate in the Senate on rate regulation nears its close, it becomes more and more obvious that the crux of the whole matter is the question of judicial review. All other features of the subject have almost dropped out of sight, and the discussion has become one between lawyers, in which such terms as "broad review," "limited review," "equity jurisdiction," "judicial power of the United States," are hurled by them at one another with the ease and adroitness of Titans hurling mountains at the high Olympic gods. But the discussion, though a legal one, has been far from uninteresting or obtuse. Even a layman may follow it with avidity if he has the time to read the speeches in full and does not have to depend on the mere skeleton reports in the news despatches. The speeches by Foraker, Lodge, Spooner, Rayner, Knox, Bailey, and others constitute, in the opinion of the *Philadelphia Ledger*, "one of the most remarkable series of speeches ever delivered in the history of the Senate." And the *Boston Herald* questions whether the Senate has ever, during the present generation, shown in any discussion more of the qualities of statesmanship than have been exhibited in the last few weeks in this debate.

THREE groups of Senators have gradually defined themselves. One group, led by Senator Dolliver, wish the Hepburn bill passed



THE SENATOR FROM KANSAS

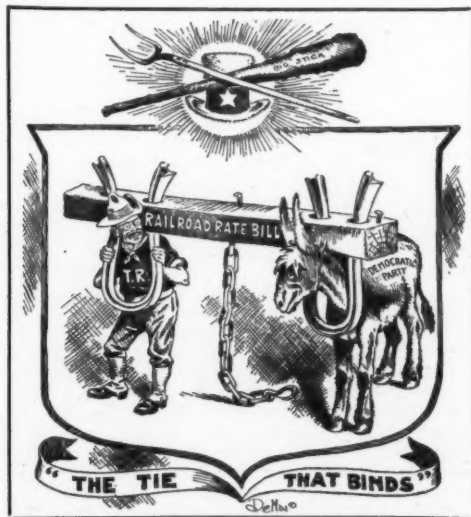
Chester I. Long is figuring prominently as an advocate of rate regulation. He says: "I object to any plan which proposes to confer the rate-making power on the courts, either directly or indirectly, for such power is confided to Congress and not to the courts, and the courts should not discharge the power even if it is attempted to be conferred by statute."

substantially as it came from the lower house, with its very brief and incidental reference to review by the courts. The second, led by Senators Spooner and Knox, wish an amendment providing for full review by the courts of the rates decreed by the commission, not only as to their "lawfulness" and "constitutionality," but as to their furnishing "just compensation." The third group, led by Senator Bailey, wish judicial review, but do not wish this review to extend to the power of setting aside the rates by writs of injunction, issued before a full hearing of both sides. At this writing, it seems to be practically conceded on all sides (1) that rates shall be regulated, and (2) that they shall be subject to some kind of judicial review. The President's utterances have been explicit in favor of a court review. Congressman Hepburn admits that there is no doubt that if his bill becomes law the court will, under its provisions, "have the right to enjoin a rate fixed by the commission if it is unreasonably low," even if it does not amount to practical confiscation. Senator Tillman admits that rate regulation with-

out review by the courts would be unconstitutional. And Senator Bailey, when asked by Senator Aldrich whether he is in favor of "a full and fair judicial determination finally of the question whether the rates fixed furnish just compensation or not," replied in the following emphatic words:

"I am. I have never seen the hour, and I sincerely trust I will never see the time, when I can be clamored into closing the doors of the courts against any person, natural or corporate. The right to a trial is not only sacred under the Constitution, but it was sacred before the Constitution was adopted. If you could destroy the Constitution, and if by burning its parchment you could release us from our obligation to obey its limitations, I should still stand here contending for the right of every man to have his day in court. But, Mr. President, the right to a day in court, the right to have a fair and an impartial trial, does not embrace the right of allowing an arbitrary Federal judge to set aside without sufficient inquiry the deliberate judgment of a competent and impartial board."

WHAT, then, is the real point of contention? It is indicated in the last few words above. When a certain rate has been ordered by the commission, shall that rate prevail until a Federal court has, after a full hearing, given its final decision, or may it be set aside at once by a writ of injunction issued by the court pending the full hearing? This is an important matter to the shipper, as well as the railroad and the public, for it might be years before final adjudication was reached



DESIGN FOR A NEW COAT OF ARMS

—DeMar in Philadelphia Record.

and the question whether the rate ordered by the commission or the rate made by the railroad should prevail during these years evidently involves the practical success or failure of the whole scheme of rate regulation. The Hepburn bill leaves this question undetermined, though, according to Mr. Hepburn's admission already quoted, he himself thinks the court's right to enjoin would be undoubted under his bill. Senators Knox and Spooner maintain that if the Federal courts be authorized by Congress to review the rates at all, that authority must extend to the issuing of injunctions, and Senator Knox's bill provides for this, but requires a bond to be supplied by the railroad to cover the cost to the shipper of the difference in rates caused by the injunction. Senator Bailey insists that the third article of the Federal Constitution, which declares that "the judicial Power of the United States shall be vested in one supreme Court, and in such inferior Courts as the Congress may from time to time ordain and establish," makes all the Federal courts, except the Supreme Court alone, the creatures of Congress and subject to its unlimited restriction.

CASE after case is quoted by Senator Bailey to prove this point. Here is a sample quotation from the Supreme Court's



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LA FOLLETTE AS A SENATOR

The two Senators from Wisconsin, Spooner and La Follette, though both Republican, are at swords' points on most issues. Spooner is a conservative, La Follette on many issues a radical. They are one on the protective tariff, however.

decision in the case of the United States *versus* Hudson (7th Cranch). Said the Court:

"Of all the courts which the United States may, under their general powers, constitute, one only, the Supreme Court, possesses jurisdiction derived immediately from the Constitution, and of which the legislative power can not deprive it. All other courts created by the General Government possess no jurisdiction but what is given them by the power that creates them and can be vested with none but what the power ceded to the General Government will authorize them to confer."

But, say Senators Spooner and Knox, Congress cannot constitute a court of equity and then deprive it of the inherent functions of such a court; and "the power to grant an injunction, preliminary or final," is held to be such a function. Says Senator Knox:

"Right here is the vital part of the controversy. By the creation of these inferior courts Congress does not also create the power with which they are to be clothed. Congress merely *applies* the power already created by the Constitution. If it were otherwise, and Congress not only created the courts but the judicial power as well, then it would undoubtedly be true that Congress could



NO COMMON CARRIER

UNCLE SAM—"I don't know as it matters how I get there, just so I arrive."

—Minneapolis Journal.

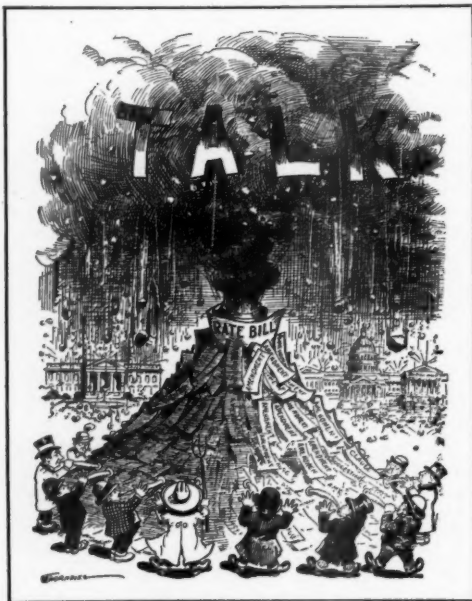
likewise deprive the courts of this power by taking away one or more of their essential and inherent subordinate powers, such as the right to issue the writ of injunction. But that is not the case. The judicial power exists inherently by virtue of the Constitution, which instrument likewise created Congress and prescribed that it should establish the courts through which the judicial power should operate. The office of Congress is therefore to *distribute* and not to *create* these powers."

Senator Knox's citations to prove this point were taken from the "Cyclopedia of Law and Procedure" (vol. xvi, p. 30), Beach on "Modern Equity Jurisprudence" (section 5), Bispham's "Equity" (6th edition, p. 2), and Bates on "Federal Equity Procedure" (sections 525, 526). Ah, says Senator Bailey, in effect, in his notable reply four hours and ten minutes long, the Senator's citations are from the text-books on law, which discuss the law as it is; but it is as it is simply because Congress has heretofore so willed it. And he proceeded to cite additional rulings by the courts to prove that, if so disposed, Congress could to-day disestablish every one of the inferior Federal courts; and "the power to create and the power to destroy must include the power to limit." Senator Bailey's speech, according to the *New York Times* (a determined opponent of rate regulation), fairly routed Senators Spooner

and Knox. Senator Hale rose to acknowledge that he was entirely convinced by the argument, and, according to the *New York Evening Post*, the speech "has put a new face upon the whole rate-bill situation." The Washington correspondent of the *Springfield Republican* said in his report of the speech:

"Gladstone was able to lend color to dry facts and figures when introducing the English budget, but Bailey to-day made of abstract law, of citations from a hundred cases with the law-books piled around him like a barricade, a veritable drama. Speaking with superb grace and dignity, and with luminous clarity, even the galleries could follow the thought as he developed it. But there was little eloquence for mere eloquence's sake. At the close of the speech the galleries, setting Senate rules at defiance, broke into prolonged applause, while practically all the senators crowded around Bailey to congratulate him. It was with difficulty that the Senate could be again called to order and it soon adjourned.

"Those who look ahead count Bailey's speech as likely to be of historic importance, not only because of its memorable eloquence, but because they feel that this question of abridging the restraining powers of the courts is likely to recur. In spite of their protests and the fact that they have the votes to beat him, it seemed that many of the republicans felt inwardly that Bailey had proved his case. This being so, his speech will be turned back to in the future."



THE WASHINGTON VESUVIUS

—Thorndike in *Philadelphia Press*.

THE defiance of the United States Supreme Court which occurred in Chattanooga, Tenn., several weeks ago may have important developments in the future relations of the Federal Government to lynching mobs. A negro, Johnson, had been convicted of assault upon a white woman. The case had been appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States and a stay of execution of sentence had been granted. A mob was thereupon hastily organized in Chattanooga, the jail was stormed and the negro prisoner was hanged. Within forty-eight hours after there was an uprising of infuriated negroes and it took the combined power of the police and military to prevent them from destroying the city. The feature of the case that distinguished it from all other cases of lynching lies in the fact that it was defiance not of State authorities only but of the highest Federal court of the land as well. All over the country this novel feature of the case has excited discussion, and the steps to be taken by the Federal Government to vindicate the court may result in a new line of precedents for the prosecution of lynchers under Federal statutes. The Macon, Ga.,



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TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE TO-DAY

It was started twenty-five years ago with an abandoned church, a hen-house and a blind mule. These are but a few of the many buildings now owned by it, all of them erected by its negro students.

Telegraph fears "disastrous consequences." It says:

"The ear of the American public is accustomed by this time to the clamor from Democrats and Republicans alike for Federal control of many things hitherto and by warrant of the constitution under the control of the states. It is therefore a favorable time for certain Northern agitators to push their scheme of placing lynching cases in the South under the auspices of the Federal courts, thus giving the lowest of negro criminals superior rights to those enjoyed by white criminals who must look to the state government and state courts for protection. The affair at Chattanooga, where for the first time the lynchers of a negro came into conflict with the supreme court of the United States, will be used by the said agitators for all it is worth, and there is no telling what the ultimate consequences may be in a period of insensate demand for the extension of the powers of the Federal government beyond the provisions of the constitution."

ALL that the Supreme Court itself can do in this matter is to punish for contempt of court, which is a mere misdemeanor punishable by fine and imprisonment not to exceed twelve months. But the Attorney-General of the United States has directed the United States district attorney at Knoxville to investigate the case, with a view probably of prosecuting the lynchers for violation of the Federal statutes (sections 5508-5509), which declare that conspiring to deprive a citizen of rights guaranteed to him by the Federal statutes is a crime punishable by a fine not exceeding \$5,000 and imprisonment not exceeding ten years. Some of the Southern papers denounce the Supreme Court for having interfered in the case at all. The *Atlanta News* calls this interference "an outrage against justice," and the *Memphis News-Scimitar*, while it admits that the mob did wrong, declares that "the Federal

Court interfered without warrant or constitutional right and all the blame for Chattanooga's shame lies at their door." Other Southern papers, notably the *Chattanooga Times*, the *Columbia State* and the *Richmond Times-Dispatch* are unsparing in their condemnation of the mob. The first-named paper, published at the seat of the lynching, calls upon the State authorities to employ every agency available for bringing all the members of the mob to justice; and it adds: "We do not want the interference of federal authority in our local affairs, but we cannot prevent it if it shall be made to appear that we dare not or will not enforce our own laws."

THE Chattanooga lynching "makes a case," says the New York *Tribune*, "if ever one can be made, for testing the theory of Judge Jones, of the United States District Court of Alabama, that the Federal government can be rendered an effective instrument for punishing lynchers whom State governments will not suppress or punish." It calls upon the Federal authorities to punish the infraction of the Federal laws in this case whatever the State of Tennessee may do about murder trials. The *Springfield Republican* declares that "as reviewed by the Chattanooga papers after the lynching, the evidence was too uncertain to justify the slaughter of a dog." The *Boston Herald* publishes a letter from E. M. Hewlett, of Washington, the lawyer who pleaded Johnson's case before the Supreme Court. Speaking of the trial in Tennessee at which Johnson was convicted, Mr. Hewlett says:

"At the trial of the Johnson case in Tennessee, one of the jurors arose in the box and demanded of the young woman who had been attacked if she was sure the defendant was the man who



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THE MAN WHO MADE TUSKEGEE

One member of Mr. Washington's family, the daughter, is missing here. She is in Berlin studying music.

committed the act, and when she said she was not willing to swear that he was, the juror demanded that she should swear that he was the man and he would get down out of the box and tear his heart out. The presiding judge did not even reprimand him. The counsel who defended him were intimidated by the mob, and after conviction the judge refused to let counsel file a motion for a new trial. The lawyers who (by appointment of the court) represented him at the trial were the best white lawyers in the state. They had to abandon the case on account of threats from the mob. Many of the best citizens contributed money to carry the case to the supreme court. As Justice Harlan said, he was tried by a mob and not by a court. The presiding judge even went as far as to appoint a committee to wait on the lawyers and give them to understand that if they attempted to further defend Johnson, Johnson would be lynched at once. . . . Mr. N. W. Parden is an attorney from Tennessee and is a brave man, because he took up the case after the mob had threatened to burn his house down if he appeared for the man."



STARTING twenty-five years ago with an abandoned church, a henhouse, and a blind mule, the Tuskegee Institute has now 83 buildings, 2,000 acres of land, and personal property whose value is \$831,895. Starting with 30 students and one teacher, it enrolled last year 1,504 students studying thirty-seven different industries. Starting with an income of

\$2,000 a year granted by the State of Alabama, it has an endowment fund that on January 1 amounted to \$1,275,664, and an income, exclusive of special contributions, of about \$213,000, nearly one-half of it coming from industrial products made in the school itself. Six thousand negro students have gone out from its halls, not one of whom, it is claimed, has ever been convicted of a crime and less than ten per cent. of whom have proved to be failures at their chosen vocations. Under the circumstances, it seems as though Tuskegee had a good right to celebrate her twenty-fifth anniversary last month and call on the country at large to increase her endowment to three millions and her annual income to half a million. Unlike Hampton Institute, Tuskegee is manned entirely by negroes, and has been from the beginning. Says the New York *Times* of this feature of the school:

"One of the remarkable facts that this celebration has brought into prominence has been that a great institution has been built up and developed and great material resources have been administered successfully by negroes. Through it have been exhibited the great qualities of one negro, at least, and the intelligence, devotion, and self-control of many others who have tenaciously kept to a high ideal. They have a right to congratulate themselves, in Mr. Washington's words, that they have 'put a new spirit into the people, a spirit that makes them feel that they have friends right about them, a spirit that has filled them with the idea that they can make progress, that they will make progress, and fulfill their mission in this Republic.'"

MORE than one hundred persons, many of them of national reputation, went from New York City in a special train to attend the anniversary exercises. Among those on the program were Secretary Taft, as a special representative of President Roosevelt; President Eliot, of Harvard; and Andrew Carnegie, of the Spelling Reform Association and several other things. The speech of the Secretary of War was the only one that has excited much newspaper comment. He spoke of the political disqualifications of the negro in the Southern States with a frankness that has surprised many and offended few. If the negro is to be disfranchised, it is better, he thinks, for the South to do it by legal methods than, as in the past, by illegal methods. Under the laws as they now exist in most of the Southern States he sees a chance for the negroes as they develop educationally to increase their political power gradually and wholesomely, and by dividing their votes into

the different parties into which the whites are sure to divide, not on racial issues but issues of general public concern, to make themselves respected and courted in politics as other voters are. "The suggestion of the Secretary," says the *Chicago Tribune*, "might well be followed as a possible solution of a great national problem." But the profound and statesmanlike word on this issue, the *Boston Herald* thinks, was uttered by Booker T. Washington, of whom it says: "Perhaps the nation has no living citizen to whom it owes a more profound obligation." What Mr. Washington said was:

"If this country is to continue to be a republic its task will never be completed as long as seven or eight millions of its people are in a large degree regarded as aliens, and are without voice or interest in the welfare of the government. Such a course will not merely inflict great injustice upon these millions of people, but the nation will

pay the price of finding the genius and form of its government changed, not perhaps in name, but certainly in reality, and because of this the world will say that free government is a failure."

"These two illuminating sentences," says the Boston paper, "should sink deep into the hearts of all the citizens of the republic. It is not mere compliment to say that they partake of the terse, logical inevitableness of Abraham Lincoln's habit of presenting a case."



ESUVIUS has opened crater upon crater throughout the last thirty days with an explosiveness unparalleled in over eighteen hundred years. Every despatch from Naples since the first week of April has read like a twentieth-century amplification of the narrative in which the younger Pliny recorded the last days of Pompeii. There were perceptible shocks of earthquake throughout the Neapolitan region



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A TUSKEGEE CLASS IN GEOGRAPHY

Examining the banks of a brook to understand how rivers distribute gravel and soil and affect agricultural values.



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A TUSKEGEE CLASS IN ARITHMETIC

It is making practical calculations in connection with a new building. Every structure of the institute has been planned and built by the students.



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BOOKER T. WASHINGTON AND HIS FRIENDS

To the right of Mr. Washington are Robert C. Ogden and George T. McEnery; to his left are Andrew Carnegie and President Charles W. Eliot; in the back row are Dr. Lyman Abbott, J. Phelps Stokes (to the right of Dr. Abbott) and H. B. Frissell, of Hampton Institute. These were some of the visitors to Tuskegee last month.

as far back as last March. A wide crevice then opened in the side of the volcano itself. Lava issued fitfully, wreaths of smoke ascended to a height of a thousand feet and the principal crater, long hidden in vapor, exploded. These phenomena were but the more violent phases of a disturbance that has been almost continuous during the past six months. But the successive streams of lava from the edge of the old crater did not begin to flow steadily until three weeks ago. Then began also the ejection of incandescent stones, earthquakes of increasing radius and an almost incessant subterranean thunder. Seismic shocks were powerful as far away as the island of Ustica, some thirty-seven miles from Palermo. In one

more week Vesuvius was venting torrents of liquid fire toward the sky and currents of lava in the direction of Naples. Panic now began to rage through a region inhabited by hundreds of thousands of the Italian proletariat. A dozen populous towns have disappeared only less completely than Herculaneum. The deaths are counted by hundreds and the homeless would populate an American city of the second class.

NUMEROUS seismic outbursts occurring within the past three months in South America and in Formosa, as well as the still more recent disturbance in California (noted on another page) have much to do with this

latest eruption of Vesuvius, says Professor Belar, the eminent head of the Laubach Observatory. It was he who ascribed the French mining disaster to atmospheric conditions, and he now connects the volcanic outbreak with the sudden general increase which has occurred since March 20th in the activity visible on the surface of the sun. The curious point is, he notes, that this activity is apparent in all the existing groups of sun-spots, and he predicts that as long as the sun-spot activity continues the seismic disturbances will be frequent. This is contrary, of course, to the view held by many scientists that neither sun-spots, meteors, auroræ nor planetary configurations sustain any direct relation to seismic phenomena. On the other hand, it is maintained that volcanic eruptions, and especially earthquake shocks, must, at least in part, be effects of meteorological conditions, and these, in turn, certainly depend upon the sun. The connection of the Vesuvian activity with last February's earthquake in Colombia, entailing the loss of some two thousand lives, is not to be ignored, according to the expressed opinions of noted seismologists. On the basis of their records, the more violent phases of this eruption of Vesuvius were predicted many weeks ago by Professor Matteucci, the director of the observatory on that volcano, who has remained at his post day after day despite the sulphurous fumes and hot ashes.

AS AN industrial center, Naples is so important a unit in the economic structure of Italy that the paralysis of the city may lead to a financial crisis. The population of the city and its suburbs is about 800,000. All the wealthy people of southern Italy reside there for a part of the year, and the social season had not waned when the volcano manifested its first furious activity. The devastated region is fertile, yielding cheap food for a population far beyond the range of the ruin already wrought. Rents in and about Naples are low, fuel almost superfluous and the ordinary death-rate less than that of any other Italian town. East from Naples is a vast plain that presented, until a month ago, an aspect of the highest cultivation, with no dwellings save those of the peasants who till the soil. It is not suitable for residential purposes because disagreeable trades have been established there, and it is close to the most squalid part of the town. Here the seismic convulsion caused the most acute industrial paralysis. The area is intersected by



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INSIDE THE CRATER

The lava from this mouth is always of an acid type. Ferric chloride is said to form the crust on the lava surface.

the railway lines that have been completely blocked by falling ashes. Between the plain and the sea are factories and ship-building yards sufficiently remote from Vesuvius, it was thought, to incur no risk.

IN THIS now smoking plain the Italian Government recently established a free zone to attract manufacturing capitalists from northern Italy and abroad. Land was to be



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LOOKING INTO VESUVIUS

This picture was taken at a point immediately over the crater.



THE CRATER OF VESUVIUS

The eruption of this volcano during the past month differed from that which destroyed Pompeii and Herculaneum in the fact that quantities of lava flowed down the side of the mountain. In the outburst of 79 A. D., on the contrary, no lava was ejected.

sold at an almost nominal price, and factories were to enjoy complete immunity from direct taxation. By a law enacted in 1904, the industrials were to pay no income tax—which is high elsewhere in Italy—no land or building tax, no customs duties on imported plant—machinery and tools and the like. The same law allowed them to get salt at cost price instead of at the rate charged by the government monopoly—a highly important concession in the case of chemical works. The construction of an eighth of the rolling-stock of Italian railways was given out by contract to Naples. The government also undertook to supply motive power at the lowest rate and to bring electric energy from the upper waters of the Volturno. Such was the industrial paradise, with a vast inland market, easy conditions of import and export, a practically complete exemption from taxation, abundance of efficient labor, a salubrious climate and excellent water, cheap motive power, abundance of raw material and the easiest conditions possible for exportation to North and South America, Africa and the Far East, against which the destructive energies of Vesuvius have been so potent. At the present writing, the activity of the volcano has markedly decreased, and the panic of the people in Naples, who feared at one time the destruction of their city, has subsided.



MUNICIPAL ownership is a slogan that has been very much in the air in the last twelve months. The election of Mayor Dunne in Chicago a year ago gave new potency to the phrase and the vote for Mr. Hearst in New York City last fall gave it an aspect almost of terror to the more conservative. The fears of its foes have now been somewhat allayed by the referendum vote taken on the subject last month in Chicago. Although that vote is claimed as a victory for municipal ownership, it shows a decline not an increase in the public sentiment in its favor. The situation in Chicago has aroused a continental interest. The approaching expiration of the franchises granted to most of the street-railways and the applications for renewal brought the question acutely before the people in the election a year ago. The unsatisfactory service furnished by the railway companies intensified public feeling to such an extent that all parties adopted municipal ownership platforms. The Democratic candidate added one word to his platform—the word “immediate.” That word elected him by 20,000 plurality. At the same time a direct vote was taken on the question, “Shall the Council pass any ordinance granting a franchise to any street railway company?” The question was decided in the negative by a vote of 152,135 to 59,213.



NAPLES—"THE QUEEN OF THE MEDITERRANEAN"—AND VESUVIUS

Standing in its amphitheater of hills, "this most heavenly of the cities of Italy," as Garibaldi called it, rivals Constantinople in the splendor of its site. From the alleged tomb of Virgil, where the spectator is presumed by this picture to stand, the view has the qualities that inspired the aphorism, "See Naples and die."

WHEN the new mayor entered into office the difficulties in the way of immediate municipal ownership began to loom up. For one thing, the railway companies insisted that their rights had not expired, and the case they made out had to be adjudicated. Then the mayor's plans for procedure were not approved by the Council, which turned them down one after another with some emphasis. One of his plans, to construct a city railway on 174 miles of available streets by contract with a private corporation that should furnish the money and take in return a twenty-year franchise for operation of the road, alienated the Municipal Ownership League. Some of his supporters, conspicuously Joseph Medill Patterson and Clarence Darrow, withdrew their support because of their growing conviction that municipal ownership will prove futile and that only outright socialism is worth fighting for. But the most formidable of all difficulties was the fact that Chicago had already borrowed up to her legal limit, or almost so, and there was no money available for an experiment in municipal ownership. As month succeeded month, the word "immediate" was being stretched so much that it was in danger of losing its elasticity. In the meantime the whole country was watching the situation with keen interest, for the same movement is being advocated in many cities.

BUT Mayor Dunne kept busy, and things began to come his way. The legislature passed the Mueller bill giving the city the right to borrow an additional sum of \$75,000,000 on certificates the security for which is to be not the property of the city in general, but merely the railways which they are to enable the city to purchase. Then came a decision of the United States Supreme Court to the effect that while the charters of the present railway companies were extended to ninety-nine years by a law passed in 1865, the contracts for their occupation of Chicago streets were not so extended. Then, on April 4, came a referendum vote on three propositions: Shall the Council proceed without delay to secure municipal ownership and operation? Shall the Council be authorized to issue certificates to the amount of \$75,000,000? Shall the city operate as well as own the railways? The first two questions received an affirmative majority of less than 4,000. The third received a majority of about 10,000. Owing to the provisions of the law, the third question had to receive a three-fifths vote in the affirmative in order to prevail. The result is that municipal ownership is authorized, but municipal operation is not. This indecisive result gives each side something to deplore and something to rejoice in. Mayor Dunne claims a notable victory achieved in the face of the opposition

of all the daily papers but Mr. Hearst's. Ex-Mayor Harrison was also opposed to municipal ownership, and the saloon element, it is said, was hostile because a high license law was submitted at the same time and they saw or thought they saw some relation between municipal ownership and high license. The Republican party, as an organization, was also opposed. But the labor element turned out strongly in favor, and "the victory, so far as it was a victory," says the *Boston Transcript*, "belongs largely to them."

BUT it is still a long step between the authorization of municipal ownership and the thing itself. In the first place the Council must act before the Mueller certificates can be issued. Whether the mayor will have less or more trouble with the new Council than he had with the old is a matter of uncertainty. The *Chicago Tribune* says: "The new council will be less friendly to the mayor than the present one. With hardly an exception all his 'I. M. O.' friends for whom he worked the hardest have been defeated." Counting all the doubtful members of the Council in favor, there is still a majority, *The Tribune* says, against municipal ownership. Even after the Council and the mayor shall reach an agreement for the issuance of the certificates, the constitutionality of the law authorizing them remains to be determined by the courts. And, that accomplished, the task remains of finding a market for them—a task which the conservative press declares to be the most formidable of all. Says the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, a paper of the same political faith as Mayor Dunne, but opposed to his plans for municipal ownership:

"There is behind these debt certificates nothing in the shape of a tax levy, they being supported only by the general credit of a city which has reached the legal limit of its bonded indebtedness and has been for several years on the verge of bankruptcy. Holders of them will have as their only tangible security the physical properties of a street railway system that is notoriously worn out. Who is to buy such securities?"

EVEN after the certificates are issued, their legality determined and purchasers found, the difficulties have not all been vanquished. The Glasgow expert, Mr. Dalrymple, whom Mayor Dunne summoned to Chicago last year to make report on the practicability of municipal operation (a report that has never been published), says: "If the city insists on taking over all the lines at once, \$75,000,000

would be only a starter. Enormous sums would have to be spent to bring the lines up to a state of efficiency." With all these obstacles successfully overcome, another referendum vote must then be taken and a three-fifths majority obtained before municipal operation as well as ownership can be undertaken. There is, therefore, a well-marked disposition on the part of papers in many sections to dwell upon the word "immediate" in this connection in a sarcastic tone and to remind Mayor Dunne of his ante-election prediction that two months after his election municipal ownership would be well on the way to accomplishment. Says the *Columbia (S. C.) State*:

"The Chicago election must be regarded as a severe blow at the municipal ownership and operation idea. The conditions in the Windy City were particularly propitious for the winning of a decisive victory by the municipal ownership voters. If Chicago, which may justly be said to be the centre of political radicalism and unrest in this country, rejects the municipal ownership scheme, there cannot be much hope for that policy in other more conservative American cities in the immediate future."

"It is plain," comments the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, another Democratic paper, "that the policy of municipal control has been badly wounded in the house of its friends." But the *Omaha World-Herald*, the *Buffalo Times*, and other of the more radical papers, including Mr. Hearst's, proclaim the result "another notable victory for municipal ownership."

BUT NO pent-up Chicago confines the powers of the municipal ownership idea. Mr. William R. Hearst, of New York, is in the saddle again, mounted upon a steed upon whose trappings are the initials M. O. He is after the governorship of New York State, and nobody seems to consider his ambition this time a laughing matter. Nor does the country at large seem to consider it a matter of importance to New York State alone. The possibility of his election as governor, and the formidable strength that such a success would give him as a candidate for the presidential nomination in the next national Democratic convention, are making politicians all over the country sit up and take notice. Here is the way his new State organization, the Independence League, sounds the "opening gun" of his campaign:

"Public officials in both of the great parties are chosen not by the citizenship, but by organized monopoly. They serve the power that nominates them and not the people, whose voting has become a mere travesty on popular government. . . .

"The shameful revelations that have startled the country and crystallized public indignation during the past year have indicted the hired corporation-owned bosses of both parties. Insurance funds, the reliance of widows and children, were stolen by Democrats and Republicans alike. Bosses on both sides shared the plunder as a reward for servility. The people of the State are determined that these bosses shall be deprived of their power. The Independence League is organized to give effect to this determination."

That, of course, is talk; but the vote for Mr. Hearst as mayor of New York City last fall shows that it is talk that has just now a great deal of potency. And from Washington comes the news of achievement. The new chairman of the Democratic congressional campaign committee is James M. Griggs, an adherent of Mr. Hearst, and an advocate, it is said, of Mr. Hearst's leadership. This means, according to the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, that "the Democrats will put up a strong fight for Congress in 1906" and "a Democratic victory in the Congressional campaign this year would be hailed as a Hearst victory."

CONFRONTED by this "apparition of Hearst"—*The Sun's* phrase—the conservative Democrats and independents show signs of visible agitation. Senator Clay, of Georgia, warned his fellow Senators a few days ago that if railway rate regulation were defeated, we would have "a deluge of Hearstism" in 1908. Judge Parker, the late Democratic candidate for President, makes reference to some demagog whose "baneful sinister figure" we now see reflected "for the first time in our history on the screen of the future"—a reference that is understood to refer to Mr. Hearst. Ex-Senator James M. Smith, of New Jersey, writes to ex-President Cleveland that "there is little hope of Democratic success along conservative lines," for "this is a period of radicalism," another utterance that is understood to refer to Mr. Hearst. The Tammany Hall General Committee has come out emphatically in opposition to the issue raised by Mr. Hearst's followers, adopting resolutions that read in part as follows:

"Every proposal that a municipality assume operation of all public utilities and reduce rates to persons using them, regardless of what the service may actually cost, is an attempt to force some men to bear the expenses of others, because where the outlay for operation exceeds earnings the deficit must be made up by taxation, and this we denounce as socialistic, and therefore hostile to justice and subversive of democratic government."

De Lancey Nicoll, who was vice-chairman

of the National Democratic Committee in the campaign of 1904, at a recent meeting of the Democratic Club, of New York City, denounced Hearst as a "traitor" to the party in that year, saying:

"Mr. Hearst and his man Ihmsen came to me [at national headquarters] and asked for space to open up quarters in our place. I told them we would be only too glad to accommodate them, and I gave them the best we had. They had the use of all the campaigning facilities at the national headquarters, and then, by —! afterward they turned round and stuck the knife into the back of the candidate of the Democratic party and tried all they could to help to beat us."

"I want for a moment to contrast the treacherous behavior of Hearst and the record of Bryan. My experiences of that campaign proved to me that Bryan is a true Democrat while Hearst is a false Democrat. So far as Mr. Bryan is concerned, he undertook to support loyally and earnestly and with all his powers of eloquence the candidate who had been selected by the Democratic national convention."

References to the "baleful evil" of socialism and to "so-called Democrats" who are sowing the seeds of "diseased thought" for the sole purpose of "personal elevation," made in Mayor McClellan's address at the recent Jefferson dinner of the Democratic Club of New York, were evidently aimed at Mr. Hearst and his lieutenants. Mr. Hearst's organs reply to these and all similar attacks in the following vein:

"The greater the number of corrupt or discredited politicians who attack Mr. Hearst the better he likes it. He hopes an alignment will speedily be made between all corporations, their managers and their tools on one side, and the decent citizenship of the State on the other. The sooner that alignment comes the sooner will occur the downfall of the collection of predatory millionaires and rotten politicians, in and out of office, who have got possession of the Government, city and State, and whose only use for power is to hold up the people and empty their pockets."

MR. HEARST has scored in another way in Washington. Upon his complaint and upon evidence furnished by him to the Attorney-General, a Federal investigation has been ordered into certain alleged "special arrangements" between the American Sugar Refining Company and numerous railroad systems running into New York City. Every trunk line east of the Mississippi is involved, according to *The Evening Journal* (New York), and indictments are asked of H. O. Havemeyer, A. J. Cassatt, W. H. Newman, W. H. Truesdale, George F. Baer, Charles S. Mellen, and others. According to *The Journal*, "the evidence lays bare the most astounding favoritism, flagrant



ENCOURAGING

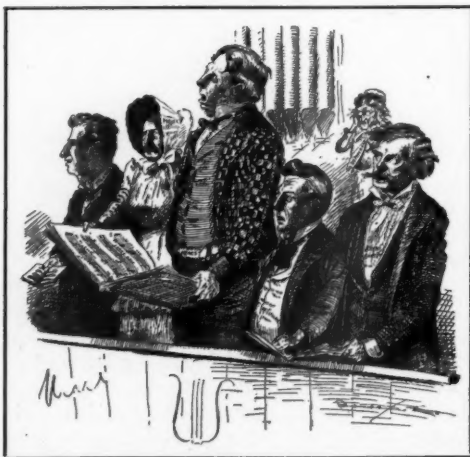
THE JUDGE—"I've led him, and Billy, there—he's led him. Try him, colonel; he may take a fancy to you!"

—Boston Herald.

(Judge Parker advises that the next Democratic candidate be taken from the South.)

rebates and vicious partiality. Letters, circulars, private agreements, initialled memoranda of private understandings, special allowances and private refunds are all in the hands of the Government." The case grows out of the competition between the beet-sugar interests and the Sugar Trust. To meet a cut in prices in the West by the former, the latter, it is charged, made special arrangements with the railroads for a cut in rates for a limited period. The *Washington Star* (Dem.) is not an advocate of Hearst, but it remarks:

"He has performed a public service, and deserves to be complimented on it. His enemies will probably charge that he is playing politics. Let that be admitted, and yet we have something from him which should assist in carrying forward a policy now of general demand. He has large re-



ALL OUT OF TUNE

—Davenport in N. Y. Mail.

sources, both in the way of money and agencies for publicity, and as he is devoting them in local as well as in national affairs to the anti-monopolistic movement he is entitled to praise without regard to his political affiliations and aspirations. Let his opponents do as well, or better, in the same line. That is the proper reply to him, and the only one that will impress the public."

The *New York Evening Post* (Ind.) is alarmed over the Hearst danger. "The charm of the Hearst movement," says its Albany correspondent in accounting for the way in which that movement is gaining ground in New York State, "is the duality of its appeal to light heads and light pockets." The *Evening Post* thinks that the Republican organization is encouraging Mr. Hearst's followers to capture the Democratic State organization, and it says:

"The Hearst candidacy has now seriously to be reckoned with. The clamor of it will fill the State. Republicans are affrighted by it, and decent Democrats know not where to turn. A man who, but for his money, which he pours out lavishly in politics, would never be thought of, heading a movement which, if not financed by him, would attract but few with brains in stable equilibrium, is raiding the chief office of the State, and sober people are saying that there is no means of beating him off. This is the political portent now confronting the citizens of New York. About it they will have to think, write, speak, act for months to come."

MORE interesting even than the Hearst movement is the turning toward Bryan on the part of conservative Democrats, who see in him a possible savior from Hearst. Mr. Nicoll's denunciation of Hearst and laudation of Bryan's loyalty in 1904, already quoted, was followed by a unanimous vote of the Democratic Club indorsing the speaker's views. Since then all sorts of rumors have been gaining credence of a movement Bryan-ward. So decided is the present leaning of Cleveland Democrats toward Bryan, says the *Springfield Republican*, "that there is talk of getting up a great reception to the 'peerless leader' on his return from around the world, in which the Belmonts and Ryans and Gormans and possibly even Cleveland himself, will figure prominently."

The *New York Tribune* quotes a "prominent member" of the Democratic Club as saying:

"Unless Hearst should run away with the organization before 1908, you'll see the conservative Democrats of this city supporting Bryan for the nomination two years from now. Bryan has become less radical and could be counted on to give a good administration if he should be elected, while, on the other hand, the conservative Democrats, and, for that matter, Republicans, are will-

ing to go a good deal further along radical lines than they were in 1896 or 1900. While Hearst is a man of capital, he is too much of a Socialist to suit the conservative Democrats, and for that reason, more than for any other, they will oppose him. Bryan, on the other hand, while a good deal of a radical, has been broadened by study and travel and observation and could be trusted by the men in the Democratic organization who opposed him before to run things sensibly if he should be elected President."

The *New York Times* and *The World* rub their editorial eyes in amazement at this turn in affairs, and recall Mr. Bryan's past record, and ask what evidence there is that he has altered his views. Says the *Times*:

"Let Mr. William J. Bryan expressly recant the free-silver heresy. Let him recant the now Rooseveltian doctrine of confiscating railway profits by administrative act. Let him recant his formal declarations made within the last two years for municipal, State, and National ownership of public 'utilities.' Let him recant his belief in the expediency of packing the Federal Supreme Court with Justices to reverse the income tax decision. Then one might believe the report that the New York Democratic Club is sincerely converted to Bryan as the next conservative standard bearer of the party 'to stem the rising tide of Socialism.'"

"It would be a spectacle for gods and men," thinks the *Springfield Republican*, "if the gold Democrats, who thought a public hanging almost too good for him in 1896, were to accept Bryan as their candidate in 1908—something unique even in the extraordinary vicissitudes of American politics; but this would not result from a lessened radicalism on his part. It would grow out of a decided change in the general attitude of the country regarding the need of radical reforms in the industrial organization of society, a change which even the most bourgeois of the 'plutocracy' are being forced to recognize."

MUCH of this turning toward Bryan has been due to an article written by him on "Individualism versus Socialism," and published in the *April Century*. It is "a strong, temperate, philosophical and truly American statement of the case," according to one conservative paper (the *Boston Herald*), and according to another (the *New York Times*), it furnishes solid evidence that he "is rebuilding his reputation."



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WILL HE BE THE NEXT GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK STATE?

The candidacy of William R. Hearst, says the *N. Y. Evening Post*, "has now seriously to be reckoned with. The clamor of it will fill the state. Republicans are affrighted by it and decent Democrats know not where to turn. . . . This is the political portent now confronting the citizens of New York."

Mr. Bryan, in this article, recognizes the "moral passion" that renders socialism a sort of religion and says that in the field of ethics the first battle between individualism and socialism must be fought. The individualist who believes in competition can, we are told, consistently advocate the extension of municipal ownership, usury laws, factory laws, etc., because "it is not only consistent with individualism, but is a necessary implication of it, that the competing parties should be placed on substantially equal footing," and these and other similar laws are designed to make competition real and effective, not to eliminate it. In other words, the present abuses, under the competitive system, are not an essential part of that system, and in any fair comparison of the two systems we must consider each at its best. Man, as we find him, needs the spur of competition. The socialist admits the ad-

vantage of rivalry, but would substitute altruistic for selfish motives. The individualist believes that altruism is a spiritual quality that defies governmental definition, and it is difficult to conceive of a successful system, enforced by law, with altruism as the controlling principle. "The attempt to unite Church and State has never been helpful to either government or religion, and it is not at all certain that human nature can yet be trusted to use the instrumentalities of government to enforce religious ideas."

A NY system of government, continues Mr. Bryan, must be administered by human beings and will reflect the weaknesses of those who control it. Will socialism purge the individual of selfishness or bring a nearer approach of justice? Mr. Bryan proceeds to answer this question as follows:

"Justice requires that each individual shall receive from society a reward proportionate to his contribution to society. Can the state, acting through officials, make this apportionment better than it can be made by competition? At present official favors are not distributed strictly according to merit either in republics or in monarchies; is it certain that socialism would insure a fairer division of rewards? If the government operates all the factories, all the farms, and all the stores, there must be superintendents as well

as workmen; there must be different kinds of employment, some more pleasant, some less pleasant. Is it likely that any set of men can distribute the work or fix the compensation to the satisfaction of all, or even to the satisfaction of a majority of the people? When the government employs comparatively few of the people, it must make the terms and conditions inviting enough to draw the persons needed from private employment; and if those employed in the public service become dissatisfied, they can return to outside occupations. But what will be the result if there is no private employment? What outlet will there be for discontent if the government owns and operates all the means of production and distribution?

"Under individualism a man's reward is determined in the open market, and where competition is free he can hope to sell his services for what they are worth. Will his chance for reward be as good when he must do the work prescribed for him on the terms fixed by those who are in control of the government?"

As there is not in operation any such socialistic system as is contended for, we must judge what its results would be by our experience. Individualism has been tested by centuries of experience and under it we have made progress. The nearest approach to the socialistic state in our experience is to be found in the civil service. Mr. Bryan proceeds:

"If the civil service develops more unselfishness and more altruistic devotion to the general welfare than private employment does, the fact is yet to be discovered. This is not offered as a



From *Wahre Jacob* (Stuttgart).

THE SICK MAN OF MOROCCO—

criticism of civil service in so far as civil service may require examinations to ascertain fitness for office, but it is simply a reference to a well-known fact—viz., that a life position in the government service, which separates one from the lot of the average producer of wealth, has given no extraordinary stimulus to higher development."

Mr. Bryan closes with a plea for the united action of all honest socialists and honest individualists in opposition to the abuses of the competitive system, and especially in opposition to the growth of monopoly.

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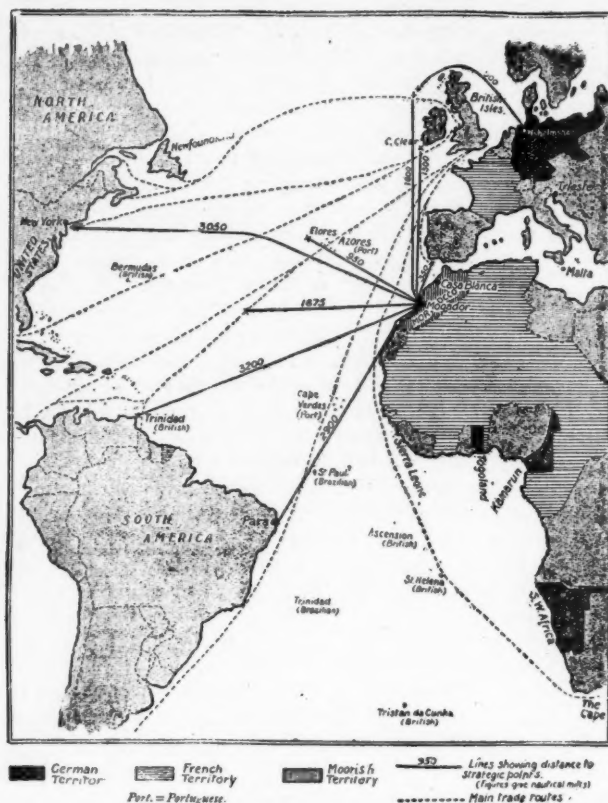


HE Morocco conference terminated its existence at Algeiras after the employment, as sarcastic foreign dailies hint, of an unconscionable amount of leisure in expiring. The outcome is "a German gambit" which "leaves France in check and must ultimately force a move," says the dissatisfied London *Outlook*, and this is a heavy price to pay, it thinks, for natives as rank and file in the Sultan's police, for caids as commanders, for French and Spanish instructors and a Swiss inspector-general. William II saved the conference; German dailies have little doubt of that. French dailies are not less certain that the French delegate, tactfully supported by Paris, rescued every-

thing and everybody. American dailies add that it was Mr. White, inspired by the diplomacy of the President of the United States, whom we must regard as the true savior of the situation. President Roosevelt's analysis is that the result diminishes chances of friction between opposing forces. "I hope and believe," says the occupant of the White House, "that the conference has resulted and will result in rendering continually more friendly the relations between the mighty empire of Germany and the mighty republic of France." It has not had such an effect upon the mighty newspapers of those mighty powers. The *Kreuz Zeitung* was never more truculent and the Paris *Temps* could not be more virtuously severe. Their editorials are of that carefully worded sort which proclaims official inspiration. There are detached allusions to the military strength of republic and empire, assurances that neither is in dread of mobilization on any frontier and a tendency to differ regarding the good faith of Great Britain as an ally. The London *Spectator* thinks it goes to the root of the matter, discarding names for facts, when it says that William II forced the Algeiras conference in order to test the strength of the cordial understanding between London and Paris.



—AND HOW THEY CURED HIM



WHY WILLIAM II WANTED THAT ATLANTIC PORT

"An examination of the map will show how seriously the United States is interested in the Morocco question," says the British naval expert, H. W. Wilson, in *The National Review* (London), from which the above map is copied. "At Mogador or Casablanca Germany would be within easy reach of South America. The distances from the nearest point on the Venezuelan and Brazilian seaboard are marked, and it can easily be calculated that they are well within the radius of the modern German battleships, while the German armoured cruisers are still better able to accomplish such a voyage. Mogador or Casablanca, in fact, would give Germany just the 'jumping-off place' which she wants for enterprises directed, not only against England, but also against South America."

LONDON and Paris were never on better terms. But between the view that France has come out victor and the theory that William II has gained one of the diplomatic triumphs of his reign flows a current of European newspaper debate as turbulent as the eight points upon the Moroccan coast among which the new police force will be distributed. Foiled in his attempt to convert one of those points into a naval station, William II, it is predicted, is soon to make a demonstration across the Atlantic. He will demand a conference of the powers nominally to settle some question of Bolivian or Venezuelan finance, but really to have the concert of Europe pass judgment upon the scope and validity of the

Monroe doctrine. William II, finding that there is no naval base for him on the Sultan's coast, means now to look for it on the San Domingan shore. The *Paris Temps* has asserted that Hohenzollern diplomacy was actively behind one revolution in the black republic. It is now hinted that Berlin's Foreign Office, as agent for certain European creditors, has been considering intervention somewhere in the Caribbean with a coaling station as its own commission. This may be gossip, but it finds its way into European dailies with a regularity portending either the bursting of a diplomatic storm or the activity of a press bureau bent upon inciting the American mind to suspicion of Hohenzollern dynastic aims.



THE revolutionary nebula that has been whirling for so many months about the autocratic center of the Russian political system was being concentrated all last month into a single organic mass—the Duma. In the near future this body is to become visible to the world, and grand ducal influence is being exerted to the utmost to fix its orbit within the autocratic system of which Nicholas II is the sun. In that capacity his imperial majesty is to rise with

a special splendor on the day the Duma meets, and unless the red terror deters him at the last moment, he means to render his reception of the delegates more pompous than the abdication of Charles V, more solemn than the death of Julian the Apostate and more historical than the reception of Columbus by Ferdinand and Isabella after the discovery of the New World. Shocked by its own littleness, the Duma will thereupon, if the Czar be well advised, vote taxes for the support of the grandeur it witnesses and without doing anything else disperse until the autumn. Bureaucracy is tiding over the interval in accordance with Calonne's maxim that when pressed for funds one should spend lavishly, and the

world, thinking such a show of assets a proof of wealth, will lend its money freely. Russia, or rather her government, is now asking for \$700,000,000.

ISOLATED by an indirect mode of election from any genuine constituency, subject to manipulation by bureaucratic ministers who may bully it with impunity, subordinated by decree to the will of Nicholas II whenever he elects to adjourn it, and impotent if opposed by an upper house specially packed to thwart it, this new-born Russian Duma has become a parliamentary curiosity to organs in St. Petersburg of more or less liberal opinion such as the *Nasha Zhizn* (defiant, as ever, of the censor), the *Russ* (supposed to represent western culture), the *Strana* (newly founded to propagate advanced ideas), and the *Sviet* (antagonizer of bureaucracy). The good old-fashioned *Novoye Vremya* alone notes the progress of the month's elections with content. It is the one uproarious optimist of the Russian situation. It is apparently sure that a quorum of the Duma will be got together in time to organize this month in the unimposing Tauride Palace. Some 476 seats are already in place for the deputies, but what proportion of that number had been elected by the end of the third week in April no competent authority pretends to know precisely. The liberal and progressive elements make claims of victories which the *Kreuz Zeitung* pronounces extravagant. The *London Times* found it difficult to obtain, after an expenditure of infinite pains, any complete or trustworthy account of the village elections in Russia proper. Strangers, it reports, were "eliminated" by local officials. But our London contemporary's information is that the rural police, in defiance of law, attended elections and exerted direct pressure. Delegates chosen by peasants in contravention of orders were thrown into prison. In factory towns patrols of Cossacks kept back wage-earners who appeared to cast their votes. In the suburbs of St. Petersburg this form of intimidation seems to have been flagrant. Moscow's mill hands were less molested. In St. Petersburg proper the elections resulted in what appears to have been a complete rout of bureaucracy.

IN FACT, wherever the forces of bureaucracy failed to deploy in armed force they went to certain defeat against unshaken lines of Constitutional Democrats. They elected about 140 of their candidates, according to



THE BRAINS OF WILLIAM II'S NAVY

Admiral von Koster is in command of the German battle squadron. This is perhaps the most powerful of organized floating forces. The squadron is not as large as the one which guards the channel for England. Naval experts pronounce it none the less the most efficient of all combative seagoing fleets.

a report in the *Journal des Débats*, amid smoking hecatombs of slaughtered voters. They might have scored more heavily but for one of the untimely disintegrations to which Rus-



GERMANY AND FRANCE AT ALGECIRAS

The new Columns of Hercules.

—Pasquino (Turin).

sian political groups are so prone. However, the achievements of the Constitutional Democratic body are so brilliant that Witte seems to think they will manage to capture the organization of the Duma. In that event the *Nasha Zhizn's* definition of the Duma as a contrivance for the sole purpose of voting taxes may require revision.

DURNOVO all but drove Witte from power three weeks ago. So low had Witte fallen that he had to issue an official denial of his own words to a deputation that asked him to enforce his decrees, and which met that denial with documentary evidence to the contrary. Witte was likewise humiliated into explaining that the freedom of the press promised by himself to a delegation of journalists had been based upon his own complete misinterpretation of an imperial rescript. Such is the measure of Durnovo's new power. Despatches in London dailies are picturesque with

the doings of a Witte, new and strange, rushing upon Tsarskoe-Selo to complain to the Czar that Durnovo nullifies the acts of his nominal but official superior. Nicholas II bestowed no consolation. What the Czar said must be inferred from events. We read no more of stormy scenes between Mr. Durnovo and Mr. Witte. The disciplined Prime Minister told his next deputation that Russia has an ideal executive. In France, he explained, the executive is dependent upon a parliamentary vote. In England the executive is dependent upon a popular vote. In Russia the executive is dependent only upon himself. It seems plain to the *London Tribune* that Witte is kept in office only on account of the effective way he has with financiers. The Duma, it prophesies from details supplied by an unusually well-informed correspondent, will serve Witte's purpose by inducing foreign bankers to float the coming huge loan. The real ruler of the empire, practically under



"THE ISLE OF DEATH"—THE DUMA

—Wahre Jacob, Stuttgart.

martial law, was Durnovo, supported by a star chamber in the imperial palace, over which presides General Trepoff. Durnovo was sent to the rear when the election returns came in. But his resignation—if it be a resignation—is understood to have been as formal as Trepoff's. If Witte is not yet permitted to resign, it is merely because he has not yet fulfilled his allotted function of piling a bankrupt treasury high with rubles.

LEAVING Witte to organize the ceremonial pageant for what, to the *London Tribune*, seems an idle festival of constitutionalism, Durnovo spent the past four weeks in overpopulating every available prison. One of his immediate subordinates is quoted in the *London Post* as asking a colleague how the multitudes of newly arrested could be accommodated in cells already crowded. "Let five thousand out," was the answer. "But which five thousand?" "Any five thousand—one five thousand will be as glad to get out as another five thousand." That, says Hon. Maurice Baring, with the conviction of a man studying autocracy on the spot, is administrative Russia functioning in its perfection. He finds the native press too censored to comment upon a condition of absolute chaos with any respect for facts. No parliament, says the *London Spectator*, shrewdest of organs in the interpretation of Russia, has ever been exposed to such pressure as the deputies of the Duma are likely to experience. They are forbidden to discuss what imperial rescripts call "the fundamental laws of the monarchy." Nor does the British weekly take stock in the theory that the people will be behind their deputies urging them to assert their freedom. The Muscovite masses are not enlightened enough for that. Durnovo, it hints, has converted the court to the view that Russia is unfitted for any form of freedom. He was to have whipped the foreign loans through the Duma and then gotten rid of it in a hurry. Now he is a tool of autocracy rusting unused.

ON DURNOVO'S capacity to transmute Russia's electoral molecules into gold for the treasury the bureaucracy can no longer fondly rely. The *Paris Aurore* characterizes him as an empty upstart. Suave with deputations, he assures them that no party in the state has his sympathy. He prides himself upon being destitute of political principles. His enemies accuse him of duplicity. He devised the enactments now nullifying all over the empire the



"LAST OF THE NIHILISTS AND FATHER OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION,"

Nicholas Tchaikovsky was one of the first to greet Gorky upon the latter's arrival in New York. Tchaikovsky is here as a delegate of the Socialist Revolutionary party

Czar's guarantee of freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of assembly and freedom from arbitrary arrest and detention without trial. He is, in truth, a bold and avowed reactionary. Grand dukes of the traditional Muscovite school applaud him openly. Durnovo has caused not less than 70,000 arrests since he became Minister of the Interior. London dailies even accuse him of causing nearly 10,000 progressive intellectuals, male and female, to be shot without trial for merely possessing certificates of membership in the Social-Democratic party, for attending some public meeting, or for reading a Liberal newspaper. Witte, subjected to a deliberate affront by his supplanter in authority, sent his resignation to the Czar last month. Nicholas returned the communication in two days, if our well-informed authority be accurate, with a command to remain in office. That is described as the one setback of Durnovo's san-

guinary career in an office from which Plehve was expelled by assassination. Durnovo will be expelled by the Duma, predict those foes of his whose hopes are based upon what to them seem the triumphs at the voting urns of every progressive element.

BY SECURING a postponement of that second peace conference at The Hague for which the world has been kept so long waiting, Secretary Root is said to come out best in a diplomatic encounter with the house of Hohenzollern. The *Kölnische Zeitung*, it is true, repudiates as malicious the insinuation that Berlin strove to fix this conference for June. Imperial policy, asserts this inspired organ, is unconcerned at the delay until next autumn. At no time did it enter the official mind of Berlin to have The Hague conference used as a diplomatic ecumenical council for the condemnation of such heresies as may find favor with the Pan-American Congress of next July at Rio Janeiro. But such German disclaimers fail to impress those London and Paris organs which profess to be aware of a certain distrust in Washington inspired by all the Berlin diplomacy that affects The Hague conference. The Department of State is said to have taken forty-eight hours to recover from the surprise over its discovery of Berlin's veiled purpose to set the date of The Hague conference for early in June or July. That date, of course, would have made it impossible for the Pan-American Congress to submit suggestions of great importance to The Hague. William II is represented as the opponent of any such suggestions—especially from lands in which the names of Calvo and of Drago are esteemed. He is desirous that The Hague conference shall not commit itself to the doctrine that European navies must refrain from collecting debts after the fashion set by some of his own cruisers.

MR. ROOT'S alleged eagerness to have The Hague conference indorse what William II is determined it shall not indorse indicates, if European papers know their Roosevelt, a fresh phase of the Monroe doctrine. It is a phase associated with the name of Calvo, whom the *Paris Temps* deems an illustrious authority on international law, and with the name of Dr. Drago, that Argentine Minister of Foreign Affairs who first became prominent when Emperor William's cruiser was firing upon

Puerto Cabello. At that time John Hay, as Secretary of State, caused a rejection of the developed Calvo or Drago doctrine, so far as Washington is concerned. This doctrine is in effect that delay in the payment of a public debt, where this is not due to bad faith, ought not to be and cannot be made a ground for armed intervention in a South American country by any European power. Argentina a few years ago asked our Government to join in such a declaration. Mr. Hay set his face against the proposition. It was thought significant then that Emperor William's ambassador in Washington was very assiduous in questioning Mr. Hay on the subject of Argentina's suggestion. Argentina, observes the *London Times*, "baited its proposal with a recognition of the Monroe Doctrine," a doctrine which is undoubtedly to some extent an object of suspicion in South American capitals. Now, with the Pan-American Congress less than eight weeks away, comes the announcement that Secretary of State Root is to go in official state to the Brazilian capital as a champion of the very doctrine to which his predecessor in office would not listen.

IF, THEREFORE, the Drago doctrine emerges from the Pan-American conference officially indorsed, with the United States concurring, a new situation, thinks the *London Post*, will confront the diplomacy of Europe. "If Europe cannot, without challenging the United States, seize or occupy South American territory, or may not employ force to secure the payment of debts, South America is beyond the reach of European punishment and can with impunity defy its creditors." Thus the British daily. Yet there are London organs which recall that Great Britain has a Calvo doctrine of her own. She tells her financiers that their investments in South America can never become the basis of naval interventions and debt-collecting displays of military power. But to Emperor William any restriction of the might of the mailed fist in this hemisphere is deemed hateful. That is why, says rumor, he instigated the Czar's government to hasten The Hague conference. He wanted no Pan-Americanism there. His Majesty, it is assumed, now feels that some of the alleged influence he has acquired over the Rooseveltian mind has been undermined by Mr. Root. That he is going to Brazil as an advocate of the Drago doctrine speaks volumes to Europe for his influence with Roosevelt.

Persons in the Foreground

THE FOREMOST DEMOCRAT IN WASHINGTON

With Cleveland out of politics and Bryan out of the country, it may be said that the foremost Democratic leader in America to-day is Senator Joseph W. Bailey, of Texas. Senator Gorman is still the nominal leader of the minority in the Senate; but Gorman is a sick man and has, for the time being, practically retired from the scene. Bailey is the man who looms up on the Democratic side in the rate discussion, although Tillman has charge of the rate bill. But Tillman, in a position of that kind, where the whole debate hinges upon legal questions, is, with all his rugged honesty, more or less of a joke. He has nothing but what Senator Spooner calls "corn-field law" in his equipment. Bailey is regarded as one of the ablest lawyers in the Senate, and when he speaks he commands the close attention even of Spooner. "It is sight worth seeing," says a Washington correspondent, "when Spooner sits under the fall of Bailey's slow drip of oratory, as deeply engrossed and painfully attentive as a schoolgirl on the last lap of the latest novel." Here is a pen-picture, by the same correspondent, of Bailey delivering a speech:

"When Bailey arises to deliver one of these speeches he usually stands with the tips of his fingers touching his desk and lets his talk fall with a slow, indolent, resistless drip. He often parts his words in the middle, leaving a pause between syllables. When he rises to an occasional flight of eloquence it is not lugged in; it belongs there and could not be left out. On such occasions his slow voice rises and booms out like a church organ; the fingers leave the desk and the hands rise in gestures that are not of elocution schools like Fairbank's or of imitation wrath and excitement like Beveridge's, but of natural grace. He despises the conventional oratorical tricks, such as the rising inflection at the end of the sentence; but he has one effective oratorical trick of his own, which consists of bringing one of his bursts of eloquence by slow degrees to its highest point of voice and gesture and closing it by uttering the last three or four words of the sentence in a conversational tone. It is difficult to give an idea of the effect of this in print, but when it happens persons who are amenable to such things find little thrills running up and down their spines and feel a desire to bite pieces out of the furniture."

The above description is part of a very interesting sketch of the man made by Mr.

Charles Willis Thompson, Washington correspondent of the *New York Times*, and recently embodied in book form* together with numerous other vivid sketches of prominent figures in Washington.

Bailey hailed originally from Copiah County, Mississippi. He grew to manhood in a tavern, with the atmosphere of a country grog-shop about him, and in a rough and lawless environment. When he was barely twenty he took an active part in suppressing, by illegal means, the negro vote in the county. The fact has not been lost sight of by his Republican foes, and though more than twenty years have elapsed since that youthful indiscretion, the incident is still trotted out to discredit him. His uncle, believing that Bailey could achieve something away from his Copiah County environment, sent him to Texas. His arrival there was an event, says Mr. Thompson:

"One day there dawned upon Gainesville an apparition which made that town sit up and rub its eyes. It was a tall, lank young man with an enormous slouch hat and enveloped in a tremendous coat. His hair hung down on his shoulders in a fashion to give pangs of envy to Buffalo Bill and Col. John A. Joyce. He was not at all a typical Southerner; he was the South intensified and exaggerated a hundred times. He was the stage Southerner done into real life.

"In Gainesville they were not used to such sights. Bailey did not know there was anything wrong with his appearance; his make-up was all right for Copiah County. It had never attracted any attention in those wilds.

"But Gainesville did not get much chance to laugh at Bailey. Raw boy as he was, queer and countrified as his aspect was, and full of strange affectations as he was, there was that in him which compelled not only attention but respect and could not be hidden or perverted by all the eccentricities and crudenesses of youthful egotism."

Almost at once he sprang into political leadership. In a deadlocked congressional convention, a compromise was suggested in the nomination of the lanky young man with the long hair. It swept the convention. But Bailey was pledged to another candidate and strove to stem the tide in his own favor. As a last resource he sprang upon a chair and an-

*PARTY LEADERS OF THE TIME. By Charles Willis Thompson. G. W. Dillingham Company.

nounced that he was not old enough to be eligible as a Congressman, not being twenty-five. That was true; but it was also true that he would have been twenty-five by the time he entered upon the duties of the office. This fact he suppressed, and his candidate was finally elected. Two years later, however, the district insisted on Bailey and started him on his way to national fame. "That lanky youth with the black mane," says Mr. Thompson, "seems an impossibility now as one looks at the Bailey of to-day; a full-faced, handsome, stately man, moving with a lazy majesty and commanding the strained attention of the nation's Solons when his slow, sonorous voice begins to roll out across the Senate chamber. It is not merely to his ability that the senators pay tribute. They pay it also to his character; to the tremendous sincerity of the man and to his dead-level loyalty to his own convictions."

Bailey's weakness as a leader, we are further told, is in his hot temper. The most grievous mistake he has ever made was when, a few years ago, he assaulted Beveridge in the Senate chamber, after the latter had been harrying and harassing him for several hours in a running debate. But as Bailey grows older (he is now but forty-two) he is getting better control of his temper. "With that conquered, no debits will be recorded on his standing as a statesman." As a political strategist, however, he is said to be deficient:

"He never could be a party general as Gorman was. He is not a manipulator and could not become one. His leadership in the House of Repre-

sentatives was unsuccessful for that reason. In the sense of being a maneuverer, a strategist, a political chess-player, Bailey can never be a leader anywhere. But he is a leader on great public questions. He stands head and shoulders above the other Democrats of the Senate. He is a commanding figure among his fellows. He can lead them on questions of principle; never in chess-playing.

"His full proportions are becoming known to his countrymen, and he is unquestionably the foremost figure in the minority. He has been forging resistlessly to the front for years and to-day there is no dissent anywhere in the Senate from his recognition as the strongest personality and ablest man on the Democratic side.

"There is nothing of 1884 about Bailey. The Southern politicians admire him and love him. They regard him as a great leader. In the Senate the Republicans respect him very much, fear him a little, and like him a great deal. He is a big, calm-eyed man, slow of speech, tremendously prepared on all questions senatorial. He does not play tricks, and is hotly contemptuous and intolerant of them. He does not maneuver for little petty points of party advantage, and is ferociously wrathful when one seeks so to manoeuvre at his expense."

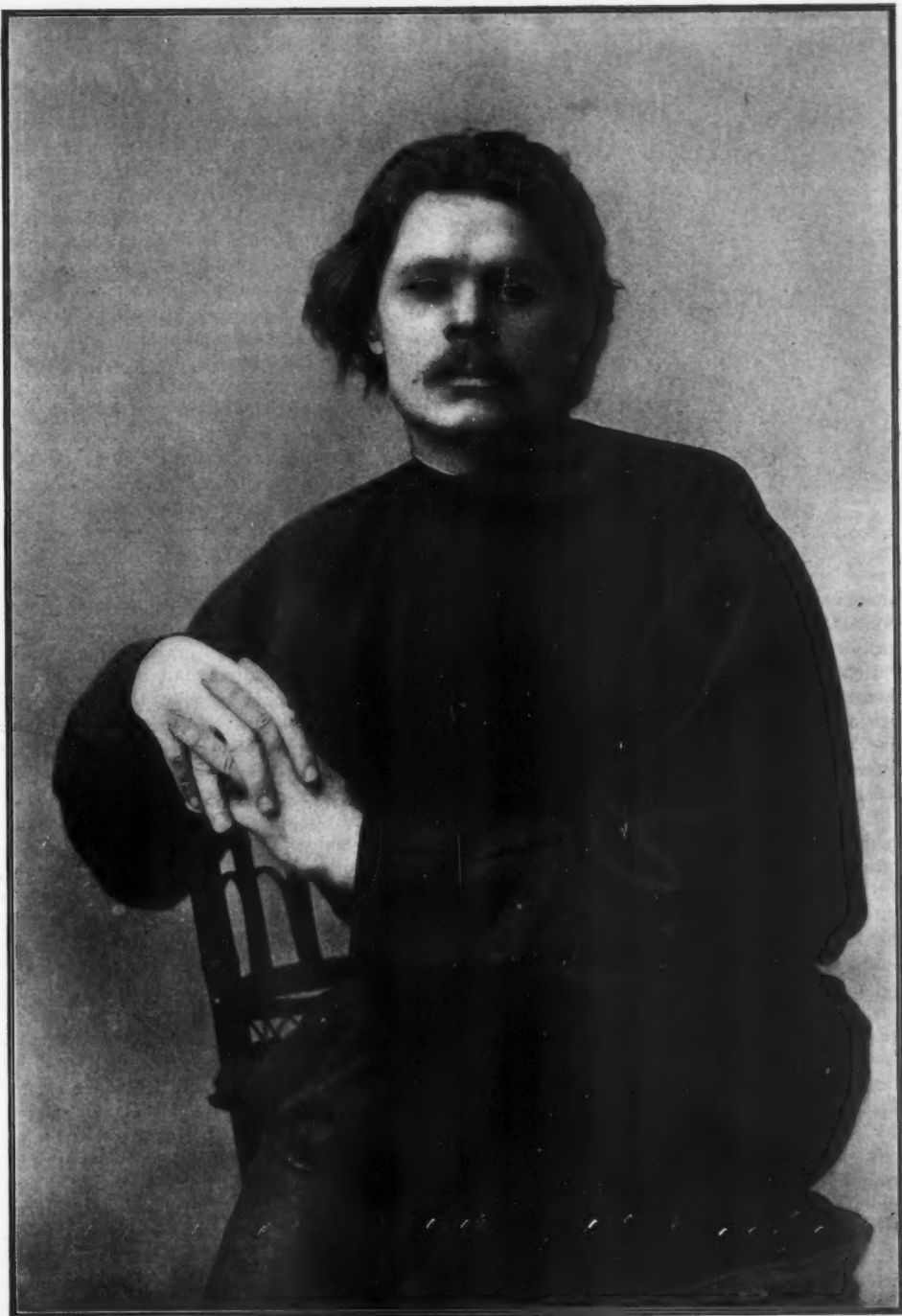
There is considerable talk about the Democratic party's choosing its next presidential candidate from the South. If that policy were to be adopted, the man whom the lightning would be most apt to strike would be the Senator from Texas. Even in 1904 he was talked of and some of his admirers waited upon him to urge him to run. His grave reply was: "Gentlemen, I thank you, but your suggestion is impossible. On the wall of my office at Gainesville there hangs a picture of Jefferson Davis."

THE STORMY CAREER OF MAKSIM GORKY

"I know that life is hard, that at times it is coarse and disgusting, and I detest it; I detest this order of things. I know that life is a serious matter, although as yet not ordered, . . . that I must exert all my powers and abilities to help to bring it into order. And with all the means of my soul I will seek to live up to my inner driving impulse, to rush into the thickest of life, mingle with it, mold it now so, now so, step in the way of this one and jump to the help of that other one. . . . This—yes, this is the joy of life!"

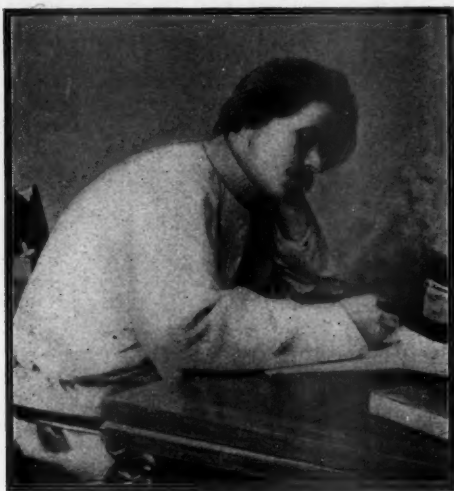
These words, put in the mouth of an engine-driver in one of Gorky's plays, represents the actual course of the life of the author, who is

now visiting America in behalf of the Russian revolutionists. First with his pen, then with active work in the ranks of the extreme revolutionists, the Social-Democratic party, Gorky has always remained true to this ideal of the "joy of life." He has introduced a new note in Russian literature—a note which had not been sounded since the reaction that set in after the assassination of Alexander the Second. So large a part of the more virile young men of Russia were sent after that event to languish in the prisons or in exile that Russian literature became an instrument of weakness. It lost the note of power. It still had its literary triumphs—Chekhov, for instance, who



MAKSIM GORKY

"I have come from below, from the nethermost ground of life, where is naught but sludge and murk. I am the truthful voice of life, the harsh cry of those who still abide down there, and who have let me come up to bear witness to their suffering."



GORKY IN A RUSSIAN JAIL

For his participation in the Revolution he has been twice imprisoned, being finally released and ordered to leave St. Petersburg.

drew wonderful pictures of real life; but it was a life that represented weakness, helplessness, despair. The only literature of that time that carried a gospel with it was Tolstoy's and his gospel was one of submissiveness and non-resistance. Gorky came, and Russian literature was again transformed into a mighty, aggressive, fighting force. Gorky's literary characters, like himself, are filled with discontent. Like himself they come from the lowest depths of society, from the tramps and the working men, those who were later to bring on the Russian revolution which, from the very first, is presaged in his stories. Their discontent is not passive; it is active and ready for attack. They have hate enough to overthrow the old; they have love enough to erect the new. They are all imbued with the "joy of life." Gorky sounded the bugle call, and around him gathered a number of the most resolute minds of Russia—Andréyev, Chirikov, Skitaletz, Kuprin. They work each in his own way, but all in the same spirit; and thus, together with the more lowly workers of underground Russia, they have helped to speed the revolution that seems now to be rapidly gathering force for its final triumphant consummation.

To read Gorky's works is in great part to read his life. All his writings are artistic representations of his experiences. What he relates he has either lived through or has obtained directly from companions he met in his vagabond days. The use of the first person

in many of his stories is in his case no mere literary device.

Alexey Maximovich Pieshkov (Gorky is a pseudonym, meaning "bitter") was born in Nizhni-Novgorod in 1869. His father, an upholsterer, died when Gorky was four years of age. The mother married again soon afterward, and Gorky lived with his grandfather. At the age of nine he lost his mother also. His school career terminated after five months, when he was taken ill with the smallpox. At the age of nine he went to work as apprentice in a shoe warehouse and, losing his position there after two months, he was placed under the charge of an engineer. Brutal treatment caused him to run away, and he took up an apprenticeship with a painter of sacred images. Finding his treatment here no better, he escaped again and became a scullion on a Volga steamer.

Here he met the cook Smury, who befriended the boy and became an important factor in his life by first introducing him to good literature. "Here on the steamer," writes Gorky, "the cook Smury had a great influence on my education. He persuaded me to read the lives of the saints, but he also made me read Gogol, Gleb Uspensky, the elder Dumas, and many books of the freemasons. Before that I could not endure books and printed paper in general, including the passport." He had, however, previously read a good deal of that kind of literature which Jack London calls "Seaside Library novels."

The better class of literature fired him with a desire to educate himself, and he went to Kazan with the idea of taking up a course of study there. "When I had reached the age of fifteen I felt a fanatic desire to study; for this purpose I went to Kazan, taking it for granted that here the sciences were taught gratis to anybody that wanted to study. It turned out that this was a mistaken idea, and so I went to work in a bakery for three rubles a month. That was the hardest work of any that I had done." But his stay in Kazan proved a most important period of his life. It gave him the material for some of his best stories—"Twenty-six and One" and "Kononov." Here he met students and took a lively interest in their studies. He became acquainted with socialistic literature, visited the dens of drunkards and tramps, took to drinking himself, studied the life and psychology of the submerged tenth and came to this conclusion: "The man who battles with life, who is vanquished by it and who suffers is a greater philosopher

than Schopenhauer himself, because abstract thought never assumes such definite and precise form as that which is pressed out of the soul of a man through suffering."

Gorky had now ample opportunity, through suffering, to become a great philosopher. He went from job to job, worked in the harbor, became a wood-sawyer, then a carrier, went without lodging and sank to the lowest depths. Finally he attempted suicide, but recovered with a bullet wound in his lungs. Then began his wanderings again, with intervals of work as line-keeper, fruit-seller, kvas-dealer. He went to Odessa and labored in the salt-works, then he continued his peregrinations through the Crimea, Kuban and the Caucasus. In Tiflis he came in contact with a student whom he describes somewhere under the name of Alexander Kalushny and from whom he appears to have learned much in the way of technical composition. There also appeared his first story, "Makar Chudra," in the *Kavkas*, in 1892.

In Nizhni-Novgorod he had worked as clerk in the office of lawyer Lavin, a great Macenas of modern literature, who immediately discovered the great talent of Gorky and did much for his education. His "Wanderlust," however, had taken him away on another tramp of several years, and when he returned again to his native city he was introduced to the eminent author Korolenko, editor of *Russkoye Bogatstvo*. Korolenko encouraged the young author, and in 1895, when "Chelkash" appeared, Gorky immediately leaped into fame.

Gorky has come to America to work for the Russian revolution. He desires by voice and pen to expose the actual conditions in Russia, of which he believes the Americans are still largely ignorant. He wants to point out to us that the Russian peasant is ripe for a change; that, although he has for a long time borne the oppression of the bureaucracy, he now shows his discontent plainly. In this way Gorky hopes to enlist the sympathy of the American people and secure their financial assistance for the revolutionists. Gorky's adopted son, Nikolay Zavolsky Pieshkov, is living in New York, and describes his adopted father as "the mildest of men." "In all the time that I was with him I never heard him say a harsh or insulting word to anybody. And he never commands. I don't remember him ever giving me any orders. It is his principle to let people alone, to let them do as they please, and in his private life he acts on this principle. He is a true gentleman; not your



THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH MADE OF GORKY IN AMERICA

The young man is Gorky's adopted son, who lives in New York. The third member of the party is Mme. Andreieva, whom Gorky publicly recognizes as his wife. Doubt as to the legality of her wifehood, according to Russian law, has caused scandal at the outset of Gorky's career here.

respectable gentleman with starched collar and shirt and polished shoes, but a kind man, a man whose every fiber quivers with love and regard for his kind."

Gorky keeps his house open not only for his friends but for all. "The whole day long the bell keeps ringing," says Nikolay, and Gorky is never "not at home." He receives them all. He is loved by all the people in Nizhni-Novgorod and wherever he is known, and they come to him with all their troubles. They come to him for advice, they come even for money when they want to start in business, and they come asking him to stand godfather to their children. He helps many, and especially students, many of whom he supports at home and abroad. He also contributes largely to libraries. The Nizhni-Novgorod library has about three rooms full of books contributed by him."

Gorky is a free-thinker and a Social Democrat who looks upon Socialism as a means rather than a final end. The fact that he is accompanied by Mme. Andreieva, a noted Russian actress, whom he publicly proclaims his wife, though the Russian Church has refused to grant him a divorce from his first wife, who is still living, has come as a surprise to his friends in America and has distracted public attention from his real mission. Several hotels in New York have refused to receive him under the circumstances, and Gorky and his companions, evidently dumbfounded at this treatment, have at the time of this writing withdrawn entirely from the public view.

THE STRENUOUS LIFE OF A WOMAN REFORMER

"Come quick; let me take you to the cellar." It was an excited county sheriff of South Dakota who spoke, and he was excited because a cyclone was about to break loose. "Never mind," calmly said the lady to whom he spoke; "after my recent experiences a little thing like a cyclone doesn't frighten me."

The lady was the late Miss Susan B. Anthony, and her experiences as a reformer during a period of more than fifty years were full of dramatic and humorous incident. She was frequently indignant, but there is no record that she was ever frightened or daunted. Courage was in the blood. Her brother, Col. D. R. Anthony, who ran a daily newspaper for many years in Leavenworth, Kansas, had the same fighting blood, and the stories about him have become an important part of the State's traditions. The grandfather of Susan B. was a soldier of the Revolution, and her father was a Hicksite Quaker. But the latter married outside his faith and was disciplined. He wore an overcoat with a cape and also wore a colored handkerchief around his neck, and he was again disciplined. Finally he allowed young people to dance in his house. Then the Quakers gave him up. He was not again disciplined; he was disowned.

This father was a wealthy man, but he be-

lieved in the economic independence of women, and Miss Susan, at the age of seventeen, began the career of a teacher, earning the first winter the dazzling sum of one dollar a week and board. For fifteen years she continued in the same vocation, refusing various offers of marriage and growing at times indignant over the injustice of receiving about one-fourth as much pay as that which a man would receive for the same work. At the end of this period she attended a State Teachers' Convention, and at the close of the second day, when a discussion was up on the question, "Why is not the teacher's profession as much respected as that of the doctor or lawyer?" she rose and addressed the chair. The incident is thus narrated in the Boston *Transcript*:

"'Mr. President.' We are told that a bomb-shell would not have created greater commotion. For the first time a woman's voice was heard in a teachers' convention. Every neck was craned, and a profound hush fell upon the assembly. At length, recovering from the shock of being thus addressed by a woman, the presiding officer leaned forward and asked with satirical politeness, 'What will the lady have?' 'I wish to speak to the question under discussion,' said Miss Anthony, calmly, although her heart was beating a tattoo. Turning to the few rows of men in front of him, the back seats being occupied by women, the presiding officer inquired: 'What is the pleasure of the convention?' 'I move she shall be heard,' said one man; this was seconded by another, and thus was precipitated a debate which lasted half an hour, although the lady had precisely the same right to speak as had any man who was taking part in the discussion. During all this time Miss Anthony remained standing, lest she should lose the floor if she sat down. At last a vote was taken, men only voting, and the motion was carried in the affirmative by a small majority. Miss Anthony then said: 'It seems to me you fail to comprehend the cause of the disrespect of which you complain. Do you not see that, so long as society says that woman has not brains enough to be a doctor, lawyer or minister, but has plenty to be a teacher, every man of you who condescends to teach, tacitly admits before Israel and the sun that he has no more brains than a woman?'—and sat down."



Courtesy of The Independent.

MISS ANTHONY AT FIFTY

"In all the details of the toilet, she was fastidious, and a rent, a frayed edge or missing button was looked upon as almost a sin."

Prior to the foregoing incident, however, Miss Anthony had made her initial public speech. Like the first public speech of Abraham Lincoln and of Henry Ward Beecher, it was in behalf of the temperance cause. The sentiment of the public at that time concerning women on the platform is illustrated by the remark made to her by the president of a convention held in Troy which was addressed by her on the subject of coeducation. After the address he said to her: "Madam, that was a splendid production and well delivered; I could not have asked for a single thing different in matter or manner; but I would rather have followed my wife or daughter to Greenwood Cemetery than have her stand here before this promiscuous audience and deliver that address!"

It was not merely in the matter of public speaking that the rights of women were woefully ignored. Writing in *The North American Review*, Ida Husted Harper says concerning this subject:

"Outside of teaching (for a beggarly pittance) they could earn a living only at menial occupations. The first fight to be made was to secure for them the right to speak in public, to ask for the redress of their own wrongs. Everywhere the English common law prevailed which had been adopted by the colonies and never changed. The wife had no legal existence, or, as Blackstone expressed it, 'the very being, or existence, of the woman is suspended during marriage.' She could not own property, buy or sell, sue or be sued, make a contract, testify in court or control her own wages. The father could apprentice young children without the mother's consent and dispose of them by will at his death. There was but one cause for divorce, and the husband, though the guilty party, could retain the property and the children."

Miss Anthony used to illustrate this condition of her sex in the following story:

"A farmer's wife in Illinois, who had all the rights she wanted, had made for herself a full set of false teeth. The dentist pronounced them an admirable fit and she declared it gave her fits to wear them. He sued her husband for the money and the latter's counsel put the wife on the stand to testify, but the judge ruled her off saying, 'A married woman cannot be a witness in matters of joint interest between herself and her husband.' Think of it, ye good wives, the teeth in your mouth are a joint interest with your husband about which you are legally incompetent to speak!"

Since that time, of course, the legal and economic status of women has been vastly improved, and though Miss Anthony died in disappointment at not being able to witness the general political enfranchisement of women,



Courtesy of the Review of Reviews.

MISS ANTHONY AT THIRTY-SIX

At this age she stood forth as a leader of "the most forlorn and hopeless cause that ever called for recognition and assistance."

she lived to see a large number of the changes which she championed achieved.

Various stories are told of her skill in repartee. "You are not married," said a well-known abolitionist to her once; "you have no business to be discussing marriage." "Well, Mr. Mayo," she replied, "you are not a slave, suppose you quit lecturing on slavery." At another time an opponent quoted St. Paul's "Wives, submit yourselves unto your husbands." "Sir," she retorted, "no one objects to the husband being the head of the wife as Christ was the head of the Church—to crucify himself; what we object to is his crucifying his wife!"

Forty years ago Miss Anthony was described in the papers as a sort of virago and man-hater; but her friends have always insisted that she was a woman of dignity, sweetness and gracious womanliness. Writing shortly before her death, in *The Evening Post* (New York), Rheta Childe Dorr says of her personal appearance:

"In those early days the newspapers paid a great deal of attention to the clothes worn by the suffragists. The motive probably was to frighten women into the belief that brains and beauty

were incompatible. At all events, the published reports always made Miss Anthony and her friends out monsters of such hideous mien, sardonically speaking, that strong men shuddered at the sight. The fact is, except for a brief enthusiasm for the bloomer costume, which, in the era of hoopskirts must have secretly allured many anti-suffragists, Miss Anthony has always dressed extremely well. She was born a Quaker and naturally preferred a simple style. But she was always a very pink of neatness and she has a natural liking for dainty raiment. In her old age she is positively dressy. She wears soft, black gowns that trail on the floor and are modishly built. She has a fondness for pliable satins and soft silk fabrics, and her love for beautiful lace is well known. At the Baltimore convention she wore a satin gown with a great deal of white point lace on the bodice and sleeves. Her hands were ringless, but she wore a jeweled brooch and



Photograph by Vander Weyde.

A BAS RELIEF BY MISS USHER

"No one objects to the husband being the head of the wife as Christ was the head of the Church—to crucify himself. What we object to is his crucifying his wife."

some very handsome shell combs in her white hair. Her long coat was lined with rich white satin and her bonnet was made by a clever milliner. No one could accuse Miss Anthony at eighty-six of being dowdy."

Another writer, in the *Boston Transcript*, bears similar testimony. "In all the details of the toilet," we are assured, "she was fastidious, and a rent, a frayed edge or missing button was looked upon as almost a sin."

When Miss Anthony died a few weeks ago the flags of the city of Rochester were displayed at half-mast. Numerous meetings were held in various cities to commemorate her work, and in one of them, in New York city, one of the speakers, Mrs. Catt, pronounced her "the greatest woman that ever lived."

THE THREE TRAGIC LOVES OF CHARLES STEWART PARNELL

Love shaped the career of Charles Stewart Parnell in three crucial phases of his manhood. To the elucidation of this fact the sister of the once uncrowned king of Ireland has devoted the most personal study of the man that has ever appeared.* The sister would not convey the idea that her illustrious brother was a Don Juan. On the contrary, but infrequent traces of sensuality are discernible in her portrait of him. Yet we are informed that the coldness and aloofness of the great leader developed from one love tragedy following another until his being became wrapped in shadow. Though always treating women with an almost knight-errant chivalry and respect, he never, declares Mrs. Dickinson, seemed to desire either their friendship or their love, though, like most men with an early romance, he possessed a mysterious fascination for many of the fair.

Here is the first of the three tragedies. The

heroine was the daughter of a farmer living near Cambridge, where the young Parnell was an undergraduate:

"Daisy was as innocent as the large-eyed flowers from which she took her name, wholly unconscious of her charms and therefore more charming. Her blue eyes and golden hair, with the white dresses which she generally wore, made her an entrancing picture, especially to the uncritical eyes and susceptible heart of nineteen; and Charles had no sooner seen her in the glow of a summer evening than he resolved to make her acquaintance. This he easily managed, as even at that age he was developing some of the ingenuity of resource which afterwards served him in worthier causes. The next day he arranged to be at the same place at the hour when the fruit-picking was in progress for the following day's market and was even more charmed by a closer view of the delicate, rose-tinted face under the white sun bonnet. Daisy, on her part, though apparently more intent on the plum and pear trees than ever, was for the first time blissfully aware that the dark-haired young gentleman with the inscrutable eyes, whom she had often noticed on the river, preferred gazing at her to practicing his strokes. She was not a vain girl, coming from

* A PATRIOT'S MISTAKE. Being Personal Recollections of the Parnell Family. By a Daughter of the House. John Lane Company.

an ancestry that had covered their sweetest faces with the Puritan hoods as a protest against the vanity and worldliness of the Cavalier court and that were distinctly religious in their habits of thought, though often grotesque in their modes of expressing them. Her knowledge of the world was very small. Living in a secluded district with a few neighbors, love in connection with herself had hardly yet entered her head. And she had no mother. Little wonder then that it was with something of the wonder and the thrill of a first emotion that she received the unspoken homage of a handsome youth whom she knew to be a member of the neighboring university and far above her station in life.

"An acquaintance was quickly made by means of a fortunate accident to Charles's oar and the borrowing of some cord, and he arranged to meet Daisy on future evenings, charging her to strict secrecy in fear of his college authorities. The young girl willingly promised. She was already captivated by his fascination and understood the dreadful consequences that would ensue if their new friendship came even to her fathers' ears. No thought of injuring a peaceful heart, still less of any wrongdoing, had entered Charles's head. His artistic sensibilities were kindled by the beauty of a flower in, as he thought, an unfavorable soil, and since leaving his family he had often yearned for feminine society. He therefore magnanimously resolved to give Daisy a good deal of his improving society and help to advance her education."

In the long evening walks, when the fruit season was over, the acquaintance ripened into a deep and trusting affection on the girl's part and an equally strong, though less pure and unselfish, passion on the boy's part. Charles knew it was impracticable to marry Daisy, lovely and innocent though she was. Mrs. Dickinson proceeds:

"At nineteen one does not analyze one's emotions nor does a youth know how to exercise the self-discipline and restraint that come with later years. They were lovers and happy in each other's society until their paradise was spoiled by an impulse of young passion, and, as is usually the case, the ebb tide, on one side at least, set in from that hour. A coldness and estrangement



Courtesy of the John Lane Company.

PARNELL AT TWENTY

He had just passed through a tragedy of love which made him, his sister says, a prey to agonies of remorse for the rest of his days.

gradually grew between them and an increasing wretchedness on the girl's part, who was sensitive and inexperienced. Charles was with her as frequently as ever. Although their meetings had lost their first joy, he, to do him justice, had no idea of the misery the poor girl suffered or that she contemplated self-destruction. He was rudely awakened. One morning, on coming along the river bank, near the place where Daisy and he had first met, he caught the sound of many frightened voices. On turning a bend in the path, he suddenly came on a group which haunted him for years after. A small crowd of villagers was gathered round a figure that had just been dragged from the river, now swollen with heavy rain. A woman held the head that was covered with dark masses of golden hair, and the slender, dripping form was that of a young girl. Pushing aside the crowd with a gasp of horror, Charles recognized the body of his little wife, as he had called Daisy. She was quite dead."

The next love scene painted by Parnell's sister opens in New York in one of the fine houses on Fifth avenue. The Irishman was already habitually gloomy, his sadness having become the note of his temperament. This new episode shows how his entrance upon a parliamentary career had its origin in his love for a woman:

"Charles, a slender and very handsome, dark-eyed young man of twenty-three, looking slither and handsomer than ever in evening clothes, was engaged talking to his hostess, Mrs. Forbes, when his attention was attracted by a strikingly beautiful girl of superb and queenly carriage, dressed with the taste which Americans alone possess.

"She was standing near, a ring of admirers around her, all pleading for her favor and competing for her smiles, whilst she conversed with and entertained them with infinite tact and cleverness.

"Coil upon coil of rich masses of chestnut auburn hair, piled up on top of a small and shapely head; large slumberous eyes of varying color, now as dark as night and now of a golden hazel, which scintillated and flashed with every change of feeling which her expressive countenance instantly betrayed; a skin beautifully fair and a

figure perfect in its grace and its maturity of development rendered her a distraction from head to foot.

"Long before the conclusion of the party, Charles was completely subjugated and his heart had gone, never to return to its rightful owner again. . . . Before many weeks had passed he had proposed and been accepted, and it was soon known that the attractive young Irishman was engaged to the late belle of New York and heiress of the rich Mr. H."

But the lady changed her mind. One memorable day, as Mrs. Dickinson phrases it in her effective style, the idol of his life coolly informed Mr. Parnell that she would not marry him because he had no name. He replied that he had the oldest name in Ireland. The lady replied that Parnell had never distinguished himself in any way. He immediately vowed to do so. Back to Ireland he went. In a very few years his name was known wherever the name of England was known. To quote:

"Pearl, that star for which Charles had sighed for so long, was within his reach and he looked forward to calling his beloved his own, his wife. He was on the point of starting for America, where their nuptials were to be celebrated, when—but how write about, how describe, the bolt that fell with unrelenting force on Charles's head? How portray the indescribable anguish, the sharp agony, the despair contained in an innocent-looking telegram, placed in Charles's hand by an obsequious waiter on the eve of his departure? We can but picture him in his agony and passion, in his mad despair. He had loved her with all the strength of his strong nature. This ill-omened message announced the marriage of his inconstant betrothed to another."

However, he never railed against women, as a less noble nature might have been tempted to do. He came forth strengthened and ennobled, his sister says, by the trial through which he had passed. But he never loved again. Mrs. Dickinson is sure of that. This brings up the "mistake," to use the sister's word, regarding Mrs. O'Shea. That lady, we read, was considered very pretty and fascinating to a degree. About ten years Charles's senior, she was still in her prime when first they met. With her it appears to have been a case of love at first sight. In Mrs. Dickinson's own words:



Courtesy of John Lane Company

AVONDALE

The Irish home of Charles Stewart Parnell in which he dispensed at one time a genial and convivial hospitality.

"In her infatuation for the attractive and distinguished young Irish leader, who was generally regarded as unapproachable and indifferent to the blandishments of the fair sex, she [Mrs. O'Shea] seems to have forgotten all ordinary caution and to have acted from the beginning with the abandon of one who considers the world well lost for love. At first and for long, Charles was as adamant to the fascinations of the charmer. Once he even placed the ocean between himself and temptation; but adverse fate played into the

hands of the woman who so madly worshipped him."

The rest is not silence, as Hamlet says, but scandal, and the wrecking of a great career on the eve of triumph both for himself and for his country.

It was when the storm was bursting over the head of Parnell that his latent will power revealed itself, according to this sister's chronicle, in a determination to remain Ireland's uncrowned king—or die. He might have succeeded in winning back his power, she thinks, had it not been that his health was so far gone. The priests, we are told, pursued him at this time with a hatred long felt and long concealed.

As misfortune threatened to engulf him, he overcame the tendency to proud reserve bred of the remorse that never ceased to eat into his soul because of Daisy's death. His sister would have us believe that her memory was with him to the end. Be that as it may, Parnell in his last days became a more magnetic and winning leader than at any other stage of his career. The priests warned their flocks against him in vain. His voice, never before musical, acquired in the last speech-making tour of his life a melody which those who heard it can never forget. His gestures lost their constraint, his manner assumed a new expansiveness. Had he lived, says Mrs. Dickinson, Ireland would have been his once more.

Upon what basis was built the odd notion that Parnell did not die but had been spirited away and was to return to the scene of his former triumphs, his sister professes herself unable to imagine. Of his death there can be no shade of doubt. The end was peaceful.

Literature and Art

ANDREW CARNEGIE'S "SPELLING REFORM" CRUSADE

"One of the greatest movements of the times," it is predicted, will grow out of the new campaign inaugurated by the "Simplified Spelling Board" and financially backed by Andrew Carnegie. This statement is not unreasonable, in view of the prominence and influence of the men who are actively supporting the crusade. Commissioner W. T. Harris, editor of the last edition of Webster's Dictionary; Benjamin Gunter, editor of the Century Dictionary; Charles P. G. Scott, editor of the etymological department of the Century Dictionary; and Dr. I. K. Funk, editor of the Standard Dictionary, are all members of the Simplified Spelling Board, as are also Prof. Thomas R. Lounsbury, of Yale University; Prof. Francis A. March, of Lafayette; Prof. Brander Matthews, of Columbia; Henry Holt, the New York publisher; William Hayes Ward, editor of *The Independent*; Richard Watson Gilder, editor of *The Century*; and Justice Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court.

In a public statement, issued from Hot Springs, Va., and generally accepted as reflecting the aims of the members of the Board, Mr. Carnegie says:

"The organized effort I have agreed to finance is not revolutionary—far from it. Its action will be conservative. Word after word it will endeavor to improve the spelling and the language—slowly, of course, but hastening the pace if possible.

"Since our language has been constructed through unceasing change, literary men should welcome new words and new spellings with favoring eye, since it is by these alone that further improvement can come. Scholars denounced 'plow' for 'plough,' for instance. But 'plow' has been accepted. So with many words that will readily occur to readers.

"Our language is likely to prevail in the world, and we may hope it is to become finally the universal language, the most potent of all instruments for drawing the race together, insuring peace and advancing civilization. The foreigner has the greatest difficulty in acquiring it because of its spelling. This is, at least, his chief obstacle; for its grammar is easy.

"Hundreds of scholarly men have agreed to use improved spelling for twelve words. These words are already well started in actual use. Other simplifications will be suggested."

Mr. Carnegie here refers to the twelve "re-

formed" spellings recently sanctioned by the National Education Association, namely: "Bizness," for business; "enuf," for enough; "fether," for feather; "mesure," for measure; "plesure," for pleasure; "red," for read; "ruf," for rough; "trauf," for trough; "thru," for through; "tuf," for tough; "tung," for tongue; "yung," for young.

Not content with these modifications, the Simplified Spelling Board has submitted proposals under twenty heads looking toward further changes. The suggestions are as follows:

1. Words spelled with *ae*, *a*, or *e*. Rule: Choose *e*, as in *anesthetic*, *esthetic*, and *medieval*.

2. Words spelled with *-dge-ment* or *-dg-ment*. Rule: Omit *e*, *abridgment*, *acknowledgment*, *judgment*, and *lodgment*.

3. Words spelled with *-ed* or *-t*, the preceding single consonant being doubled before *-ed* (*-pped*, *-ssed*) and left single before *-t* (*-pt*, *-st*). Rule: Choose *-t* in all cases, *dipt*, *dript*, *dropt*, *stept*, *blest*, *prest*, *distrest*, *blusht*, *husht*, *washt*.

4. Words spelled with *-ence* or *-ense* (Latin *-ens-a*). Rule: Choose *-ense*, *defense*, *offense*, *pretense*.

5. Words spelled with *-ette* or *-et*. Rule: Omit *-te*, *coquet*, *epaulet*, *etiquet*, *omelet*.

6. Words spelled with *gh* or *f*. Rule: Choose *-f*, *draft*.

7. Words spelled with *-gh* or without. (1) *-ough* or *-ow*. Rule: Choose *-ow*, *plow*. (2) *-ough* or *-o*. Rule: Choose *-o*, *altho*, *tho*, *thoro*, *-boro* (in place names).

8. Words with the verb suffix, of Greek origin, spelled *-ise* or *-ize*. Rule: Choose *-ize*, *catechize*, *criticize*, *exorcize*, *legalize*.

9. Words spelled with *-ite* or *-it*. Rule: Omit *e*, *deposit*, *preterit*.

10. Words spelled with *-ll* or *-l* (*-ill* or *-il*). Rule: Choose *l*, *distil*, *fulfil*, *instal*.

11. Words spelled with *-ll-ness* or *-l-ness*. Rule: Omit one *l*, *dulness*, *fulness*.

12. Words spelled with *-mme* or *-m*. Rule: Omit *-me*, *gram*, *program*.

13. Words spelled with *oe*, *a*, or *e*. Rule: Choose *e*, *ecumenical*, *esophagus*.

14. Words spelled with *-our* or *-or*. Rule: Choose *-or*, *favor*, *fervor*, *flavor*, *honor*, *labor*, *rigor*, *rumor*, *tenor*, *tumor*, *valor*, *vapor*, *vigor*.

15. Words spelled with *ph* or *f*. Rule: Choose *f*, *fantasm*, *fantasy*, *fantom*, *sulfate*, *sulfur*.

16. Words spelled with *-rr* or *-r*. Rule: Omit one *r*, *bur*, *pur*.

17. Words spelled with *-re* or *er*. Rule: Choose *-er*, *center*, *meter*, *miter*, *niter*, *sepulcher*, *theater*.

18. Words spelled with *s* or *z* (in the root).



"PURSUED"

(By Gutzon Borglum)

A representation of two Indian riders now in the possession of the German Emperor.

Rule: Choose *s*, *apprize*, *assize*, *comprize*, *rase*, *surprize*, *teazel*.

19. Words spelled with *-s* or *sc*. Rule: Omit *c*, *simitar*, *sithe*.

20. Words spelled with or without silent *-ue*. Rule: Omit *-ue*, *catalog*, *decalog*, *demagog*, *pedagog*, *prolog*.

From across the Atlantic a cry of horror has arisen at the very thought of these changes. Algernon Swinburne regards the proposition as "a barbarous, monstrous absurdity," and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle says: "Reformed spelling might become universal, but it would cease to be the English language." Rider Haggard bluntly declares: "The language as written by the translators of the Bible and by Shakespeare is good enough, indeed too good, for me."

In this country the question of spelling reform is being debated as never before. During the past few weeks the daily and weekly papers have teemed with comment and correspondence on this subject. The New York *Evening Post* takes a rather sympathetic attitude toward the campaign, and notes that

many of the forms proposed are already in common use. "Others, which are but rarely used," it says, "will make a powerful appeal for universal suffrage; and still others are so strange to the eye that they may not work their way into the language for several generations, if indeed they ever succeed." The Columbia (S. C.) *State* comments:

"This reform is unquestionably needed. Our spelling is not only absurd, it is dishonest. It does not represent, it has never fully represented, our spoken language. It is even getting farther and farther from the sounds that we use. To keep up such a farce is not worthy a sensible people. Teachers have assured Mr. Carnegie that 'children would be saved more than a year's instruction if our spelling were simplified.' It has been demonstrated that great economy would result in the printing of books and papers; and it is clear that the language would be far more easily acquired, which is a great consideration at this time when we are teaching English with rapid-fire guns and expect the whole world to speak our language at some remote day.

"But can it be achieved? The Simplified Spelling Board, which Mr. Carnegie has 'financed,' has adopted possibly the best plan for launching the movement, that of recommending a few obvious changes that will not seem too radical a departure from the forms to which we have grown accustomed. But it must face and overcome a prejudice that has its roots in the granite of ignorance, which it takes to be pride in the language and a lordly conservatism."

On the other hand, the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* argues that the new movement is bound to fail for the reason that it does not take into account the "genius" of the English language:

"One thing is painfully manifest in the discussions which are excited by these revivals of spelling reform, and that is that the reform movement, as at present organized, takes no cognizance of the 'genius' of a language which contains one of the grandest literatures of the civilized world. However you may personify that 'genius,' it assuredly exists, it is assuredly a force, and it will not down for any isolated attacks, however financed, upon its existence. We care nothing about the mere 'history' of words, about which Mr. Carnegie talks, for there are many words with a wonderfully interesting history which do not carry it upon their face. We put on one side any sentimental affection for old forms in an old and dear literature. But we do think and venture to say that the proposals of spelling reforms are more likely to make 'confusion worse confounded' than to clear up the field of our language and make it more easy for the foreigner to walk upon. The change of some

dozen words, grinning like caricatures in their new masks, will make but a poor monument for finance and toil."

The humorists are busy exploiting this theme. A correspondent of the *New York Times* suggests that the "Bored of Spelling" begin simplification with their own names, thus: "Androo Karnage," "Tomus Lownsbre," "Richud Watson Gildr," "Brandr Mathooz," etc.

Mark Twain is afraid that spelling reform is unlikely; but if it does come, he wants it to come not as a gradual change but all at once. And he thinks that, in case of sudden change, people would get used to it just as they get used to mixed bathing, women riding bicycles, hoopskirts, smoking-rooms for women, or anything else that is new. He writes (in *Harper's Weekly*):

"Suppose all the newspapers and periodicals should suddenly adopt a Carnegian system of phonetic spelling—what would happen? We all know quite well what would happen. To begin with, the nation would be in rage; it would break into a storm of scoffs, jeers, sarcasms, cursings, vituperations, and keep it up for months—but it would have to read the papers; it couldn't help itself.

"To what literature would we limit the change? Naturally, and unavoidably, to literature written after the change was established. It would not occur to any one to disturb the 'associations.' No book already existing would be put into the new spelling. We do not guess at this; we have history for it. We do not profane Chaucer's spelling by recasting it to conform to modern forms. One of its quaintest and sweetest charms would



"RUSKIN"

"When I saw Ruskin at Windermere," says Gutzon Borglum, "he had drawn into himself. He had full confidence in his own strength, but was sad. The most marvelous, magnificent, unappreciated genius the world has ever known."

be gone, it would not be Chaucer any more.

... All the old books would naturally and necessarily remain as they are. Do we change Marjorie Fleming's spelling? No. No one could meditate a vandalism like that.

"By a sudden and comprehensive rush the present spelling could be entirely changed and the substitute-spelling be accepted, all in the space of a couple of years; and preferred in another couple. But it won't happen, and I am as sorry as a dog.

"For I do love revolutions and violence."

THE VERSATILE TALENT OF GUTZON BORGLUM

During his youth, Gutzon Borglum, the New York sculptor and painter, lived for a while in the Far West, among horses and cowboys; and one of his earliest friends and admirers, the wife of General Fremont, prophesied that he would "ride to fame on horseback." Almost literally the prediction has been fulfilled. His heroic half-circle of wild horses in bronze, "The Mares of Diomedes," has just been presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art by James Stillman, the banker, and his representation of two Indian riders, "Pursued," was purchased not long ago by the German Emperor. The first-named work, characterized by Christian Brinton, the art critic, as "a

triumph of American sculpture" and reproduced herewith, elicits the following tribute from Leila Mechlin, a writer in *The International Studio* (April):

"Strength, brute strength, controlled by human intelligence, makes to the manhood of this sculptor direct appeal and few have given it as adequate expression as he. His 'Mares of Diomedes' shows a mad stampede directed and guided by the will of a single man—the hero, Hercules, who in bringing from Thrace the man-eating mares of the King of the Bestones performed the eighth, supposedly, impossible task imposed by Eurys-theus. It is a brilliant work, original in conception and well composed—literally the embodiment of energy and strength. There is wild confusion and yet perfect order. The horses pile upon one



"NERO"

Gutzon Borglum's idea of Nero as the beast that lurks in human form presents a dramatic contrast to Stephen Phillips's new poetic portrayal of an "aesthetic" Nero.

another in their frenzied haste, and so form a solid mass, but they never lose their onward spring. Hercules, reduced to diminutive size by comparison to the great brutes, clings like a leech to the forward mare, which is lurching into space,



ONE OF BORGLUM'S FANTASIES

and with his man's intellect guides the fearful race. The animals are well modelled, and show, on the part of the sculptor, an intimate knowledge of anatomy; the story is well told; but it is the conception of the group as a unit, together with its masterly rendering, which places it among the great works of art. . . . Its force is tremendous, and its strength well sustained, and at no point does the sculptor seem to have even momentarily lost his grip. It expresses suspended action, but the feeling of motion is not paralysed—the mares are aquiver with life. It is dramatic, but not overstrained—vital, but not nervous."

Horses, however, were not the only subjects that inspired Borglum's youthful imagination. In the West he may be said to have imbibed something of the free and independent spirit, the versatility, which characterize all his work. Born of stock that contains German, French, and Danish, as well as American, elements, pursuing his studies in Paris and London, as well as in San Francisco and New York, he has learned to express himself through many mediums and in various forms. His talent ranges from the grotesque, as evidenced by his gargoyles, through phases of the terrible, of which his "Nero" is an excellent example, to the entire absence of the animal and the prevalence of the spiritual, as shown in the delicate and exquisite purity of his cherubs, his angels and his saints.

Mr. Borglum was brought up as a Roman Catholic, and the religious influence in his work is marked. He modeled the angels for the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, in New York, and the ensuing discussion in regard to the sex of angels (see CURRENT LITERATURE, December) is still fresh in the public memory. Lately, however, he has been dominantly swayed by the idealism of Rodin and Whistler. To this mood must be credited three of his most notable works: "I piped to you and ye have not danced," "Ruskin" and "Nero."

"I piped to you and ye have not danced" expresses pathetically a feeling found in much of his work that things so often come to us too late, after the strong desire for them is over.

The saddened face of the woman—a face beautiful but no longer young—has in it the thought of the sculptor that our best endeavors hardly compensate us; that if success comes during life it too often comes long after those whom we



"THE MARES OF DIOMEDES"

Recently purchased by James Stillman, the New York banker, and presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. This is regarded as Gutzon Borglum's masterpiece.

wish to thank for the inspiration have gone beyond the sound of the human voice; that while they were here to listen the world refused to dance.

In the same spirit he created his "Ruskin."

"When I saw Ruskin at Windermere," says Borglum, "he had drawn into himself. He knew his worth. He had full confidence in his own strength, but he was sad. The most marvelous, magnificent, unappreciated genius the world has ever known."

In regard to the idea of the terrible, best revealed in his work through the medium of his "Nero," he has had this to say:

"Each of us puts something of his life in his work. Something in my life made my Nero possible. It has passed. It has gone out of my life. It would be impossible for me to create another Nero or to shape a being at all like him.

"There are some days when, absorbed in my angels, my cherubs, my saints, I hate my Nero; but if art is worth anything at all it must be real, and he was real at the time. As a matter of fact I found the firebrand reincarnated in a man here in New York who had once been my friend."

Mr. Borglum has done nothing more re-

markable than his gargoyles for Princeton University. Of this phase of his work he recently said:

"When I was first asked to make some gargoyles, I confess I was somewhat at sea as to how to begin. I could hardly comprehend the nature of the motive. Nothing in life is without cause and effect. Nothing is merely a shell. Everything has some motive.

"I at length discovered that the gargoyle was the expression of an ignorant, superstitious artisan who imagined the projections of buildings to be the spirits he feared and who fashioned them accordingly.

"The original idea of the gargoyle is a stick that carries water; but the ignorant peasant—the gargoyle was created in a most superstitious age—turned them into distortions of natural things.

"There you have the key to the creation.

"I went to work with this precedent and made my North Wind, a creature of distended nostril, a wild-eyed thing with mouth hideously curved, in the act of emitting the fury of the sometimes death-dealing blast in the North and the West.

"I created my gargoyle Snout, my gargoyle Bottom (a distortion of Shakespeare's), my Half-Equipped, the bird with one arm, one leg, one foot, but in spite of all, happy, for the reason that the half-equipped are always happy.



THE FOUNDER OF THE SMITHSONIAN
INSTITUTION

(By Gutzon Borglum.)

A characteristic portrait of the eccentric Englishman who bequeathed to the United States his entire fortune, to be used for the "increase and diffusion of knowledge among men."

"Take every sentiment of virtue and vice or of fear, and symbolize it and you have the possibility of a gargoyle. Take the distorted face, the mouth awry, the crooked nose, the chin pushed sideways, the hair blown wildly about, the eyes half insane, and you have the face one fears

might peer suddenly out of the darkness—in other words, the gargoyle.

"Take the face of a friend suddenly converted by temper, by fury, by passion, into the face of a foe and there once more you have your gargoyle."

One of Borglum's best sculptural works is a portrait of James Smithson, the eccentric English scientist who bequeathed to the United States his entire fortune to found the Smithsonian Institution; and another is a small equestrian figure entitled "The Boer," symbolizing a lost cause, which evoked appreciative comment when exhibited in London at the time of the South African War.

In England Mr. Borglum's talents have always been at a premium. Three of his canvases were sent for by Queen Victoria to be shown at Osborne. His "Pan" mural decorations adorn the Queen's Hotel, in Leeds; and he has only recently completed a painting, "The Coming of Guinevere" and twelve panels illustrating the "Midsummer Night's Dream," for the Midland Hotel Concert Hall, in Manchester.

Leila Mechlin, the *International Studio* writer, sums up Borglum's position:

"He is one of the many-talented few, but even he is not uniformly successful. He has done well, but it is probable that he will do still better. His paintings and his sculptures both show steady progress; they are becoming more artistic and in their significance more profound. He takes to his task both enthusiasm and zealous purpose and he is still looking beyond for something higher and better. 'The reason for building any work of art,' he says, 'can only be for the purpose of fixing in some durable form a great emotion, or a great idea, of the individual, or the people.' This to a degree epitomises his object, but it, likewise, measures his success. He has given to his work definite meaning, and through it he has made worthy contribution to the art of the present day."

ENEMIES AND HATERS OF BOOKS

There are many tragic chapters in the history of the writing and preservation of books, and while at our stage of civilization there is little danger of the recurrence of such tragedies, books still have enemies and still need protection. This is the general conclusion which has been reached in an exhaustive work that has been written on this subject by a French book-lover and expert, Albert Cim.

His work is entitled "Le Livre," and covers ancient, medieval and modern history, includ-

ing our own time. It appears that the most ancient destroyer of books known was the Babylonian king, Nabonassar, who, in the third century B. C., destroyed all the records of the reigns and rulers precedent to himself. Instances of such ruthless vandalism are by no means rare in history. It is, however, an error and historical injustice to charge the Caliph Omar with the destruction in 640 of the Alexandrian library. If Omar burned anything, it was the mere insignificant remnant

of a once magnificent library. The greater part of this vast collection of books had been destroyed by the troops of Julius Caesar, and another substantial part by Bishop Theophile, four hundred years later, who fought paganism strenuously and regarded pagan literature as worse than worthless.

Religious fanaticism and religious warfare are, indeed, responsible for the extermination of countless literary treasures and collections. The Romans consigned to the flames Jewish and Christian books, the Jews treated pagan and Christian books in the same way, and the Christians pursued a similar policy. In Spain, at and after the expulsion of the Moors, whole libraries of the writings of Islam were savagely destroyed; the English Puritans exterminated many collections of books in the monasteries, and even Cromwell burned the Oxford library, then one of the best in Europe. Red and white extremists have been equally cruel to books; the Spanish Inquisition and the French Revolution were at one in this matter. The Spanish discoverers and rulers of America destroyed thousands of Mexican and Peruvian records, and as a result a most important part of the history of human progress has been lost forever.

The crusaders were destroyers of what they considered heretical books, and in Russia the war of orthodoxy on sectarian dissent still manifests itself, among other things, in the destruction of the books of the non-conformists.

There are, however, other methods than burning or destroying books, and these still survive. The collectors who tear out and preserve only the title-pages of books do not flourish now as they did in earlier centuries, but at certain periods such collecting was the rage. In England, in the eighteenth century, John Bagford gathered together a hundred bulky volumes of title-pages. Other collectors used to tear out the illustrations and throw the text away.

The author has some amusing pages on the attitude of women toward books. It is a fact, he says, that bibliophiles have no high opinion of woman. She is regarded by them as a natural enemy of their treasures. Who has ever known a woman bibliophile? asks a writer he quotes approvingly. The woman of any home would rather have ornaments, bric-à-brac, what not, than books. Besides, it seems impossible for women to handle books with loving care; they show utter indifference

to the safety and integrity of books in every possible way. One ardent book-lover has left the dictum that no woman can be left alone with a book.

The author deals with bookbinders, store-keepers, autograph hunters, and so on, placing them all in the various classes of book haters. Finally, he reaches the last class—the writers of books. Paradoxical as it may seem, authors do not, he finds, necessarily love books—except their own. Many positively dislike them, while others are simply indifferent and neither buy nor read books.

Rousseau did not hesitate to declare flatly that he "hated books, as they teach people to talk about things they do not understand." Chateaubriand had a profound contempt for books, in which feeling his wife shared. He had a secretary who consulted whatever authorities he needed in his historical writings, he himself avoiding all unnecessary reading. In a letter to a friend his wife praised an apartment they had taken, one of its merits being the impossibility of "finding room in it for even a dozen books." Victor Hugo read very little. Even for his historical novels and plays he drew chiefly on his imagination. He had no library, and Jules Simon wrote of him: "There is hardly a book in Hugo's house, while in mine there are 25,000 of them." Lamartine cared little for books; he read nothing till his fiftieth year. Maupassant also avoided reading. Books, he said, made one narrow; they misrepresented life, indulged in deceptions and gave the mind a false direction, he thought. Zola had a small library and held that only idlers read much. Who, he asked in a letter, reads for genuine pleasure? As for authors, they write that others may read, as sausage-makers prepare their stuff for others. Pierre Loti frankly declared that he feared and distrusted books. They destroy originality and sincerity, he said, and only a man's own ideas and sentiments are of value.

Even among librarians, whose business it is to care for books and encourage reading, there are, according to the author, haters of books. A great Paris librarian is quoted as saying that it would give him keen pleasure to see the whole collection in his charge destroyed by fire. What is the use of all these laden shelves? Who reads these hundreds of thousands of volumes? he asked. If he had his way, only about five hundred books would be preserved, as they contained all that could be properly called literature.

REDISCOVERY OF SOME OF TURNER'S MASTERPIECES

Twenty-one oil paintings by the famous English artist, J. M. W. Turner, have come to light in the cellars of the National Gallery of British Art, and are being exhibited in London. They formed part of the bequest made to the nation by Turner fifty years ago, but, for unaccountable reasons, were boxed and hidden away. Now they are found to be masterpieces, surpassing, in some instances, the finest of Turner's work heretofore known. All artistic London is agog with the discovery. The remote Tate Gallery, in which the pictures have been put on public view, is besieged by visitors, and the general public has shown as much interest as the art connoisseurs. A London critic refers to the exhibition as "one of the greatest and most genuine art sensations that have occurred within years."

Several reasons have been given to explain the treatment the paintings have received. One is that they were simply forgotten, just as old rubbish might be forgotten in some long closed attic in one's own house; another, that their

"slightness of execution" and "more or less wrecked condition" rendered them unfit for exhibition. Both of these reasons, says a London correspondent of the *New York Evening Post*, are equally unsatisfactory. "If a case of mere forgetfulness," he writes, "it is unpardonable that men appointed, and paid a large salary, to watch over the country's treasures should not have remembered the existence and the presence on their premises of the notable pictures of a distinguished painter. One asks, in consternation, what other fine and beautiful things may be thrust out of sight in the dust and dirt of the National cellars? . . . On the other hand, it is incredible that the directors—all, I believe, artists—who have succeeded each other since the Turners were placed under their charge, should have had such a poor opinion of the merit and state of preservation of the paintings in question." The same writer continues:

"Curiously enough, they are in a great deal better condition than many that have been for long



STORM OFF A ROCKY COAST

(By J. M. W. Turner.)



A RIVER SCENE WITH CATTLE
(By J. M. W. Turner.)



A REGATTA ON THE MEDWAY
(By J. M. W. Turner.)



ROCKY BAY WITH CLASSIC FIGURES AND SHIPS

(By J. M. W. Turner.)

hanging in the Turner Room in Trafalgar Square. They are not melancholy wrecks, in which you have to imagine all the wonderful qualities Ruskin discovered in them and commanded the world to see and admire with him. The color is pure and fresh, the sun shines as it rises and sets—it has not been eclipsed by the passing of time—skies and mists are luminous. It may be that Turner's worst experiments with varnish, which these paintings seem to have escaped, were deadlier enemies to his work than the damp and squalor of his forlorn house in Queen Anne Street and the dust and darkness of the National cellars. However that may be, only the blind—or the directors of the National Gallery—could have found in the condition of the long-forgotten series an argument for their concealment."

The *London Daily News* also finds it "inconceivable how any student of pictorial art can have dismissed such an achievement as unworthy a place, not to say a high place, in our national collections"; and adds: "The heritage is one of which the nation has reason to be proud." In a similarly appreciative spirit, the *London Morning Post* comments: "The first glance round the room was sufficient to show that one was in the presence of great art, not the art of commonplace thought and uninspired expression, but the art that reveals by sugges-

tion all the knowledge of a master craftsman, and the infinite feeling of a mind sensitive to the ever-varying moods of nature—a mind so sensitive that it magnified each visual record and made truth stronger and more beautiful. But the revelation is nearly always more the magnifying of physical grandeur than the glorifying or explaining of spiritual beauty."

Two of the most striking pictures in the collection are "A River Scene, with Cattle," showing Dutch influence, and "An Interior at Petworth," which expresses a vision of brilliant, transfiguring sunshine streaming through vast windows into a large and sumptuously decorated room. The most beautiful of all, in the judgment of several critics, are some comparatively small sketches of yacht racing on the Solent. The larger paintings permit of division into two series, a gray and a golden. To the former series belongs "The Evening Star," a favorite alike with the critics and the public. Of this picture a London correspondent of the *New York Sun* writes:

"The subject is very simple—a fisherman and his dog on the shores of a tranquil, gray-blue sea; some spars rising up at the edge of the water; a

sky paling in the twilight; a single star reflected in the sea. The sentiment is exquisitely rendered.

"It is expressed with a skill which is both masterly and unobtrusive. There is a reticence which one hardly associates with Turner, a grave and tender beauty which is rare in his work. It is a picture to be seen—one which does not lend itself to reproduction or description."

The rest of the gray series are "Margate from the Sea," "Breakers on a Flat Beach," "The Thames from above Waterloo Bridge," and "Storm off a Rocky Coast." The last is pronounced "a magnificent effect."

Of the golden series the *Sun* writer says:

"Perhaps the most brilliant of the golden series is 'Sunrise, Norham Castle,' and the most beautiful, 'A Rocky Bay, with Classic Figures and Ships,' though a more intimate charm pervades the slighter 'Hastings,' a view of the south coast

watering place. 'Sunset, with Boat Between Headlands,' 'Sunset, Bay of Baie,' and 'Sunrise, with a Sea-Monster,' complete the list of the larger canvases. Here, again, there is little to be said that could convey any adequate idea of the individual pictures; but of them collectively it may be said that Turner, by sheer force of genius, presents in a more direct manner the brilliant effects of light which the French impressionists are only able to attain in a somewhat mechanical fashion."

Most of these pictures represent Turner's latest period. During this "last phase" he was lonely and friendless, yet in it he made fresh conquests. As the French critic, Robert de la Sizeranne, puts it: "He stands alone, as little to be imitated in his own country as elsewhere, belonging no more to one region of the globe than a comet belongs to one region of the sky."

WHITMAN'S PLACE IN THE HEARTS OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES

Walt Whitman has been so persistently ignored or belittled by some critics, and so bitterly attacked by others, that, not unnaturally, he is often represented as having undergone a kind of literary martyrdom. But Horace Traubel's newly published and most illuminating record* of the correspondence and conversation of the Camden poet makes it clear that Whitman was in constant and intimate touch with some of the greatest minds of his time, and that "Leaves of Grass" awakened not merely critical interest but a spirit of personal devotion and warm-hearted loyalty among a large number of his most eminent literary contemporaries both in Europe and this country.

Emerson's now famous characterization of "Leaves of Grass" as "the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that America has yet contributed," and his further statement, addressed directly to Whitman, "I greet you at the beginning of a great career," show conclusively that the one man whose judgment Whitman must have valued most—for as a youth he had saturated himself in Emerson's thought—was not afraid to give him unstinted praise. Whitman blazoned the words, it will be remembered, on the cover of the second edition of his poems, rather to Emerson's mortification; but Traubel furnishes evidence to show that Emerson never "went back" on his glowing estimate.

John Ruskin treated Whitman better than Whitman treated him; for Whitman confessed that he did not care for Ruskin and could not read him, whereas Ruskin wrote to William Harrison Riley, a Socialist friend who had sent him excerpts from "Leaves of Grass": "These are quite glorious things you have sent me. Who is Walt (Walter?) Whitman, and is much of him like this?" Tennyson corresponded with Whitman, and addressed to him, in 1887, a letter which the American poet treasured as "correct, choice, final." It reads:

DEAR OLD MAN:

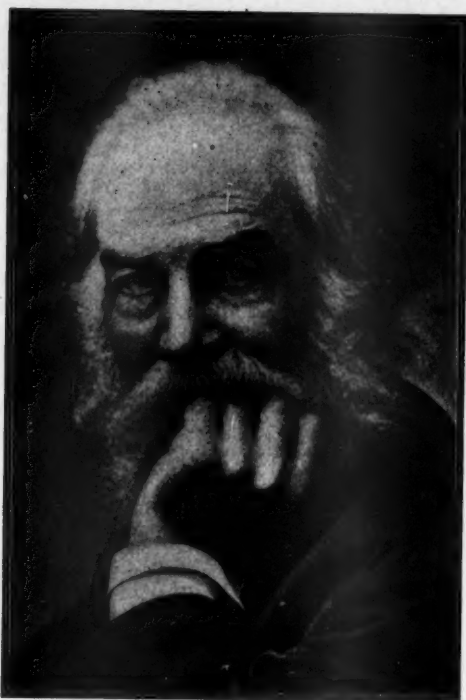
I, the elder old man, have received your Article in the Critic, and send you in return my thanks and New Year's greeting on the wings of this East wind, which, I trust, is blowing softlier and warmer on your good gray head than here, where it is rocking the elms and illexes of my Isle of Wight garden.

Yours always,

TENNYSON.

In some ways the most important of Whitman's friendships was that with John Addington Symonds. It is doubtful if literary history can furnish a parallel to this remarkable intimacy, which lasted for twenty years. Symonds was a classical scholar of distinction, an historian of the Italian Renaissance and a biographer of Shelley and Michelangelo. His attitude toward Whitman was that of reverential discipleship. "Leaves of Grass," he once said, had influenced him more than any

* WITH WALT WHITMAN IN CAMDEN (MARCH 28—JULY 14, 1888). By Horace Traubel. Small, Maynard & Co.



WALT WHITMAN

He has sometimes been treated as a literary outcast, yet he numbered among his intimate friends Emerson, Thoreau, John Burroughs, John Addington Symonds, W. M. Rossetti, Edmund Gosse and Edward Dowden.

other book except the Bible; more than Plato or Goethe. In a letter to Whitman, written from Bristol, England, and dated February 7, 1872, he speaks again of what the poems had meant to him:

"For many years I have been attempting to explain in verse some of the forms of what in a note to *Democratic Vistas* (as also in a blade of *Calamus*) you call 'adhesiveness.' I have traced passionate friendship through Greece, Rome, the medieval and the modern world, and have now a large body of poems written but not published. In these I trust the spirit of the Past is faithfully set forth as far as my abilities allow.

"It was while engaged upon this work (years ago now) that I first read 'Leaves of Grass.' The man who spoke to me from that book impressed me in every way most profoundly—unalterably; but especially did I then learn confidently to believe that the comradeship which I conceived as on a par with the sexual feeling for depth and strength and purity and capability of all good, was *real*—not a delusion of distorted passions, a dream of the Past, a scholar's fancy—but a strong and vital bond of man to man.

"Yet even then how hard I found it—brought up in English feudalism, educated at an aristocratic public school (Harrow) and an over-refined university (Oxford)—to winnow from my

own emotion and from my conception of the ideal friend all husks of affectations and aberrations and to be a simple human being! *You* cannot tell quite how hard this was, and how you helped me."

Whitman's influence over Symonds grew stronger, not weaker, with the years. Symonds had always been ambitious to write a worthy interpretation of the "master," and he put the fading strength of his last days into "Walt Whitman: A Study." The book appeared on the very day that Symonds died.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti was one of Whitman's earliest readers, and his brother, William Michael Rossetti, wrote an introduction to the first English edition of "Leaves of Grass." The edition was expurgated, with Whitman's consent, but against his better judgment. He said afterward:

"I have heard nothing but expurgate, expurgate, expurgate, from the day I started. Everybody wants to expurgate something—this, that, or the other thing. If I accepted all the suggestions, there wouldn't be one leaf of the *Leaves* left—and if I accepted one, why shouldn't I accept all? Expurgate, expurgate, expurgate! I've heard that till I'm deaf with it. Who didn't say expurgate? Rossetti said expurgate and I yielded. Rossetti was honest, I was honest—we both made a mistake. It is damnable and vulgar—the mere suggestion is an outrage. Expurgation is apology—yes, surrender—yes, an admission that something or other was wrong. Emerson said expurgate—I said no, no. I have lived to regret my Rossetti, yes—I have not lived to regret my Emerson, no . . . Did the Rossetti book ever do me any good? I am not sure of it: Rossetti's kindness did me good—but as for the rest, I am doubtful."

Such staid critics as Edmund Gosse and Edward Dowden fell completely under Whitman's spell. Probably both would modify now the enthusiastic utterances of their youth, but the earlier attitude is none the less significant. Mr. Gosse visited Whitman in 1887. Years before he had written him:

"The *Leaves of Grass* have become a part of my every-day thought and experience. I have considered myself as the 'new person drawn toward' you; I have taken your warning, I have weighed all the doubts and the dangers, and the result is that I draw only closer and closer towards you.

"As I write this I consider how little it can matter to you in America how you are regarded by a young man in England of whom you have never heard. And yet I cannot believe that you, the poet of comrades, will refuse the sympathy I lay at your feet. In any case I can but thank you for all that I have learned from you, all the beauty you have taught me to see in the common life of healthy men and women, and all the pleasure there is in the mere humanity of other people. The sense of all this was in me, but it was you, and you alone, who really gave it power to express itself. Often

when I have been alone in the company of one or other of my dearest friends, in the very deliciousness of nearness and sympathy, it has seemed to me that you were somewhere invisibly with us."

Professor Dowden, writing from Dublin in 1871, said:

"You have many readers in Ireland, and those who read do not feel a qualified delight in your poems—do not love them by degree, but with an absolute, a personal love. We none of us question that yours is the clearest, and sweetest, and fullest American voice. We grant as true all that you claim for yourself. And you gain steadily among us new readers and lovers."

Thoreau was among the first to recognize "a great big something" in "Leaves of Grass," and John Burroughs has always been one of Whitman's staunchest friends and defenders. Sidney Lanier, John Hay, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Richard Watson Gilder, Joaquin Miller are but a few of the distinguished Americans who gave Whitman encouragement at a time when his poems were almost universally misunderstood and execrated. Even before his death Whitman had translators and interpreters in Germany, France and Denmark. Well might he say (in 1872) that, on the whole, he was "more than satisfied" with his literary fortune. And many years later he added: "I have been lucky in my friends, whatever may be said about my enemies. I get more and more to feel that the Leaves do not express only a personal life—they do that first



GEORGE GISSING

"Of all the losses which literature has lately endured," says C. F. G. Masterman, "the death of Gissing stands out as most exhibiting the ragged edge of tragedy."

of all—but that they in the end express the corporate life—the universal life."

THE VICTIM OF A NINETEENTH CENTURY GRUB STREET

"Of all the losses which literature has lately endured, the death of George Gissing stands out as most exhibiting the ragged edge of tragedy." So writes C. F. G. Masterman, literary editor of the London *Daily News* and one of the new Liberal members of Parliament, in a recently published volume of essays.* Gissing's career, he continues, owed its tragic elements to the fact that it represented genius crushed and thwarted by a nineteenth-century Grub Street; and he reveals the fact that one of the latest (and best) of Gissing's books—"The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft"—was, under the thin veil of fiction, autobiographical. "For twenty years he had lived by the pen," says Gissing of his hero—that is, of himself—in the preface to these remarkable papers; "he was a struggling

man beset by poverty and other circumstances very unpropitious to work. . . . He did a great deal of mere hack-work; he reviewed, he translated, he wrote articles. There were times, I have no doubt, when bitterness took hold upon him; not seldom he suffered in health, and probably as much from moral as from physical overstrain."

Shortly before his death, Gissing had arrived at something like comfortable living. "We hoped," he wrote of Ryecroft in words strangely prophetic, "it would all last for many a year; it seemed, indeed, as though he had only need of rest and calm to become a hale man. . . . It had always been his wish to die suddenly. . . . He lay down upon the sofa in his study, and there—as his calm face declared—passed from slumber into the great silence."

The tyranny of this nineteenth-century

*IN PERIL OF CHANGE. By C. F. G. Masterman. B. W. Huebsch, New York.

Grub Street, writes Mr. Masterman, drove his genius into a hard and narrow groove. He might have developed into a great critic—witness the promise of his essay on Dickens. There was humor in him all unsuspected by the public till the appearance of "The Town Traveler"; and a keen eye for natural beauty, and a power of description of the charm and fascination of places. And a passionate love of nature and of home were only made manifest in "By the Ionian Sea" and the last, most kindly volume. But all this was sacrificed:

"He remains, and will remain, in literature as the creator of one particular picture. Gissing is the painter, with a cold and mordant accuracy, of certain phases of city life, especially of the life of London, in its cheerlessness and bleakness and futility, during the years of rejoicing at the end of the nineteenth century. If ever in the future the long promise of the Ages be fulfilled, and life becomes beautiful and passionate once again, it is to his dolorous pictures that men will turn for a vision of the ancient tragedies in a City of Dreadful Night.

"Gissing rarely if ever described the actual life of the slum. He left to others the natural history of the denizens of 'John Street' and the 'Jago.' The enterprise, variety and adventurous energy of those who led the existence of the beast would have disturbed with a human vitality the picture of his dead world. It was the classes above these enemies of society, in their ambitions and pitiful successes, which he made the subject of his genius. He analyzes into its constituent atoms the matrix of which is composed the characteristic city population. With artistic power and detachment he constructs his sombre picture, till a sense of almost physical oppression comes upon the reader, as in some strange and disordered dream.

"There are but occasional vivid incidents; the vitriol-throwing in 'The Nether World'; the struggle of the Socialists in 'Demos,' as if against the tentacles of some slimy and unclean monster; the particular note of revolt sounded in 'New Grub Street,' when the fog descends not merely upon the multitude who acquiesce, but upon the few who resist. But in general the picture is merely of the changes of time hurrying the individuals through birth, marriage, and death, but leaving the general resultant impression unchanged. *Vanitas vanitatum* is written large over an existence which has 'never known the sunshine nor the glory that is brighter than the sun.'"

Gissing was an individualist, unsocial to a fault, living most of his forty-six years in Grub Street without the joy of comradeship, grappling with difficulties—personal and literary—alone. Thinking of those early years in London, he wrote, near the end of his short life:

"I see that alley hidden on the west side of Tottenham Court Road, where, after living in a back bedroom on the top floor, I had to exchange it for

the front cellar; there was a difference, if I remember rightly, of sixpence a week, and sixpence, in those days, was a very great consideration—why, it meant a couple of meals. (I once found sixpence in the street, and had an exultation which is vivid in me at this moment.) The front cellar was stone-floored; its furniture was a table, a chair, a wash-stand, and a bed; the window, which of course had never been cleaned since it was put in, received light through a flat grating in the alley above. Here I lived; here I wrote. Yes, 'literary work' was done at that filthy deal table, on which, by the bye, lay my Homer, my Shakespeare, and the few other books I then possessed. At night, as I lay in bed, I used to hear the tramp, tramp of a *posse* of policemen who passed along the alley on their way to relieve guard; their heavy feet sometimes sounded on the grating above my window.

"I recall a tragi-comical incident of life at the British Museum. Once, on going down into the lavatory to wash my hands, I became aware of a notice newly set up above the row of basins. It ran somehow thus: 'Readers are requested to bear in mind that these basins are to be used only for casual ablutions.' Oh, the significance of that inscription! Had I not myself, more than once, been glad to use this soap and water more largely than the sense of the authorities contemplated? And there were poor fellows working under the great dome whose need, in this respect, was greater than mine. I laughed heartily at the notice, but it meant so much.

"Nature took revenge now and then. In winter time I had fierce sore throats, sometimes accompanied by long and savage headaches. Doctoring, of course, never occurred to me; I just locked my door, and if I felt very bad indeed, went to bed—to lie there, without food or drink, till I was able to look after myself again.

"Would I live it over again, that life of the garret and the cellar? Not with the assurance of fifty years' contentment such as I now enjoy to follow upon it! With man's infinitely pathetic power of resignation, one sees the thing on its better side, forgets all the worst of it, makes out a case for the resolute optimist. Oh, but the waste of energy, of zeal, of youth! In another mood, I could shed tears over that spectacle of rare vitality condemned to sordid strife. The pity of it! And—if our conscience mean anything at all—the bitter wrong!"

For skilled, artistic craftsmanship, Mr. Masterman thinks that Gissing held the first place in the ranks of the younger authors of to-day. The later books seemed to open possibilities of brilliant promise. The bitterness had become softened. The general protest against the sorry scheme of human things seemed to be passing into a kind of pity for all that suffers. The older indignation had yielded to perplexity as of a suffering child. With something of that perplexity—with a new note of wistfulness, the sudden breaking of the springs of compassion—George Gissing passed from a world of shadows which he found full of uncertainty and pain.

THE ESSENTIAL HUMANITY OF CHARLES LAMB

The life of Charles Lamb, says Mr. E. V. Lucas, who has recently published what is hailed not only as "the book of the hour," but something better—a book for all time, "is the narrative of one who was a man and brother first, an East India clerk next, and a writer afterwards." It is the story "rather of a private individual who chanced to have literary genius than of a man of letters in the ordinary sense of the term." It is this view that illuminates the two large volumes* devoted to all the simple details of Lamb's life, to his friendships, and to an account of the sister with whom his own life story was so inextricably woven. Lamb is presented, essentially, as a character who chanced to make use of a literary medium to impress not only his generation but posterity by his human traits. The anomaly of Lamb's literary fame is well indicated by Mr. Lucas when he says that the work of Charles Lamb forms no integral part in the history of English literature; he is not in the main current, he is hardly in the side current of the great stream. "As that noble river flows steadily onward it brims here and there into a clear and peaceful bay. Of such tributary backwaters, which are of the stream yet not in it, Sir Thomas Browne is one, Charles Lamb another." Mr. Lucas adds:

"In other words, the 'Essays of Elia' are perhaps as easily dispensed with as any work of fancy and imagination in the language; and a large number of persons not uninterested in Eng-

*THE LIFE OF CHARLES LAMB. By E. V. Lucas. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

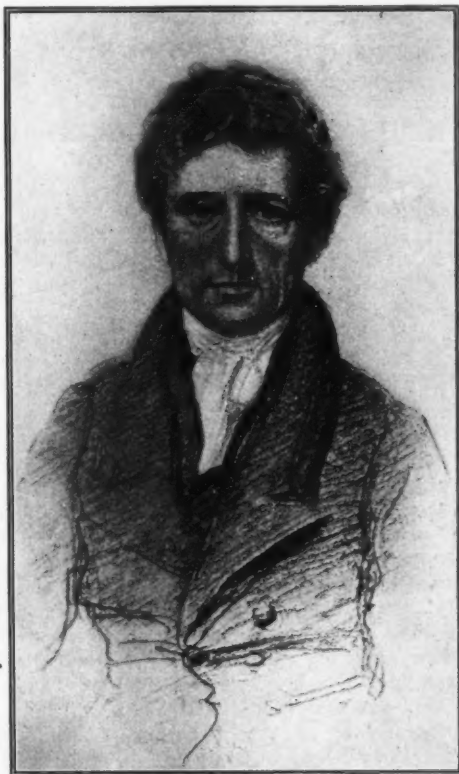
lish literature attain to great heights of ignorance concerning them. Their 'facts' are not of the utilitarian order; their humor leads rarely to loud laughter, rather to the quiet smile; they are not stories, they are not poems; they are not difficult enough to suggest 'mental improvement' to those who count it loss unless they are puzzled, nor simple enough for those who demand of their authors no confounded nonsense.

"At the same time English literature has nothing that in its way is better than 'Elia's' best. The blend of sanity, sweet reasonableness, tender fancy, high imagination, sympathetic understanding of human nature, and humor, now wistful, now frolicsome, with literary skill of unsurpassed delicacy, makes 'Elia' unique."

If the "Essays of Elia" endure, continues Mr. Lucas, it is because they "describe with" so much sympathy most of the normal failings of mankind," because Lamb "understands so much, and is so cheering to the lowly, so companionable to the luckless. He is always on the side of those who need a friend. He is 'in love with the green earth,' he never soars out of reach, never withholds his tolerance for our weaknesses." Mr. Lucas adopts as a suitable characterization of the "Essays" a definition which has stood for a proverb. They contain "the wisdom of many and the wit of one."

They offer the essentials of experiences common to us all to each reader "in terms peculiar to his own case." To quote further:

"It is by 'Elia' that Lamb stands where he does; and our prose literature probably contains no work more steeped in personality. What Shakespeare's essays would have been like we cannot conjecture; what Lamb's plays were like we



CHARLES LAMB

know; and the two men technically are not comparable. But in tolerance, in the higher clearness, in enjoyment of fun, in love of sweetness, in pleasure in gentlemen, in whimsical humor, Lamb and Shakespeare have much in common. Lamb's criticisms of Shakespeare, though not necessarily better than those of certain other writers, always seem to me to come from one peculiarly qualified to speak by reason of superior intimacy or familiarity. He writes more as Shakespeare's friend than any other."

Lamb "found the essay a comparatively frigid thing" and "he left it warm and companionable." He had no mind for exerting such a thing as "influence." "Hazlitt, his most

illustrious contemporary in this form," says Mr. Lucas, "owed technically nothing to Lamb, Lamb owed nothing to Hazlitt." The latter essayist continued the traditions of Dryden, Addison, Steele and Goldsmith; "Lamb played many pranks, annihilated 'Progress,' in his own words wrote 'for antiquity.'" By the same token Mr. Lucas warns off any who think they may be able to emulate his literary virtues. "To try to write like Lamb is, perhaps, the surest road to literary disaster; to try to write like Hazlitt is one of the best things a young man can do."

THE "SPLENDID ISOLATION" OF EMILY BRONTË

"The greatest book ever written by a woman" is the deliberate judgment of Mr. Clement K. Shorter upon "Wuthering Heights." Long after "Jane Eyre" and "Shirley" have been permanently consigned to the shelves of the historically interesting, he avers,* "Wuthering Heights" will be read. "No book has so entirely won the suffrage of some of the best minds of each generation," he adds, and as if to establish this opinion beyond all reach of doubt or skeptic, he marshals the expressed corroboration of a small but brilliant cloud of witnesses.

Emily Brontë withered before the first rays of appreciation fell upon her work. She did not live long enough to know even of the praise bestowed by Sidney Dobell, the first critic to recognize its beauty and lasting worth. Could she have lived a little longer, she might have heard Matthew Arnold voice words of no mean praise, and later Mrs. Humphry Ward and Maurice Maeterlinck. Mr. Swinburne caught the true feeling of the Brontë fellowship when he said of "Wuthering Heights": "It may be true that not many will ever take it to their hearts; it is certain that those who do like it will like nothing very much better in the whole world of poetry or prose."

Emily Brontë knew a brief and lonely life. She died before she was thirty. "Silent and rather grim" she has been called, but it was life that made her so. Too sensitive and shrinking to partake in the church work in Haworth which occupied her sisters, she was content with the companionship of her dogs. Roaming with them over the rolling moorlands

was the only happiness she knew. It is said that she never had an intimate—no friend or comrade of schoolgirl days, no confidante of young womanhood. Charlotte knew her best, perhaps, and so it is peculiarly fitting that her tribute to "Wuthering Heights" should be preserved. "'Wuthering Heights' was hewn in a wild workshop," she tells us, "with simple tools out of homely materials. The statuary found a granite block on a solitary moor; gazing thereon he saw how from the crag might be elicited a head, savage, swart, sinister; a form molded with at least one element of grandeur—power. He wrought with a rude chisel and from no model but the vision of his meditations. With time and labor the crag took human shape; and there it stands, colossal, dark and frowning, half-statue, half-rock; in the former sense, terrible and goblin-like; in the latter, almost beautiful, for its coloring is of mellow grey, and moorland moss clothes it; and heath, with its bloomy bells and balmy fragrance, grows faithfully close to the giant's foot."

"Wuthering Heights" was born in sorrow and its beauty remains a perpetual source of inspiration to succeeding generations. To use Mr. Shorter's words concerning the characters in this book, "the whole group of tragic figures are before us and we are moved as in the presence of a great tragedy." Mr. Shorter says again: "Emily Brontë was quite a young woman when she wrote this book. One almost feels that it was necessary that she should die. Any further work from her pen must almost have been in the nature of an anti-climax. It were better that 'Wuthering Heights' should stand, as does its author, in splendid isolation."

*CHARLOTTE BRONTË. By Clement K. Shorter. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Music and the Drama

THE GREATEST OF LIVING COMPOSERS

"Keep steadily on; I tell you, you have the capability, and—do not let them intimidate you!" Such was the fatherly advice of Franz Liszt to Edvard Grieg when the latter, as a young and trembling composer, visited him in Rome forty years ago. For Grieg the words had "an air of sanctification" and the promise of "a wonderful power to uphold him in days of adversity"; and Liszt lived long enough to realize that his confidence had been abundantly justified. Grieg has become, perhaps, the most universally known and beloved of modern composers. He is generally conceded to be the greatest living composer. As his distinguished fellow countryman, Bjørnson, puts it: "Grieg has brought it about that Norwegian moods and Norwegian life have entered into every music-room in the whole world."

It was Hans von Bülow who called Grieg

the "Chopin of the North." The characterization, as Henry T. Finck points out in a newly published and stimulating critique,* is suggestive, but not entirely accurate. Both com-

posers, it is true, show great refinement of style, rare melodic, harmonic and rhythmic originality, an abhorrence of the commonplace, and a certain "exotic" nationalism; but Grieg departs from the lines laid down by Chopin and excels him in his faculty for orchestral coloring and in his gift to the world of a hundred and twenty-five songs which only two or three masters have equaled. Moreover, Chopin can never be entirely dissociated from the decadent school. His music has something of the flavor of hothouse flowers; whereas Grieg is primitive and elemental. "One of the most remarkable



EDVARD GRIEG

"He has brought it about," says Bjornstjerne Bjørnson, the distinguished playwright and novelist, "that Norwegian moods and Norwegian life have entered into every music-room in the whole world."

*EDVARD GRIEG. By H. T. Finck. John Lane Company.



GRIEG'S VILLA AT TROLDHAUGEN ON THE NORWEGIAN COAST



ANOTHER VIEW OF GRIEG'S VILLA, SHOWING ITS COMMANDING OUTLOOK

traits of Grieg," says Mr. Finck, "is that although he had an invalid body nearly all his life, his artist soul was always healthy: there is not a trace, of the morbid or mawkish in his music, but, on the contrary, a superb virility and an exuberant joyousness such as are supposed to be inseparable from robust health." An apter comparison than that between Grieg and Chopin would be one between Grieg and the greatest American composer, Edward MacDowell, who has essential and fundamental traits in common with his Norwegian contemporary, and, on reliable report, "simply worships him." Mrs. Finck, after visiting Grieg with her husband in 1901, wrote home: "In many ways Edvard Grieg reminded us of *our* Edward [MacDowell]."

The place of Grieg in world-music has not been authoritatively determined, but one thing is certain: his reputation is steadily growing. It is sometimes charged that "Grieg, despite the many beauties in his works, writes in a dialect quite as truly as did Burns," but Mr. Finck makes the rejoinder that the compositions of Grieg contain much more Grieg than Norway. In even stronger language he declares that "ninety-five hundredths of Grieg's music is absolutely and in every detail his own." To quote further:

"He has provided a large store-house of absolutely new melodic material—a boon to countless students and imitators; he has created the latest harmonic atmosphere in music, having gone even beyond Liszt and the most audacious Germans in his innovations, and he has thus, like Schubert, like Wagner, like Chopin, enlarged the world-language of music. He has taught his new idioms to some of the most prominent composers of his time, among them Tchaikovsky, Paderewski, D'Albert, MacDowell. A Viennese critic has pointed out 'unmistakable analogies' between the harmonic peculiarities of Grieg and those of Richard Strauss; and as Grieg had done most of his work when Strauss began, he is, of course, the originator and Strauss the disciple.

"From every point of view that interests the music-lover Grieg is one of the most original geniuses in the musical world of the present or past. His songs are a mine of melody, surpassed in wealth only by Schubert's, and that only because there are more of Schubert's. In originality of harmony and modulation he has only six equals—Bach, Schubert, Chopin, Schumann, Wagner and Liszt. In every rhythmic invention and combination he is inexhaustible, and as an orchestrator he ranks among the most fascinating."

The story of Grieg's life has been, in the main, uneventful. He is of Scotch ancestry, and happily married to a cousin who has both inspired and interpreted his songs. In Christiania, Copenhagen, Leipsic, Rome, Paris and

London the Griegs have given song recitals. "They were enjoyed as unique artistic events," says Mr. Finck, "and while it was taken as a matter of course that the composer should reveal new poetic details in the piano parts, every one was surprised to find that an unheralded singer should outshine most of the famous professionals in her ability to stir the soul with her interpretative art."

Grieg has been the life-long friend of Björnson and Ibsen. It was on the solicitation of the latter that he wrote his famous "Peer Gynt" suite. The play and accompanying music were given for the first time at the Christiania Theater in 1876. They have had seventy subsequent performances in Christiania alone, and have been presented in Paris and Berlin.

The most exciting incident in Grieg's career occurred in 1903, when at the height of the Dreyfus agitation, he was invited by the eminent French conductor, M. Edouard Colonne, to give a concert in Paris. Grieg had expressed sentiments offensive to the nationalists, and public feeling was intense. At first he refused the invitation, but later he consented to appear. He was greeted by hisses as well as by applause, and after the rendition of the first number on the program a man arose in the parquet and shouted: "We applaud only the artist and great musician." "Think of it," wrote Grieg in a private letter; "when I was about to enter my carriage [after the concert], there was a triple cordon around it. I felt as important as Cromwell—at the very least." On this occasion Raoul Pugno, the pianist, played Grieg's A minor concerto, a noble composition which he has since done much to popularize throughout Europe and the United States.

Grieg's home is a lonely villa at Troldhaugen, commanding a panorama of fiord and woods. According to latest reports he is well and hearty, and plans to visit London next summer to take part in some concerts which are being organized in his honor. Says a paragon in London *Truth*:

"Dr. Grieg is passing the winter at Christiania, where a friend from England who recently saw him was rejoiced to notice the excellent health and spirits which he appeared to be enjoying. Every morning he leaves his hotel to visit the establishment of Messrs. Hals, the leading piano firm of Norway, where a magnificent music room is placed at his exclusive disposal, while it is pleasant to know that of late he has been able to take up again his creative work."



Courtesy of H. T. Finck

FOUR HEROIC NORWEGIANS

Bjornatjerne Björnson and Edvard Grieg have been life-long friends. Madame Grieg, who stands behind Madame Björnson, has both inspired and interpreted her husband's songs.

IN THE COUNTRY OF HAMLET

The eminent Danish author, George Brandes, "the Taine of the North," in his great work on Shakespeare, makes the remarkable assertion that "Hamlet" has shed more renown upon



MONUMENT TO SHAKESPEARE AT ELSINORE, DENMARK

Recently erected by popular subscription to commemorate the third centenary of the publication of "Hamlet."

Denmark than that shed by all its previous history. Shakespeare, in singling out the little northern state as the scene of his masterpiece, has encircled the name of Denmark with an imperishable aureole. He has embalmed it in fadeless romance. By a strange paradox, this creation of the poet's brain has become more real in Denmark than any of the kings or vikings of Scandinavian history. The Danes, an imaginative people, have been quick to recognize their debt to Shakespeare, and have even delighted to honor his memory. The plays have been faithfully and ably translated into Danish, and the finest biographical study of the poet in recent times has been written by the Danish scholar above named. At Elsinore there was recently erected a magnificent statue to the poet, the cost being defrayed by popular subscription. The *Monde Illustré* (Paris) describes the event as follows:

"On the recent occasion of the third centenary

of the publication of 'Hamlet,' a number of representative Danes determined to commemorate the event by the erection of a monument to Shakespeare. Great interest was shown in the project, which was generally regarded as a fitting act of homage to the great poet who had so signally honored Denmark. Elsinore was chosen as the site. The monument is the work of the Danish sculptor Hasschüs. It represents Shakespeare seated, pen in hand, conceiving and writing the famous drama. The charming site which has been chosen for the monument has a strong appeal for visitors, suggestive as it is of the dramatic incidents of 'Hamlet.'

"The passionate admiration now accorded the great poet has amply avenged the neglect of his own age and the oblivion which threatened his memory in the succeeding century. These latest honors to Shakespeare remind us of Victor Hugo's words of homage: 'If a mountain of stones were piled up in his honor, could they add to his greatness? What memorial arch will outlast these: "The Tempest," "The Winter's Tale," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," "Julius Cæsar," "Coriolanus"? What monument more grandiose than "Lear," more sternly impassive than "The Merchant of Venice," more brilliant than "Romeo and Juliet," more Dedalean than "Richard III"? What moonlight so soft and mysterious as that which illumines "The Midsummer Night's Dream"?"



"TOMB OF HAMLET" AT ELSINORE

What edifice of cedar or of oak shall last as long as "Othello"? What monument of brass shall endure as long as "Hamlet"?"

It is remarkable how little is generally known of the vogue of Shakespeare in the country of Hamlet. Elsinore is steeped in memories of the immortal poem. We all know that moonlit scene with its ghostly visitant, its tragic associations. But how many know that Elsinore is an actuality to-day, and that the story of Hamlet and Ophelia is a living tradition among its inhabitants?

The Elsinore of the present day, as we learn from the French article, offers a rugged, picturesque landscape in harmony with its romantic traditions. A great tumulus on the outskirts of the town, surmounted by an enormous monolith, is revered as the "Tomb of Hamlet." In the park of Marienlyst, a suburb of Elsinore, there is a beautiful statue of Hamlet, the work of the famous sculptor Petersen. Near by is "Ophelia's Spring," a clear stream of water purling from the rocks and shaded by great trees. The whole country is steeped in Shakespearean memories. The immortal legend of the Danish prince; the fate of the ill-starred Ophelia; the fearful apparition of the murdered king, are known to the humblest inhabitant. Elsinore is a favorite haunt for Shakespeare-lovers visiting Denmark. One may see them, book in hand, following the lines which allude to the scenes before them. With the approach of evening a profound melancholy, typical of northern countries, seems to descend upon Elsinore. It is then that the full significance



"OPHELIA'S SPRING" AT ELSINORE

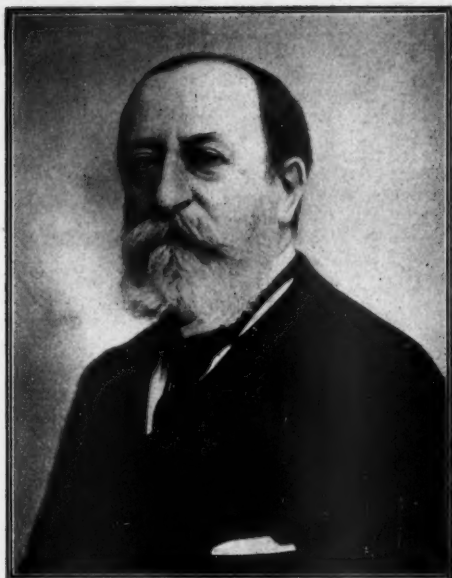
of Shakespeare's masterpiece dawns upon the visitor. Out of the deepening shadows emerges the phantom monarch "revisiting the glimpses of the moon." The "eternal blazon" uttered to Hamlet by those fleshless lips echoes through the mind, and "thoughts beyond the reach of our souls" throng upon the tourist.

TWO NEW OPERAS BY FRENCH COMPOSERS

Operatic novelties have not been plentiful in the music centers of Europe during the season now drawing to a close. The Italian composers have done little; the German and French, not much more. Of the Gallic operas that have attracted praise and won critical commendation, the most important is doubtless that of Camille Saint-Saëns. It is called "L'Ancêtre" (The Ancestor) and deals with a typical episode from Corsican life. It had its first production late in February at Monte Carlo; Paris is to hear it soon. The most notable feature of "The Ancestor," musically speaking, is declared to be the vigor, the freshness, the spontaneity of the composer's

ideas. It might be the work of a young man, while Saint-Saëns is seventy-one years of age.

The "book" is by a young poet, Ange de Lassus, and is based on a poem entitled, "Vendetta," which tells the tragic story of a characteristic Corsican "blood feud" extending over the lifetime of more than two generations. The "lyrical drama" presents the struggle between barbarism, tradition and fierce blood-thirstiness on one hand, and the modern gospel of peace and civilization and ethical religion on the other, barbarism in the end asserting the supremacy which it still commands in Corsica. The plot of the opera is summarized in *Le Figaro* substantially as follows:



CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS

The leading contemporary French composer. His latest opera, "*L'Ancêtre*," tells the tragic story of a characteristic Corsican "blood feud" extending over the lifetime of more than two generations.

In a mountainous and wild region there live, almost side by side, two families—the Fabiani and the Pietra-Nera. Between them there has existed a fatal feud for many decades. The grandfathers transmitted it to their sons, and these in turn to their children. Already it has claimed many victims, murder and violence being the natural manifestations of the inextinguishable hatred.

The Pietra-Nera family is represented by a young military officer, Tebaldo, who is serving in France and is visiting his home with full knowledge of the peril to which he is exposing himself. A pious hermit, who is the neighbor of both families, has resolved to effect a lasting peace between them. He has confided his hope to Tebaldo, who approves of the effort and is for his part ready to end the feud. A meeting of the two families is at last arranged by the hermit, and the younger members of the families are disposed to respond to his appeals. They have had enough of blood, tears and sorrow; they would welcome harmony and good-will.

But Nunciata, the "ancestor," the grandmother in the Fabiani family, who has stood apart, sullen and stern, steps forward and with one word, "No!" upsets the peace plans of the good hermit. In her, past rancor and hate burn as fiercely as ever, and the deadly enmity must continue.

Tebaldo, however, has fallen in love with Margarita Fabiani, one of Nunciata's three grandchildren, and she reciprocates his love. Vanina, Margarita's sister, also loves Tebaldo, but this is her secret, and no one suspects it. The law of the feud must prevail and the affections of nature be disregarded.

Leandri, Nunciata's grandson, entraps Tebaldo and attempts to kill him. He fails and is killed by his intended victim acting in pure self-defense. Leandri is found dead and carried home, and the old grandmother, in a frenzy of grief and rage, swears that this new crime of the Pietra-Nera family must be avenged. Death, death to the Pietra-Neras! All must take the solemn oath; but just as Vanina is about to do so a servant tells her that Tebaldo is the slayer of her brother.

Tebaldo is making preparations to leave the island and return to France. But first Margarita and he must be made man and wife by the hermit amid the flowers and plants which surround the little chapel. Unfortunately Vanina has followed them and is concealed near by, shotgun in hand. She overhears the lovers, her jealousy is excited, and a great conflict between duty and anger, on the one hand, and her love for Tebaldo, on the other, rages within her breast. She tries to shoot, her heart fails her, and she drops the weapon. Nunciata, however, is at her side; she tosses up the rifle and aims it at Tebaldo. Vanina throws herself upon her to protect the man she loves, and the bullet is lodged in her breast instead. It was to avenge the brother; it killed the sister.

The Saint-Saëns score, writes Gabriel Fauré, the eminent composer and music critic, is both dramatic and melodious. It has the finest qualities of French music—elegance, lucidity, fluency, clearness in complexity; yet it is a sober, strong, realistic score. It reflects the natural and human environment of Corsica, the composer having visited the island, not to make use of actual folk-melodies or "local color," but to saturate himself with the Corsican atmosphere and give it indirect, subtle expression in his themes and orchestration. The themes are characteristic, some representing the beauty and sweetness of nature and the love of the young Tebaldo and Margarita, others the fatal shadow of the feud, the impending doom, the tragic past of the two families. There are many beautiful arias and concerted numbers in the opera, and the orchestral accompaniment is rich and full of color and vigor.

Another interesting and notable operatic novelty is "*Sanga*," by the Irish-French composer, Isidore de Lara, whose "*Messaline*," produced last year, has given him a high reputation in France. "*Sanga*" is described as a "lyrical drama." The "book" was written by Eugene Morand and Paul de Choudens, and is composed in a style that may be regarded as semi-Wagnerian. The "leading motive" is freely employed to characterize persons, situations and moods, and, indeed, the whole score is founded on a number of such themes. The composer, however, allows himself more freedom than Wagnerian musical principles permit in the combinations and development of these

themes. The opera was produced at the Municipal Opera House in Nice, where, according to the *Figaro* correspondent, little justice could be done to its scenic and spectacular features, which are unusual and which would tax the mechanical resources of the best-equipped opera-houses of Europe. "Sanga," says the reviewer in the paper named, shows decided growth in De Lara's art and musical ability of an exceptional order. To appreciate the character and merit of the score it is necessary to consider the strange and original plot of the opera, which is thus indicated:

Master Vigord is a Savoy farmer who is as miserly as he is hard and tyrannical. He is a severe taskmaster, and even parental love he understands only as an exercise of implacable authority. He is feared by all his laborers, as well as by his only son, Jean. This youth is in love with Sanga, a girl of the highways, a wild, self-willed, untrained creature of peculiar charm and fascination. An accident has caused her to join the farmer's harvesters. Vigord learns of his son's infatuation, but he has other intentions with regard to Jean's future. Jean is to marry his cousin Lena, a gentle, submissive, domestic girl. Vigord brutally dismisses Sanga, but she trusts Jean, her devoted lover, and is sure that he will defy his father and accompany her into the outside world. Jean does make an effort to abandon father and home for his sweetheart, but, being a timid and irresolute creature, he changes his mind, and Sanga is obliged to depart alone. Before setting out she invokes the wrath of Heaven on the cruel old farmer and all those who inhabit the spot where she has been scorned and betrayed.

Sanga retires into the Alps. A storm is threatened. Sanga is recalling, in plaintive song, the joys of her mountain life, and addressing invocations and prayers to the declining, fiery sun, the wind which is steadily rising, the rain which is

turning into a flood, the thunder and lightning which precede the terrible tempest. Darkness descends upon the land; the storm is carrying devastation and desolation into the neighboring villages and farms; the church bells are sounding alarm; cries of despair and horror fill the air; and Sanga is almost directing the awful, sublime tempest; it is almost her curses that have precipitated this havoc and destruction.

The Vigord farm has suffered with the rest. Everything is destroyed by the flood. Vigord, Jean and Lena have had to save themselves by ascending to the barn attic. The only light seen comes from the church in the vicinity, where the panic-stricken villagers are gathered praying and chanting. Vigord, the miser, seeing his complete ruin, loses his mind. He throws his gold pieces into the raging waters; he blasphemes and mocks the worshippers.

Suddenly a boat is seen. It approaches the Vigord refuge. Sanga is in it. She has come to save Jean, her former lover. The barn, undermined, crumbles, and Vigord and Lena are drowned; but Jean clings to floating timber, and Sanga succeeds in rescuing him—in dragging him, unconscious, into her boat.

But when he regains consciousness he bitterly reproaches Sanga for having refused help to his father and cousin. He will not accept life from her hands; he deliberately overturns the boat, and both of its occupants are swept away by the irresistible torrent.

The score attempts to give musical expression not only to the human emotions of the opera but to the grand, terrible and overwhelming manifestations of nature just described. The composer has tried to follow modern ideas in regard to the rôle of the orchestra, which is particularly important in an opera of natural "stress and storm," without sacrificing the older idea of flowing, set melodies.

A SENSE OF THE INFINITE IN MUSIC

The supreme task of the artist, as interpreted by Schelling, the German philosopher, is that of endeavoring to represent the infinite under a finite form. Whoever succeeds in accomplishing this, he said, has risen to the true idea of the beautiful. Beethoven and Wagner, the master musicians, expressed themselves in similar terms; and music, the most ethereal and evanescent of the arts, lends itself most readily to the exposition of this thought.

"Tis by the world of the senses," said Schelling in another place, "that we perceive, as through an almost transparent cloud, that land of fantasy toward which we are advancing."

The words serve as a text for a brilliant article in the *Revista d'Italia* (Rome) by one of the foremost European critics in matters esthetic, Professor Villanis, of Rome. He begins:

"Athwart the positivism of the passing hour, and all the more because of its rude handling of idealistic tendencies, voices from the past insist on making themselves heard; and such is their fascination that our minds are bewitched as we listen to them, and the actual moment seems to be conscious of its kinship with bygone epochs. Thus, though modern esthetics are daily emancipating themselves from metaphysical fetters, Schelling's transcendental idealism nevertheless still wakes an echo in our souls when we make bold to examine the luminous and indefinite

world revealed to us in works of art and especially in musical works. Through that web and woof, whereon the melodious design traces its bizarre patterns, we catch glimpses of a throng of symbols whereby our spirits' universe would seem to be portrayed. Associations at first well-nigh imperceptible, waxing by degrees more distinct, are welded together in an ever-growing chain; the concordant alternation of rest and movement, the ebb and flow of rhythmical phrases, uplift, refresh, re-enliven the pulses of our being; and to the first indefinite state of the soul there succeeds a second, a third, a lengthy train of emotional affirmations, becoming ever clearer, more precise.

"Thereupon a world of tenuous images, borne as on butterfly wings, flutter up from the depths of our being, poise for an instant amid the soul's shadowy places, then dart upward toward the broadening light, the luminous brightness. It is no longer an isolated artist, a stranger to us, who is singing: it is present and past generations, it is the universal soul which is declaiming the eternal poem of being. And however short-lived that artistic sense may be within us, the fleeting esthetic moment seems to hold in its embrace an infinity of time and space.

"Hence there are two elements in a work of art. The *finite* is the natural element, the physical, material element, whereby the artistic creation is embodied, made concrete and rendered perceptible to the senses; in the case of a page of music it may be represented by the vehicle of sound. The *infinite*, on the contrary, is in the consciousness of the artist creator, in whom it sprang into life. Like the blessedness described in Dante's 'Paradiso,' it reflects the infinity of consciousness and universal life."

This idea seems to have been in the mind of every musician the moment his reason has attempted to penetrate the mystery of his own work. The composer has ever been conscious of the fact that his music represented detached observations, stray, cloudy hints, imperfect syntheses of a vision but barely glimpsed. Scarcely had the art of music ceased to be a simple sport of rhythmical and harmonic symmetry, when this reflection of an infinity, humanly speaking unutterable, shone forth in the confessions of creative genius. Scarcely had the time-spirit begun to influence the idea of music and to let in a flood of new light on the consciousness of mankind, when there arose from the crucible of classicism that arch rebel, Beethoven, in whom was this same sense of infinity. Bettina von Arnim, writing to Goethe in 1810, reports the great symphonist as saying:

"The human mind tends to a boundless universality, where all in all go to make up, as it were, a cradle for feeling, born of some simple musical thought impossible to describe outside of this fusion. There you have the origin of harmony; there is all that my symphonies

tend to express; therein the various forms become united. . . . Music is the only means whereby we scale the higher world of intelligence, that world which enfolds man, but which man in his turn is unable to embrace. . . . It is the presentiment, the inspiration, of a celestial science, and the sensations which the spirit receives from it constitute, in a way, the materialization of knowledge. . . . Music is a land wherein the spirit lives and thinks and works. . . . A thought, though it be but a stray idea, contains in itself the character of generality, of high spiritual community; hence every musical thought is an inseparable part of all harmony, which represents that same unity."

It is seldom, as Professor Villanis points out, that an artist with the intuitions of genius has succeeded in defining with greater clearness a concept which has floated beyond the philosopher's ken. But Wagner, in endeavoring to define the innovations of Beethoven in the realm of musical creation, repeated the same thought. Speaking of the creative dream wherein Beethoven was wrapped, oblivious to the disturbing voices of the world, Wagner said:

"No longer sensible to earthly sounds, he projected his gaze toward those forms which the inward spiritual light illuminated and which thus became once more tangible to the spirit. Then only the essence of things held converse with him and gave him power to express his thought in the light of beauty. He was able to comprehend the forest, the rivulets, the heath, the heavens, the merry throngs, the fond lovers, the nightingale's song, the scurrying clouds, the tempest's rage, and that marvellous serenity which for him had become the very essence of music, permeates all he sees, is apparent in all his imaginations. . . . Confronted with the infinite tranquillity of such a man who observes the comedy of existence, all life's terrors vanish: Brahma, creator of the world, laughs to himself because he has penetrated the illusions which have held him; and consciousness, freed again, scorns, defies and overthrows its tormentors."

And thus, says Professor Villanis, from the finite period of musical creation emerges the infinite poem of universal emotion. "Of all the arts, music is the clearest exponent of movement. Sound does, indeed, reveal under a sensible form its vibratory nature, and the sonorous waves pass over us like thrilling violin bows, communicating their vibrations to the very depths of our being. . . . Time, and space enlarge their boundaries and become lost in the immeasurable depths of vaster aspirations. The musical phenomenon, having once risen to the dignity of a true work of art, manifests itself as the symbol of an infinite language wherein every soul finds a response to its own yearnings."

WILL THE DRAMA SUPPLANT THE NOVEL?

Novel writing is too easy to be wholly satisfactory to an artist in literature. The true artist is ever yearning for a grapple with stubborn resistance. In consequence, the drama, with its more rigid form and exacting technique, is likely to attract the ablest minds of the future. Such, in brief, is the argument presented by Prof. Brander Matthews, of Columbia University, to sustain his contention that the novel, which has been dominant, not to say domineering, in the second half of the nineteenth century, may have to face an acute rivalry of the drama in the first half of the twentieth century. He writes (in *The North American Review*):

"The novel is a loose form of hybrid ancestry; it may be of any length; and it may be told in any manner,—in letters, as an autobiography or as a narrative. It may gain praise by the possession of the mere externals of literature, by sheer style. It may seek to please by description of scenery, or by dissection of motive. It may be empty of action and filled with philosophy. It may be humorously perverse in its license of digression,—as it was in Sterne's hands, for example. It may be all things to all men: it is a very chameleon-weathercock. And it is too varied, too negligent, too lax to spur its writer to his utmost effort, to that stern struggle with technic which is a true artist's never-failing tonic.

"On the other hand, the drama is a rigid form, limited to the three hours' traffic of the stage. Just as the decorative artist has to fill the space assigned to him and must respect the disposition of the architect, so the playwright must work his will within the requirements of the theatre, turning to advantage the restrictions which he should not evade. He must always appeal to the eye as well as to the ear, never forgetting that the drama, while it is in one aspect a department of literature, in another is a branch of the show-business. He must devise stage-settings at once novel, ingenious and plausible; and he must invent reasons for bringing together naturally the personages of his play in the single place where each of his acts passes. He must set his characters firm on their feet, each speaking for himself and revealing himself as he speaks; for they need to have internal vitality as they cannot be painted from the outside. He must see his creatures as well as hear them; and he must know always what they are doing and how they are looking when they are speaking.

"The art of the dramatist is not yet at its richest; but it bristles with difficulties such as a strong man joys in overcoming. In this sharper difficulty is its most obvious advantage over the art of the novelist; and here is its chief attraction for the story-teller, weary of a method almost too easy to be worth while."

Professor Matthews strengthens his position by citing the cases of a number of emi-

nent novelists who have felt the lure of the stage. To quote again:

"The dramatic form has always had a powerful fascination for the novelists, who are forever casting longing eyes on the stage. Mr. James himself has tried it, and Mr. Howells and Mark Twain also. Balzac believed that he was destined to make his fortune in the theatre; and one of Thackeray's stories was made over out of a comedy, acted only by amateurs. Charles Reade called himself a dramatist forced to be a novelist by bad laws. Flaubert and the Goncourts, Zola and Daudet, wrote original plays, without ever achieving the success which befell their efforts in prose-fiction. And now, in the opening years of the twentieth century, we see Mr. Barrie in London and M. Hervieu in Paris abandoning the novel in which they have triumphed for the far more precarious drama. Nor is it without significance that the professional playwrights seem to feel little or no temptation to turn story-tellers. Apparently the dramatic form is the more attractive and the more satisfactory, in spite of its greater difficulty and its greater danger."

These remarks have provoked an interesting rejoinder from Clyde Fitch, the distinguished playwright. In an interview with a New York *Herald* reporter, he expresses his conviction that present-day playwrights are giving the stage a much higher class of literature than formerly. "No one can doubt it," he says, "who looks over the field. Twenty years ago there were but two American dramatists who were writing seriously and earnestly for the stage. To-day there are at least a dozen engaged in that occupation." But he cannot at all agree with Professor Matthews that the dramatist of the next generation will in any way menace the novelist. He declares:

"The man who can write a good play cannot necessarily write a good novel, and vice versa. . . . With very few exceptions have men who are great as novel writers achieved greatness as playwrights. That would seem to prove, would it not, that the two talents are not at all similar? As well claim that a great sculptor could turn his talent to painting and become a great artist. Now there is no one whose writing I admire more than Henry James, and yet his play was a failure. Possibly he can write a successful play, but he has not as yet. Much the same is true of William Dean Howells, whom we all admit to be the foremost and vigorous champion of Americanism and twentieth century ideas. He did a little something in playwriting, but I doubt if he ever put himself seriously to the task. At any rate what he did do was only of trifling consequence. Of course, the great exception is Mr. Barrie. His novels were enormously successful and so were his plays, and I believe of late years he is writing more plays than novels. That only shows that

he had the talent and the technique for both kinds of work, which is a very rare thing indeed."

In brief, says Mr. Fitch, the two kinds of work are so entirely different that it is not fair to compare them; and he points to the large

number of good plays and good novels produced during the last two decades as convincing evidence that "the interests of literature and the drama are both on the increase and both making for the better."

THOMAS HARDY'S PANORAMIC DRAMA

Two years ago, Thomas Hardy, the eminent English novelist, published the first part of a drama, entitled "The Dynasts," and dealing with the Napoleonic wars. The reception accorded to the volume was of so extraordinary a character as to challenge attention on both sides of the Atlantic. Reviewers who had been foremost in acclaiming Mr. Hardy's genius as a writer of fiction looked askance at his maiden effort in dramatic literature. In the preface to the work Mr. Hardy explained that the play was "intended simply for mental performance, not for the stage," and suggested the possibility of a future time when mental performance might be the fate of "all drama, other than that of contemporary or frivolous life." This pronouncement brought him into conflict with Mr. A. B. Walkley, the brilliant dramatic critic of the *London Times*, and it was generally felt that he was worsted in the ensuing debate. The actual body of the work, however, aroused even more comment than his defense of the "unplayable play." On all sides the opinion was expressed that Mr. Hardy had made a serious mistake. Some were disposed to treat the matter as a joke. Others insisted that "The Dynasts" was neither poetry nor drama. Even the more favorable critics confessed themselves puzzled by the seeming lack of form and of finish in the composition.

Now the second part* of "The Dynasts" has been published, and a decided change in the temper of the press is discernible. The critical attitude, if not appreciative, has at least become respectful. Mr. William Archer, writing in the *London Tribune*, says:

"This Second Part carries us from the death of Pitt to a little beyond the battle of Albuera. The 'panoramic show,' as the author himself calls it, discloses to us the battlefields of Jena and Auerstadt, the meeting of the Emperors at Tilsit, the battle of Vimiera, Sir John Moore's retreat, Corunna, Wagram, Talavera, Walcheren, the divorce of Josephine, the marriage of Napoleon and

Marie Louise, the lines of Torres Vedras, the birth of the King of Rome, Albuera, King George's padded-room at Windsor, and a revel of the Regency at Carlton House. Interstices are filled in with minor episodes and, as in the First Part, a troop of 'Phantom Intelligences'—Spirits of the Pities, Spirits Sinister and Ironic, Spirits of Rumour, Recording Angels, etc.—provide, in italics, a running commentary on the spectacle.

"There can be no doubt that this is a grandiose design which Mr. Hardy is patiently, indomitably working out. Nor is it questionable that the work bears the impress of an original and powerful spirit. We may wonder whether Mr. Hardy might not have been better employed than in pulling the strings of these fitful puppet-shows on 'this wide and universal theatre.' We may question whether 'The Dynasts' will ultimately take rank in English literature beside 'Jude the Obscure' and 'Life's Little Ironies,' and 'Wessex Poems.' But, for the moment, at any rate, such questionings are idle. We have to consider, not what Mr. Hardy might, could, would, or should have given us, but what he has actually given us; and that is a fascinating series of dissolving views, or glimpses of history seen through the medium of a peculiar poetic temperament."

The success or failure of the play, it is conceded, must ultimately be determined by two tests, the test of philosophy and the test of style; and neither the philosophy nor the style wins whole-hearted critical approval. Mr. Hardy sees in the Napoleonic wars nothing but a wrangle of "Dynasts," a "great historic calamity, or clash of peoples, artificially brought about"; and instead of trying to give an account of the phenomenon in terms of cause and effect, he has taken refuge in the theory of a blindly mischievous Immanent Will. The result, says Mr. Archer, is disastrous, whether considered from the philosophical or literary point of view. "A purely pessimistic interpretation of the Napoleonic writer is admissible enough," he thinks; "but there is a querulousness in the pessimism of Mr. Hardy's Intelligences which scarcely seems to make for true enlightenment." This position is substantially that of the critic of the *London Outlook*, who says:

"If you call to mind any of the great dramas in literature, 'Agamemnon,' 'Oedipus,' 'Othello' or

*THE DYNASTS: A Drama of the Napoleonic Wars in Three Parts, Nineteen Acts and One Hundred and Thirty Scenes. By Thomas Hardy. Part Second. The Macmillan Company.

'Macbeth,' you find yourself watching a great soul in conflict with destiny. Human thought and action personified in one man of heroic mould, and the inevitable consequences of human thought and action personified for poetry as Zeus or as Fate or perhaps as some other man—those are the elements of the great dramas that we know, and in their conflict, in the dark borderland of doubt between a deed and its results, in what Æschylus called the *metaixion oáōrou*, the dusk between opposing spears, lies the essence of dramatic interest and suspense. The hero, be it Agamemnon or Macbeth or whom you will, is responsible for his own deeds, but the deed once done is irrevocable and its consequences will be what they will be. That philosophy runs through all great dramatic literature; in the choruses of the Agamemnon, for instance, it finds expression in a thousand phrases of piteous or terrible import.

"But the philosophy on which Mr. Hardy sets out to interpret the drama of the Napoleonic era seems at first sight very different. With the theory that all human thought and action is predestined—the expression of an Immanent Will—human responsibility seems to vanish, and with it, as we were saying, the essence of dramatic interest. In the First part, for instance, Napoleon is presented setting on his head the iron crown of Lombardy. The Spirit of the Pities, whom Mr. Hardy himself describes as resembling the Chorus or ideal spectator of Greek drama, shudders and murmurs a warning in Napoleon's ear. He is at once rebuked:—

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS.

Thou'rt young, and dost not heed the Cause of things
Which some of us have inked to thee here;
Else would'st thou not have hailed the Emperor,
Whose acts do but out-shape its governing.

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES.

I feel, Sire, as I must! This tale of Will
And Life's impulsion by Incognizance
I cannot take.

As humble, if not ideal, spectators we are inclined to sympathise; and here as often elsewhere we feel acutely that the problem raised by Mr. Hardy's scheme is—how is any serious and sustained dramatic interest compatible with the attitude of mind demanded by the Immanent Will, the Spirit of the Years, and the whole philosophic purport of the play?"

With a similar sense of disappointment the London *Times Literary Supplement* criticizes the poetical side of the play:

"Mr. Hardy is singularly devoid of the peeping graces and adornments we are accustomed to look for in a poet. Compare the blank verse of 'The Dynasts' even with the musical and practised blank verse of Mr. Stephen Phillips, verse rich with a thousand associations; and it is indeed difficult at first to understand why a man of immense talent like Mr. Hardy should have chosen this particular medium of rhythm for what is perhaps his greatest book. No one was ever, apparently, more insensible to the natural magic, the delight of purely poetic language. No one has ever appeared less disposed to 'look upon fine

phrases like a lover,' Mr. Hardy tells us, indeed, how

All give way
And regiments crash like trees at felling time.

He writes, with curiously Elizabethan imagery:

God grant his star less lurid rays than ours,
Or this too pregnant, hoarsely groaning day
Shall, ere its loud delivery be done,
Have twinned disasters to the fatherland
That fifty years will fail to sepulchre.

And again of Napoleon he muses—

Upon what dark star he may land himself
In his career through space.

But even such roughly-cloquent lines are isolated examples. To find a poetic parallel to Mr. Hardy's wilful and determined plainness of language we should have to go back to Crabbe; or, better still, to Wordsworth's 'noble plainness.' Yet here, again, Mr. Hardy refuses to be classified. For Crabbe had never an instance of that lofty imagination, that power of visualizing the 'far Unapparent' which is so characteristic of Mr. Hardy. And Mr. Hardy's verse never for one moment rises to those clear heights of perfect form where Wordsworth often moves at ease."

In this country the new volume of "The Dynasts" has been handled more roughly. Mr. H. W. Boynton, writing in the New York *Times Saturday Review*, says bluntly: "It is not a great work, because its workmanship is not great." The New York *Evening Post* comments:

"If this attempt at poetic drama were at least poetry, we should accept it with gratitude. It is so only rarely. The strength of Mr. Hardy's style appears rather in the passages of prose description, in which he is sometimes at his best. Of his blank verse, the line

Is the Duke of Dalmatia yet at hand?

is almost a fair example; and his lyric may be represented by the following passage:

With Torrens, Ferguson, and Fane,
And majors, captains, clerks in train,
And those grim needs that appertain—
The surgeons—not a few.

The Spirit of the Pitie is made to exclaim:

Mock on, Shade, if thou wilt! But others find
Poetry ever lurks where pit-pats poor mankind!

Certainly, if it lurks here, it lurks out of sight and hearing. The play presents an interesting variety of rhythms, but they are used apparently without sense of their expressional values. What can be said of a writer's feeling for the metrical fitness of things, when he chooses Sapphic stanzas (not always quite regular, to be sure) for his description of the battle of Talavera, and *terza rima* for his comment on the birth of Napoleon's son? It would be hardly fair to leave Mr. Hardy's work, however, without quoting from the best of his all too rare successes in lyric rhythm—the Chorus of the Pitie after the battle of Albuera:

Friends, foemen, mingle, heap and heap.—
Hide their hacked bones, Earth!—deep, deep, deep,
Where harmless worms caress and creep.
What man can grieve? what woman weep?
Better than waking is to sleep! Albuera!"

WHERE BARRIE AND BERNARD SHAW FAIL

At first sight, Bernard Shaw and J. M. Barrie seem to have nothing in common. But James Huneker, the well-known dramatic and musical critic, has found a point of contact between them and he states it frankly, almost brutally. They resemble one another, he says, in the ephemeral quality of their work, in their shortcomings, in their limitations. As yet, both have failed to master the technics of the theater; that is, "they cannot build a play which has a beginning, a middle and an end." Moreover, as essential Romantics, with all the faults of the Romantic school, they have also failed to grasp the principles of true and convincing character creation. Elaborating this train of thought in *The Metropolitan Magazine* (April), Mr. Huneker says:

"Mr. Shaw, who is an intellectual anarchist, and not the Socialist he so fondly imagines himself, has written plays which are, despite their modern themes, Romantic in their essence. Like all the Romantic writers, Shaw is incapable of character creation. His theater is peopled by Shaws, by various opinions of Shaw regarding the universe. He could no more erect a play in architect fashion as does Pinero than Pinero could handle the multitude of ideas so ably assimilated and set forth by Shaw. Nor can the Irishman conceive and execute characters in action as does Paul Hervieu. The truth is that Paul Hervieu is thrice as modern as Shaw; that in 'Law of Man,' 'The Nippers,' 'The Labyrinth' (the original, not the English version) the French dramatist has handled the most pressing questions of our feverish life, and handled them as a dramatist, not as a *doctinaire*. Charming debates as are the Shaw plays, they will not endure for the simple reason that only true art endures; ideas stale, but art, never. A jellyfish is not more viscous than the form—if it can be called form—of the Shaw play. And, remember, this fact abates not a jot of their entertaining quality. We are viewing them now as drama—and they fail the critical test.

"Shaw is a Romantic. He worships himself romantically, and when he does not write of himself, he no longer interests. His is an interesting personality. It quite overflows the picture of the world made by his brain. Thus it is that the characters in his plays are but various facets of his own person. If he were a close observer of life, as well as a superb satirist, he would be an objective dramatist. He has, for example, portrayed several Americans. He believes he understands the American character. He certainly abuses it. But what an eye-opening experience will be his when he comes to America and studies its people! A Romantic, then, he is incapable of depicting any character but his own, incapable through lack of sympathy of projecting himself into the normal feelings of average humanity. This stamps him as a Romantic—the Romantics who described themselves so admirably and with

much art, but could not paint the world about them."

Barrie's romanticism, in contrast with that of Bernard Shaw, has "more charm," but is "on a lower intellectual level." Like Daudet, he has the gift of pity and tears; but "he slops over so hopelessly on every occasion that one soon feels that it is Barrie the man that is weeping, not Barrie the artist." Mr. Huneker says further:

"I faintly enjoyed the latest Barrie offering at the Criterion. 'Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire' is like its name—sweet and vermicular. It is what our German brethren would call *Bandwurm*. In it I saw Miss Ethel Barrymore endeavoring to suppress her adorable self, crush the Ethel in her, subdue the Barrymore of her, to fit a nice, lady-like rôle, a mother who is misunderstood by her children. It is all pleasing tomfoolery with as much relation to life, to art, to the theater, as is the pollywog. In despair I read 'Mrs. Warren's Profession' after I left the playhouse to rid myself of the sickly surf of Barrie's futile and brackish ideas. And I assure you I do not care much for this particular play. But any astringent for the mental palate after the Barrie *confitures*.

"His 'Little Mary' marked the low-water mark of dramatic formlessness. - 'Alice,' etc., is a trifle better. I do not include 'The Admirable Crichton,' as that clever piece was first written by Ludwig Fulda, then adapted without acknowledgment. . . . I can go 'Peter Pan,' but no more Barrie for me if it is to be of the 'Alice, where art thou?' type."

Formless fantasies, whimsical fairy-tales, clever anecdotage, fulminating satire—these about sum up, for Mr. Huneker, the substance of both Barrie's and Shaw's plays. He confesses that he is "heartily tired of the play that masquerades as a play but is not a play, only a fable or a sermon"; and adds:

"We are weary of these opened flood-gates of conversation, of dialogue that merges into the monologue of the agitator. The same old human stuff is scattered around us, and the dramatist, wary of the wind of public favor, is going back to it. Pinero's last success may be a sign of the times. It was the fashion to flout such a strong specimen of stage architecture as 'The Gay Lord Quex,' yet what a solace it would be to-day in the midst of all this shallow characterization, this shaky drawing and melodramatic daubing! The epigram play was revived by Oscar Wilde; it bids fair to die with Mr. Shaw. Mr. Pinero, whose beaver-shaped brow indicates his beaver-like proclivity for design and structure in his dramas, will outlast a wilderness of the wits, sentimentalists and rhapsodists. No art is so narrow in its formal scope, no art imposes so many restrictions upon its practitioners, as the art of the theater."

THE POOR FOOL—BAHR'S LATEST DRAMA

This latest work of Hermann Bahr, the celebrated author of "The Apostle," is a one-act problem play. The problem is: Which is the superior kind of life—that of the respectable but selfish type, of one who lives in a conventionally moral way, is esteemed by society and never comes into conflict with its established customs and laws; or that of a restless, rebellious spirit, which is impatient of conventional restraints, breaks through all social barriers to assert its own individuality? This comparison is accentuated in the drama by the contrasted lives of two brothers. Vincenz Haisst is imperial councilor and the sole proprietor of the old and rich business of the family. He is a man reputable in every respect; but he has crushed out of him all finer emotion and is hard and selfish. His two brothers have gone astray. One, Edward, has led a fast life, and has been imprisoned by Vincenz's business manager for embezzlement of money belonging to the house. For fifteen years he has been living in disgrace with his eldest brother, Vincenz, who has treated him with the utmost severity and contempt. Another brother, Hugo, a musician, a "genius" as his business brother sarcastically calls him, has also led a life of excess and has finally landed in an insane asylum.

We have thus the representatives of two extreme systems of philosophy—the Puritanic and the Nietzschean. And the triumph falls to the representative of the latter philosophy, who, though mad through his excesses, still maintains a sort of spiritual ascendancy over his conventional brother, and forces the latter, on the eve of death, to question the worth of his own life and the wisdom of his long self-restraint. The play is another of many evidences of the ominous extent to which Nietzsche's anti-Christian views figure in the current thought and literary product of Europe.

The opening scene reveals Vincenz as extremely ill and expecting death. He has an only daughter, Sophie, seventeen years old. By willing his property to Huster, his head manager, he sees a way of putting the old house in safe and able hands; and at the same time, to retain it within the family, he has provided for the marriage of his daughter with Huster. But Huster is a man fifty years of age, and Sophie has nothing in common with him. She has always been attracted by the adventurous and bold career of her two wayward uncles, and detests Huster for his harsh treatment of Edward. Hard as Vincenz is, he cannot but entertain some scruples as to the terms of the intended will, which prac-

tically forces upon Sophie the marriage with Huster, or leaves her with nothing but the small share of property to which she is entitled by law; and to appease his conscience he tries to justify his conduct in a conversation with the notary. In this conversation he reveals a feeling of bitterness against his two brothers, mingled with envy because of the general admiration for the genius of Hugo, and a feeling of latent doubt as to the preference of a career such as his own. To the notary's remark that Hugo is said to be a real genius he answers:

"Yes, since he is mad everybody finds it so. Of course I cannot tell. This is a thing that these lofty gentlemen settle among each other, and we have to keep silent. But my child I want to guard. You cannot blame me for that. I think we have had enough of that in our family. The other one, Edward, has also been a sort of little genius all the time—the thief. I think we have had our full of it now." And when the notary remarks that Edward was a mere child when he committed his indiscretion, Vincenz flares up. "You are so considerate!" he says. "Only decent people get no consideration from anybody. We toil and moil and keep ourselves constantly in restraint, and no one asks us the price we pay for it. . . . My father was a good man, but he also thought that a young man must have his fling. No, Mr. Regel, the evil only sinks in the deeper. You don't know men. There is only one way: Starve it out! It is hard, I know; I have been through it myself. But it does the work. I am glad that I have never yielded to myself, never. And now it shows, now we have the result. Here am I, and there are they. Starve it out; starve out the evil that is in man, in every man. Our nature is evil, we cannot change it. There is only one way: starve it out."

When Sophie intercedes for Edward, whose misdeeds she thinks have been expiated, he replies: "That sort of thing, my child, is never expiated. With musicians it is perhaps otherwise (*sneeringly*). But we plain working people who are nothing but respectable—we, my child, never forget and never excuse it. We cannot. Otherwise who would be so foolish as to be respectable? It is no pleasure. (*After a pause, calmly*) Mark that, and think of it a little. You have a drop of that kind in your blood also, the evil drop. (*Softly*) God protect you!"

Sophie leaves and he again remains alone with the notary:

Vincenz: When one lies awake in his bed the

whole black night and knows that in the corner stands Death, a strange feeling comes over one, and he passes everything over in his mind again—how it all was, and how it should have been, *should* have been. And who is right? Who is right in the end? When death is staring you in the face you want to know it: Who is right? Because at such a time it is a matter of great importance to you. And I know it now (*vigorously*): I am right, I. Because I can die peacefully, without regret. That is the beautiful thing about it. (*In a whisper*) I, too, have often been lured: "Forth, do not question; you are a fool; see how they enjoy themselves." I, too, wanted to enjoy myself once. And what would I have for it now? Where would all that have come to long ago? Look at Hugo. What has he? It all passes and one is left a miserable wretch. No, Mr. Regel, I am right. That will be my last word in my last hour: I am right. Abstinence and toil is man's, and he who takes it on him is proof against death. I would not die like a man of pleasure. No, I am right, it is only now that I know it.

Regel: I thought that a man might be permitted a little beauty now and then.

Vincenz (*shouting triumphantly*): But you see the end! You see it! Ruined, a miserable wreck, scarcely forty, and nothing more is left of this brilliant, dazzling man, nothing but a poor fool, a poor whining fool. (*Looks up stealthily at the notary, then in a husky voice*) I want to tell you something. You thought when I asked you to try to get the physician to bring Hugo here that perhaps I did it out of pity? No, no, it was not that. I am not sentimental. Life has weaned me from anything of that kind. No, you might as well know it. Why should I be ashamed? It is my right. (*Slowly in an undertone, slyly*) I want my proof. Do you understand? I want to see them standing side by side, his life and mine. Now, at last, put them side by side and measure them. Let it come out, I want my proof. Here let him stand, the luminous one, right before me who always stunted myself. Then we shall see it plain. I want the proof. (*Smiling*) He was so proud of his beautiful life. But the main point is a beautiful death. It is I who can have that! There is where it shows. We shall see. That's why, Mr. Regel.

Dr. Halma comes in, giving instructions as to the manner in which Hugo is to be received. Vincenz and Sophie remain in the room, Sophie sitting at the sewing-machine as if at work, in accordance with the order of the physician not to appear to notice Hugo, as the presence of several persons disturbs him. Enter Hugo. The room is the same as he had known before, but with a slight change in furniture.

(*Hugo enters, small, slender, delicate; with luxurious blond hair, large beaming blue eyes; at first shy and uneasy, but later beaming forth as if with the radiance of the sun; walks in hesitatingly without raising his eyes.*)

Dr. Halma: Go ahead, friend.

(*Hugo walks on obediently, then remains standing, still keeping his eyes down.*)

Dr. Halma: Will you wait for me here until I come back?

(*Hugo nods.*)

Dr. Halma: Take your hat and coat off.

(*Hugo nods but does not move.*)

Dr. Halma (*takes off his hat and coat*): So. It is very pleasant here, is it not?

(*Hugo nods mechanically.*)

Dr. Halma: Don't you like it here? Look around you.

Hugo (*still hesitates a moment, then raises his large, beaming eyes, looks first in front of him, then on the right, sees a zither, but then immediately turns to the physician, against whom he threateningly points his right index finger, smiling lightly*): No, no.

Dr. Halma: What is it?

Hugo (*smiling*): I know. But— Oh, no. (*The smile dies off, he covers his eyes with his hand; in a tone of infinite sorrow*) Oh, no.

Dr. Halma: What do you mean?

Hugo (*taking his hand from his eyes and turning to the doctor in a tone of bitter hatred*): No, you won't succeed. You cannot impose on me. No, my friend. (*Laughing contemptuously*) It is a capital imitation. The resemblance is close. (*Looks around the room.*) So close one could almost be duped. But— (*heaves a heavy breath with infinite melancholy*)—but in reality it was different. (*Changing his tone to a mild reproach*) What is the use, doctor? You are forever wanting to try me. (*Contemptuously*) H'm, it is time that you knew it. (*Sits down.*) H'm, how many times more? You travel about with me, and I am to believe, but I notice at once, h'm, that it is all an imitation (*Violently, knocking his hand on the table*) And bad! False streets, false houses, everything changed. I remember perfectly. Don't you think I can remember? You will not destroy my beautiful world with your cheap and bad imitations. Imitations! Nothing but counterfeit. (*In a tone of infinite melancholy*) My beautiful world! The beautiful, beaming world! (*Suddenly tearing at his collar*) You always give me such heavy things that it almost chokes me. Why is everything so heavy? (*Unbuttons his coat.*)

Dr. Halma: Now you will calmly wait for me, won't you? (*Exit, carefully locking the door behind him.*)

Hugo (*pressing his hand against his forehead*): What now? What was I going to say? Something is in my mind. I seem to— But now I can no longer think of it. I seem to think— (*pointing with two fingers at his forehead*) something must be torn there. It is just exactly as if something were torn. (*Breaks out into a sudden laughter, while his face brightens*) H'm. (*Rocking to and fro and as if listening, half singing*) "Autumn looks adown the slope," h'm! Said the keeper (*very slowly*) "Autumn looks adown the slope." (*Nods, beats time with his hand to his inner melody, then, as if concluding rhythmically, in spirit, with deep voice*) "Adown the slope— Slope." (*Stares before him with half-closed eyes, smiling, then suddenly opens them wide, looks with astonishment at the wall across the room, which he now recognizes; rises, turns around slowly, and finally beholds Vincenz, toward whom he bends, nodding softly; smiling*) H'm. How is that?

Vincenz (who has sat motionless all the time, fairly devouring Hugo with his eyes): Hugo!

Hugo (in a strange, clear and childish tone, as if coming from a far distance): Vincenz, see. (Involuntarily putting out his hand, which he suddenly withdraws in terror) How is that? Come, help me! (Shouting, while he clings to the arm of his brother) Help me, Vincenz, do you not see? (Sobbing) Do you not see how— (Releases his grasp of Vincenz's arm and points at himself) Look at me! Is it not so? Is it not so? Something must be torn there. Think. I implore you, Vincenz, help me. Be good and— and— Are you still angry?

Vincenz (who has hitherto stared at him rigidly, suddenly bursts forth in tears): My poor—my poor—Hugo! (Sinks on the sofa.)

Hugo (drawing back and shouting): No, no! I do not want to. I do not want to. Why don't you let me go? It is all over now. (Drops on the couch. After a long pause) "Autumn looks adown the slope" (pause). "adown the slope." No. And yet it is there, after all. (Shrewdly) Just wait— It is gone again. Yes— Say, Vincenz.

Vincenz: Well, Hugo?

Hugo: I am gone. Quite empty. They have taken everything away from me. Can't be helped. Gone! (With ecstasy) Do you remember? That famous picture? The luminous one— And Marie was quite mad about the hat. (Seriously) 'Tis no use. Does not illuminate any more. (In an indifferent tone, as if he was going to say something of no account) "Autumn looks adown the slope." (Contemptuously) Bah!— (With a merry laugh) Yes, now we are here again. That's funny. Here it began, here it will end. And you are not angry any more, are you?

Vincenz (greatly moved): Why, no.

Hugo (in a reminiscent, satisfied tone): Because I always shocked you. (Proudly) I was a bad fellow, all right. You know a man can't help himself. He has to. And you couldn't understand that, you see; you were always good. (Laughs) H'm. (With good-natured mockery) So good! But I had no respect. (With great zest) Oh, my, but didn't you get mad, though, sometimes! I was a rogue, that's true. I knew exactly how to take father, while you— (Suddenly, in astonishment) Say, where is Edward?

Vincenz: Do you want to see him?

Hugo: No, no. I and Edward! We will cause each other too much pain. You are much more clever. Perhaps—perhaps if I had followed you, who knows? But see, one really cannot help it, he must. (Jovially, regarding him with a sincere open expression) You are no longer angry?

Vincenz (still greatly moved): Why, Hugo!

Hugo: It is not so, now? Let me be here. Here it began.

Vincenz: If you want to.

Hugo: There it is so horrible. (Stretches himself and leans back, then pulls down his hat.) You were always so mad when I had my hat cocked on one side. And because I said (imitating the boastful voice of a child), 'A genius must do it!' And father laughed. (Softly, with great affection) He loved me so dearly. (In a changed, almost angry and contemptuous tone) And the women, too. A lot of them. But that was different. That wasn't the right thing any more. Beautiful women! (Sighing) Beautiful! (With a

soft, affectionate voice) But this dear, good old face of father— (Rises slowly, recalls something and walks up to where the picture of his father is hanging. He looks at it and strokes it, half kneeling on the sofa.) I believe I get everything from him (slowly passing his hand through his hair)—all this beauty and wonderful greatness. From him, most assuredly. God! why, he never said anything, he was so remarkable in his ways—so that we should not guess how much he loved us! And yet he acted as if it was a terrible thing to him when I took up music, and sometimes it seemed to me as if he was afraid and glad at the same time, as if when he was young he had wanted it himself, but did not trust himself. Hence this strange feeling toward me, half anxious and yet proud. For instance, do you recollect? At my first concert here? (Laughs.) God! I have achieved the greatest successes everywhere, but really, that was the first time in my life when I would rather have been away at the last moment, out of fear. Then when the applause was still roaring outside, father came very quietly into my room as I was changing my clothes. And he only pressed my hand. Not a word did he say. He could not have done it. And then we went home and—that had never yet happened—then he himself fetched grandfather's old birthday wine from the cellar. I see it yet before me—four stout bottles of superior Franconian. Why, that was a sacred relic—the last four bottles! We drank three. (Laughs softly.) H'm!

Vincenz: There is still one left.

Hugo (joyously): Oh!

Vincenz: There is still one down in the cellar. (Looks inquiringly at Hugo.)

Hugo: That would really be a—

Vincenz: Fetch the wine, Sophie.

Sophie: Yes, father. (Goes to the door.)

(Hugo looks up, and now for the first time sees Sophie; walks up to her and looks at her curiously, at first with a very serious expression, then growing more and more bright and cheerful, as if he had looked into and recognized her very soul; he strokes her hair gently from her forehead, and then kisses it tenderly; then he looks affectionately at her again and beckons her to go. Sophie walks out through the door.)

Vincenz: We will drink it together.

Hugo (who had followed Sophie with his eyes): Is it not so? Now it shows in the end. (his gestures become freer, his voice grows clearer and his whole being radiates.)

Vincenz (noticing the change in him with anxious astonishment): Hugo!

Hugo (buried in thought and reminiscences, beaming and smiling): Yes.

Vincenz: What is it you feel all of a sudden?

Hugo: Glad. And do you know—soaring! Everything soars upward again now. And the other part, everything—human suffering, human conflict—lies deep down underneath me. It sinks and sinks away. But I, soaring and ever soaring, keep ascending in glorious felicity. (Softly, childishly) Now I am there again. (Bows his head as if in devout prayer, with exaltation.) I.

Vincenz (in terror): Hugo!

Hugo (with the same exalted air): I. (Sophie enters, bringing the wine.)

Vincenz (hastily to Sophie): Give it to me.

(Pours the glasses full with a trembling hand; to Sophie) Go.

(Hugo notices her again as she is about to go, smiles kindly at her, takes her softly by the hand, and leads her mysteriously to a chair at a table, into which he presses her gently and sits down opposite her.)

Vincenz (suddenly noticing her again): What are you doing here still? Have I not told you—

Hugo (putting his hand on his brother's arm): Leave her.

Vincenz (flying into a rage): She—

Hugo (with gentle force, bending mysteriously toward his brother's ear, smiling strangely): Leave her, for she belongs to me.

Vincenz: No, no!

Hugo: Leave her, I say. Poor Vincenz! There are many things yet you do not know. *(Inclines mysteriously toward him, with an air of haughtiness and cunning.)* "Autumn looks adown the slope." Take your glass and *(enclosing the glass in both his hands)*—and let us praise God the Lord! *(Raises the glass and empties it with one draft.)* Let us praise God the Lord! Brother, he who cannot do that— *(In ecstasy)* I can! Yes, I!

Vincenz: We must yield humbly.

Hugo: No! Proudly! It is with pride he wants to be praised. Proudly, boldly, rush into life so that it spurts and splashes, and sink, ay, sink and drown—underneath is the dear God, at the bottom of the sea. Dive, dive, deep below— *(more slowly)* I have dived down to God's depth. *(With mysterious fear)* From this a cold shiver sometimes passes through me. Life's depth, the deep, hidden depth of God. Thence I have hauled up the light for man. But if you do not drown first you can know nothing. Poor Vincenz! *(Filling his glass again.)* I want to praise a little more. *(Drinks quickly.)*

Vincenz: Why do you call me poor?

Hugo (giving the glass from which he had drunk to Sophie): Dear, dear girl, drink. *(Sophie takes the glass, and looks shyly at her father.)* Drink and drown! This is what you must learn, dear girl. Drown. Then you shall be blessed.

Vincenz (who had been buried in deep meditation): Why "poor"? Tell me.

Hugo: Poor Vincenz!

Vincenz (pained, as if abjuring him): Why do you say that?

Hugo: Because you have no autumn. You see?

Vincenz: Autumn?

Hugo: "Autumn looks adown the slope." As we were riding here in the carriage through the large garden where the old trees are, the leaves were already worn; the keeper said—he is a Tyrolean, a merry fellow who always has those sayings, you know, and he pointed at a yellow tree—it was all ablaze—and he said: "Autumn looks adown the slope!" He said it merrily. And, you see, it is not so with you. You have no autumn. Because you— *(Laughs.)* Of course.

Vincenz: Because what?

Hugo: Because you were afraid. But I was not. I rushed in with both my feet. Into the fire and burned myself. And smoke. And out of the smoke I emerged a new man. And again I walked in and again was burned. Burning without end. And that is why I am so yellow now

with blessedness. Like the burning trees, everything burns. Burning is life. Burn and get burned. And I am so heavy with fruit; all over me I am so laden with the ripe, blessed, blue hours, and then everything opens. Everything opens and is bestowed as a gift on the good sinner. Everything then lays itself bare and dances before me—all beings and all creations. And it is only since then that I have known it. I know it. I know since I have died that I cannot die. It only turns around. Death and life, it is the same wheel; now it is on top, now it is at the bottom, now it ascends and now it descends again. You die every day, you live forever. And everything is as you are, everywhere, upon all the suns. *(Turns suddenly to Sophie.)* You, dear girl, on you I bestow this as a gift: Live yourself to death, it is thus you praise God the Lord! Then you shall be able to do it. I praise Him because He has blessed me. I praise Him. *(Sophie looks up eagerly, drinking in his words with avidity.)*

Vincenz (throws himself violently forward, and extends his right arm across the table as if to protect Sophie): No! Leave her! Do not destroy my child!

Sophie: Father!

(Hugo rises, stretches himself to his full height, and looks domineeringly at Vincenz.)

Hugo: What is it you want?

Vincenz (unable to bear his look): My child! *(Stretches out his hand again for her involuntarily.)*

Hugo (with unspeakable contempt): You poor fool!

Vincenz (clenches his fists, panting): I? I?

Hugo: You slink off to your death! You—

Vincenz: No.

Hugo: You poor fool!

Vincenz (collecting all his power in a last effort, shouting and rushing at his brother): Get out! Away with you! Get out!

Sophie: Father, father!

(Dr. Halma enters quickly.)

(Vincenz tumbles back in fright on seeing the doctor, still gazing with intense hatred at Hugo.)

Hugo (unmoved, with extreme calmness): And yet I shall stay. Wherever I am I remain with you henceforth. I stand before you. For now it has been shown. You and I. And henceforth it shall stand forever before you. And it is now for the first time that you have cause for your envy! Now more than ever.

Vincenz (breaks down and sinks on a chair): And a whole life of duty and renunciation!

Hugo: Yes, you see, all this that you think, all this is worth nothing. Your worth is only an illusion; only in illusion is truth *(raising his index finger warningly)*. Upon life's depth, the profound depth of God. *(Goes slowly toward the doctor, his finger still raised in warning.)*

Vincenz: No, no!

Hugo (to the doctor in quite a different, timid voice, like a baby afraid of punishment): Yes, doctor, directly. *(Turning to Sophie again, beaming and with great tenderness.)* You dear girl! I bless you—from my blessed loneliness, allness, and I wish it to you. Do not question. Live! Live! Thus you praise God the Lord. *(Blesses her.)*

Vincenz (moaning): But wherefore, then? Wherefore?

Religion and Ethics

THE LOST FAITH OF CHILDHOOD

"I crave for the faith of my boyhood days; I have struggled for it; on my knees I have begged and implored for it, but it has not come." This impassioned cry from the heart of a man who has thought and suffered deeply may safely be accepted as the expression of a not uncommon mood. It appears as the climax of a letter which is printed, without signature, in a recent issue of the *New York Outlook*, and which has aroused unusual interest in the religious world. The anonymous correspondent writes:

"When I was a boy, I was quite religiously inclined. I believed everything in the Bible from Genesis to Revelation. It was the source of all my strength, comfort, and inspiration; and by obeying the precepts and injunctions of it I expected to be justified and saved. Jesus Christ, to me, was a living reality, a being whom I believed had actually come from heaven, was crucified, and rose from the dead, and who sat on the right hand of God, making intercession for all his followers here below. God was One to whom I regularly prayed, and with whom I communed as with a personal friend. When I sinned I fell upon my knees and tremblingly begged his forgiveness; a being, of human attributes, whom I feared and loved, and who had the power to raise me up or strike me dead. All these things were not myths, nor even matters of faith alone. I believed in them as much as I believed in my own existence. And from this faith came a joy, even the memory of which is enough to make life worth living. Whether my faith was false, or whether from reaction, I became a blatant and reviling infidel. Having an ear attuned to the harmony and melody of beautiful language, and especially of prose-poetry, I was attracted by the rhetoric of Ingersoll. His sophistry did not influence me much, but it led me to other works which did. Influenced more by form than substance, I read and re-read the pompous and stately language of the famous sixteenth and seventeenth chapters of Gibbon's 'Roman Empire,' which shook my faith in the authenticity of the Gospels. From Gibbon I passed to Darwin, Huxley, Wallace, Haeckel, and the materialists, whose conclusions, I foolishly believed, completely upset and destroyed all reality in revelation, and took away all my remaining faith in the Bible, Jesus Christ, or God. I am glad to say, however, that the faith of my younger days had left such an imperious influence upon my soul that, while I professed myself an infidel, I was still unsatisfied; and after groping in the dark for two or three years, I finally became convinced that I was wrong. I believe the Bible to be the Word of God, but not with the warmth and feeling with

which I used to believe it. I believe in Jesus Christ, but he is to me merely a historical personage, who means but little more to me than Plato or Aristotle. I believe in the existence of God, but this belief is purely intellectual. It has no more influence over my life than the belief in the law of gravitation. He is a vague abstraction whom I neither fear nor love. My mind, from reading works of science, has become so analytical and dissecting, even in matters of faith, that I even criticise the grammar and logic of prayers. All this I regard as a misfortune. I crave for the faith of my boyhood days; I have struggled for it; on my knees I have begged and implored for it, but it has not come."

This "pathetic letter" has provoked a lengthy editorial and much earnest correspondence in *The Outlook*. According to the editorial judgment, it expresses a longing that can never be satisfied, and but echoes the old cry, "I would I were a boy again." *The Outlook* comments further:

"The faith of childhood once lost can never be recovered. It is sometimes kept, but at too great a sacrifice. For he who boasts of a childhood faith simply bears witness against himself that, while he has grown in muscular strength, in nerve power, in intellectual capacity, in executive energy, he has not grown in his religious experience. A childhood faith is beautiful in a child; it is a dwarfed and stunted faculty in a mature man or woman. The faith of childhood is born of the child's imagination. It is an unquestioning and therefore an unreasoning faith. He makes no distinction in his own mind between what he has seen and what he has imagined. The perplexed mother need not be perplexed at his nursery tales told with such serious assurance that it is 'true, mamma.' To him what he has imagined is 'true.' He is as ready to believe in Santa Claus as in Jesus Christ, in the Arabian Nights as in the miracles of the New Testament. The reindeer and the sleigh-bells are as real to him as the Wise Men and the Shepherds. Do not undecieve him. Life will undecieve him in due time.

"But do not envy him. Do not try to go back and recapture that nursery experience. The faith of manhood is of a different sort. It is not an unquestioning but a questioned faith. It is not founded on reason; but it dares submit itself to all the tests to which reason can subject it. The crucible never yet created gold; but it tries the gold and rejects the dross. Reason never yet created faith; but it separates the true from the false. After the crucible appears but little gold, but it is pure. After the reason there appears a shorter creed, but it is vital. Credulity has done the world more harm than skepticism. The only

way to know anything is to dare to question everything."

The *Outlook's* final advice to the troubled inquirer is to "mingle in literature and in life with men of faith" and to "obey such heavenly vision as is afforded to him." "So doing," it says, "he will find the light within him, which neglect has dimmed but not wholly extinguished, gradually, and to him almost unconsciously, reviving to re-illumine his life."

With this editorial pronouncement several correspondents take issue. One reader declares that a human soul hungering for bread has been given a stone; adding: "The faith of the devout heart at seventy-seven does not materially differ from that of a child of twelve, save that, while more intelligent, it is also deeper, stronger, more full of trust, love, joy." Another correspondent says: "The writer of that letter will best find his way to a real, a manly faith, not merely by 'mingling in literature and in life with men of faith,' but by looking constantly to God for guidance and help in accordance with the promise, 'Draw nigh unto God and he will draw nigh unto thee.'" A third correspondent comments:

"That which makes the child-faith so beautiful is the simple, unquestioning acceptance of the great fact of the Fatherhood of a Personal God, whose great love is most perfectly revealed in the Person of his Son Jesus Christ, who is the Friend and Saviour of all those who put their trust in him and obey him. For such a faith as this the heart cries out not less in mature life or old age than in childhood and the loss of it is one compared with which all other losses are as nothing. And this faith can be retained. It was in the joy of this faith that Mr. Drummond endured serenely the years of illness that preceded the close of his life. It was in the inspiration of this faith that Tennyson, after the trials innumerable of a long and busy life, wrote before he died,

I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

It was this faith that was the keynote of the hymn of the Dean of Canterbury, 'Life's Answer,' which ends,

Safe to the land, safe to the land,
The end is this,
And then go with Him hand in hand
Far into bliss.

It was in the strength of this faith that Phillips Brooks wrote:

The Christ who in eternity opens the last concealment
and lays his comfort and life close to the deepest needs
of the poor, needy human heart is the same Christ that
first laid hands upon the blind eyes and made them see
the sky and flowers.

"When St. Paul says, 'When I became a man, I put away childish things,' he does not mean that the childlike faith is incompatible with the maturity of mind that belongs to manhood and

womanhood. The man of fifty loves his mother with a deeper reverence and veneration than the heart of childhood can know, but it is the child love still in the heart of the man who gives it. It included the learned ones of his day as well as His disciples when our Lord said to them, 'Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.'

"This is a faith worth having and keeping—worth fighting for, if need be, and, if lost, it is worth while to lose all else in order that it may be gained again.

"The Christian life for its maintenance requires a constant struggle with sin and temptation, and implicit obedience to the great Captain of our salvation. Does one find his faith slipping from him, or is it apparently entirely gone? Let him, with all his might, set about righting whatever may be wrong in his life. Is there an outward or inward sin to be relinquished? Let it be given up now."

A fourth correspondent writes:

"You appear to take for granted and give out the idea that all mankind must of necessity pass through these successive stages of erroneous childhood belief, then analysis and doubt, and with perhaps a rare chance of again emerging into the realization of the omnipresence of God. The letter you are answering portrays, as you say, 'a common experience'; but, while deploring the condition, why not find the solution of the difficulty in the truthful education of children? 'Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein,' are the words of the Christ. Cannot a child understand a measure of truth? Then why teach children grotesque dreams of heaven and an anthropomorphic God which cannot stand the test of reason? 'Life will undeceive him,' you say. To me that is inexpressibly pathetic; yet you omit any suggestion of regret that your inquirer did not, when a boy, comprehend as a child might that the unchanging God is Love. Your line of demarcation is so strong between 'childhood faith' and the faith of manhood yet it must be the same faith differently expressed. Nothing should be lost; nothing of good is lost. . . . I used heartily to despise Emerson's essay on Love, where he speaks of youthful passion, the endearments, the avowals, as 'deciduous,' having a prospective end, until I learned this truth that nothing is really lost; and this is beautifully illustrated in Olive Schreiner's *Dream, The Lost Joy*: when Life and Love lost their first radiant Joy, they would not give up to reclaim it that dearer being, Sympathy, the Perfect Love.

"Through childlike—not childish—acceptance of good will the despondent one come into 'the kingdom' he fancies was childhood's possession and lost."

In presenting this budget of dissentient views, *The Outlook* suggests that neither its own answer nor that of any one of its correspondents is complete or final; but that each answer contains a germ of truth and will serve to meet individual cases.

WAS JESUS REALLY A JEW?

This question, "childish" though it may seem, is far from being "a foregone conclusion," contends Prof. Julius Lippert, a distinguished ethnologist and exegetical scholar, in the *Berlin Nation*. His learned and lengthy argument, continued through several numbers of this publication, supports the theory that Jesus was not, in the strict sense, a Jew at all. He was a Galilean, probably of Syrian stock, we are told, and so was John the Baptist.

Jesus, of course, was a native of Nazareth, in Galilee. He lived there as a youth and must have been brought into constant contact with Galileans. But his disciples and interpreters, says Dr. Lippert, were determined to show that he was sprung from stock ethnically purely Jewish. This they endeavored to do by means of genealogies, and by "enshrining in tradition certain narratives concerning his circumcision and the happenings of his birth which were all adapted—from a Jewish standpoint—to set forth his Messiahship in harmony with popular preconceptions." To quote further:

"Two genealogies have come down to us, one in Matthew, the other in Luke. Neither agrees with the other in anything save the final names. Otherwise they do not coincide either in their names or in the number of them.

"The stories about the birth of Jesus inserted in Luke's gospel fail to harmonize with the very purpose of these genealogies. While the latter seek to prove his descent from Jewish lineage and especially from David, solely through *Joseph*, as the real father of Jesus, the narrative of the miraculous conception of *Mary* puts the Messiahship of Jesus in a totally different light. The miraculous conception cannot be said to be upheld by the genealogies, for they are both based on Christ's descent from *Joseph* and not from *Mary*. Only in later days did exegetical scholars extricate themselves from this difficulty by the assumption that *Joseph* and *Mary* were relatives. In that case, however, the family record must certainly have contained one more member before *Mary*; otherwise we should be led to conclude that they were brother and sister."

It is small wonder, continues Dr. Lippert, that Paul, a Jew born in the Diaspora and, a disciple of the Pharisees, sound in his knowledge of the Scriptures, held himself proudly aloof from "genealogies and fables" (I Tim. i, 4; iv, 7; Tit. iii, 9) and warned his disciples time and again against such "unprofitable" and "foolish" questionings. In Paul's eyes, Jesus was both ethnically and in his relationship to the "Law" a Jew, and for

this simple reason that he, Paul, had convinced himself of Jesus' Messiahship, while his scriptural studies provided him with ample arguments to support his contentions. "To the born Jew and Benjaminite," adds Dr. Lippert, "Jesus *must* have been both ethnically and religiously a Jew. A profane historical critic, however, cannot overlook the point that *this* testimony of Paul to Jesus' Jewish descent is based, not on historical, but on psychological considerations. In other words, it belongs to theology."

Professor Lippert goes on to make a study of the character of John the Baptist, eliminating the narrative of his childhood as given by "the later Luke," and concludes from John's own expressions of contempt for the Pharisees' pride in their ancestry, as well as from the fact of his being delivered over to Herod Antipas, Tetrarch of Galilee, and *not* to the Jerusalem authorities, that the Forerunner was, like Jesus, a Galilean.

With this the writer is, so to say, on his own ground and his analysis of the ethnological characteristics of the natives of Galilee is, perhaps, the most instructive part of this study. Far back in the days of the double kingdom these people were reproached with "limping between the two sides" (I Kings xviii, 21) that is, between the Syrian Baalim and the Jewish Elohim. Only a hundred and odd years before Christ and after a long period of Syrian rule, John Hyrcanus reconquered the land and gave its inhabitants the alternative of being circumcised or banished. That these were not Jews stands to reason, while we know, furthermore, that the "few" Jews left there had a short time previously been transplanted to Judea by Simon (I Maccabees v, 12 and 25). With the Roman conquest (63 B. C.) Galilee became again a Syrian province. Considering, under these circumstances, how difficult it must have been to determine the precise racial and religious ancestry of any family, Dr. Lippert thinks we should examine each witness in turn. Peter, he contends, was "certainly of Syrian stock, since his very speech betrayed him." An analysis of his reputed sayings and writings convinces Dr. Lippert that the apostle who declared that the "Law" was a "yoke which neither our fathers nor we were able to bear" was rather one in sympathy with the rebellious Galileans, whom even Isaiah (ix, 1) had styled heathens,

than a Jewish devotee of ancient rights. The genuine Jews justly accused him of partaking with the uncircumcised of unclean food. That long before this Jesus' disciples had held that they were not bound by the ritualistic ablutions and the strict Sabbatarian laws of the Jews, we know from the gospels. Peter, like Paul, disowns "wise fables" in his epistles, and as the sole convincing proof appeals to the transfiguration on the mountain, which, though it was not Jerusalem, he calls "holy," quite as his master had answered the question as to the comparative merit of Samaria and the Temple as a place of prayer. All indices, these, we are told, of the true liberal "Galilee of the Nations."

Coming to the personality of Jesus himself, the writer claims the same privilege accorded to Paul and to Peter of disregarding all "genealogies and fables," and from this standpoint presents Jesus as a native of Nazareth and a born Galilean to whom all that has been said of Galilean liberal tendencies and questionable ancestry applies fully. The land was filled with Jewish schools established for the propaganda of Hebraism. These were, doubtless, open to him, with the exception of that at Nazareth, where he was known as the carpenter's son, the son of Mary and one of many brothers and sisters. When he broke these ties forever (Mark iii, 32 *et seq.*) it was to dedicate himself to the new brotherhood of his disciples. What manner of men the first of these were we have seen in Peter. One of the next to be called was a man employed in the tax office, the son of Alpheus. He came from a class of people the Jews branded as "unclean," on the ground that they belonged to a foreign

nation and religion. To the disgust of the Jews, Jesus sat with such at table and ate of "unclean" dishes. Furthermore, in the eyes of the scribes he and his disciples were guilty of Sabbath breaking. He pleaded guilty to this charge, and defended his acts. His attitude toward fasting, ritualistic ablutions and legal food, as well as his solemn compact with his apostles, are characterized by Dr. Lippert as being just as typical of the Galilean as they are distinctly unhebraic. An analysis of Christ's teachings, he holds, quite as conclusively points to a non-Jewish source of their ethical groundwork.

That Jesus' native tongue was the Syrian, Professor Lippert believes is conceded by all sides; and he points out that "when left alone with himself and his God on the cross, a moment so intimately human, his tongue reverted to the childhood speech." Another link in the argument is furnished by Mark's gospel. After driving out the hucksters from the Temple (another foreign trait, since all true Jews had become accustomed to their presence there), Jesus met the objections of the scribes to his Messiahship that he must needs be the son of David, by denying the validity of their argument. In language that cannot be mistaken, he told them that he was *not* David's son.

In conclusion the learned writer remarks: "Of course we concede that our proofs and arguments are not sufficient to settle so momentous a question; but it may be that they will suffice to show that instead of being 'something everybody knows,' we are still justified in raising the question: Was Jesus a Jew?"

SOLIDARITY AS THE KEYNOTE OF TRUE RELIGION

Not from moral philosophy nor from science, not from religion as ordinarily understood, but from the growing sense of social solidarity comes the new and true gospel for humanity. So at least avers Alessandro Groppali, a vigorous and optimistic Italian thinker, whose resonant word rings over and above the pessimistic philosophies of our time like a trumpet blast.

Our modern conceptions of life, declares this Italian writer, can all be ranged under one of three categories—those of God, the individual and society. The theologian naturally re-

gards life primarily in religious terms and Groppali grants that "as the religious conception of life's meaning was the first to arise, so has it taken deepest root in man's soul." But "sweet and puissant as it may be, with its promise of immortality in a world beyond, this conception does not satisfy those who rebel at deferring all hopes until after death and are struggling to solve the problem of life by its own rules." The teaching of individualism, he proceeds, is that "life's design should be sought for in life itself"; that "life ought to be regarded from the happiest possible stand-

point"; and that "man must make use of all the treasures of his energy in the realization of a joyful exaltation of his being, in the affirmation of his powers and in the conquest of pleasures." To this doctrine of the Nietzschean school, Groppali objects: "The individual, considered in and by himself, torn from the soil of social energies which bred and formed him so variously, is a mere figment of man's mind, the product of our fancy. . . . We ourselves, consciously or unconsciously, bear within us a sum of impressions, of dispositions, of stratas of hereditary tendencies, which constitute our character and personality. . . . An indissoluble chain of solidarity, an inextricable wheelwork of reciprocal obligations, fetter and entwine all individuals who, while they live in a social order, must needs transmit something one to another, like the waves of the sea, continuing the movement of human life." The writer says further (in the *Nuova Antologia*):

"A recognition of this fact will not mean the extinction of individuality. On the contrary, it will mean that man, in becoming a more zealous fellow-worker in the great upbuilding and advancement of civilization, will become so much the greater and nobler an individual. In the intimate consent of all mankind in a common action, in the reciprocal exchange of help and services, in the sharing of defeats and victories, in the brotherhood of the same joys and the same griefs, men's souls will be purged gradually of the selfish sediment, so that they will receive and bear testimony to the heaven of ever new and higher ideals. Once illuminated by this new ray of light, enlightened by this new faith, life appears under lovelier and more attractive hues. Your ascetic, who, with gaze fixed on the vision of a faraway world which cannot be ours, isolates himself from life by totally consecrating himself to the worship of his ideal, and your "superman," who, by living solely in and for himself, deludes himself with a drunken dream of dominion, are seen to be one, at least in so far as both concepts of life are but hallucinations of minds either diseased or distraught."

As a striking proof of the benefits of this rapidly growing sense of solidarity, the writer cites the labor-union movement, which in its beginnings caused so much alarm and excited such deep suspicion, but which to-day, he thinks, must be regarded as a really beneficent factor in the progress of civilization, alike for the working man, the employer, and society as a whole. "Who ever could have imagined," he asks, "that this movement, so generally considered as the most genuine product of class-antagonism, as the principal fomentor of strikes and of conflict between employers and workers, was in the crucible of time to be

transmitted into a powerful instrument of tranquillity and peace?" This beneficial outcome is attributed to the new-born sense of solidarity. "By its organizations," says Groppali, "the proletariat exercises a reflex action for good on the industrial world, forcing the capitalist to adopt improved technical systems, and thereby intensifying production. Thus while, under the pressure of this new force on the one hand, production improves and is intensified, on the other the working classes, enabled to obtain better nourishment and more leisure to devote to their own improvement, are waxing hardier, more supple, and apter to follow the continual transformation of productive processes." In the passage of humaner laws, in charitable and philanthropic ideas based upon the idea of the uplifting effect of work instead of upon alms-giving, in international alliances of every scope, the Italian publicist also sees encouraging signs of the growth of solidarity. He adds:

"Facts have modified the prophecy of Marx, who thought that the poor must ever grow poorer and the rich richer, until the increasing exasperation of the masses, the revolutionary fermentation of the proletariat, excluded from all the joys of life, culminated in a deadly and definitive struggle. In the first faint dawn of the labor movement Marx could not either glimpse the bright morn or foresee that this same proletariat . . . was destined to exercise little by little, by means of its own organizations and its conquest of public powers, a conservative influence, and thus act as a curb upon the excesses of capitalism."

In concluding, Groppali expresses his conviction that a conception of life founded on the solidarity of mankind has all the requisites necessary to express the deeper aspirations of our souls. He says:

"Face to face with the problem which has constituted the dream and the despair of all living beings, confronted with that fearsome question of the worth and end of living, this conception is clear and decided. It says that if we wish our lives to pass by in an undying Spring . . . we must live in others and for others, with the secure conviction that the good done by us will be of advantage to ourselves likewise, by a natural and automatic repercussion. . . ."

"This doctrine which nourishes the soul with an immortality less ethereal but truer than that which as children we learned from religion or poetry, must not be regarded as a mere string of abstract concepts, but as a combination of the most vital and vibrant emotions and sentiments. It must be accepted as our viaticum on life's journey, as a rule of faith which we can live by in all glad sincerity of soul, in the fullest fervor of enthusiasm."

A PSYCHICAL EXPLANATION OF THE MIRACLES OF JESUS

The most notable document thus far published in the crusade now being carried on in Germany with a view to popularizing advanced theology (see *CURRENT LITERATURE*, January) is a cheaply issued work entitled "Jesus." Its author, Professor Bousset of Göttingen, aims to give in simple language the sum and substance of modern critical opinion concerning the founder of Christianity, and his temper is well illustrated by his attitude toward the New Testament miracles.

The gospels, as he points out, attach almost as much importance to the miracles of Jesus as to his teaching. "He taught and he healed." It is significant that Jesus took into consideration not only the spiritual interests, but also the physical sufferings of his people. He was not as hyperspiritual as many of his followers would have us believe. On the other hand, he was no social reformer. On account of his own condition, he scarcely regarded the poverty and the self-denial around him as an evil; it was wealth that he felt to be the main evil. But whenever he saw real suffering with his own eyes he rendered assistance, and whenever he found sickness and misfortune he healed.

We can call Jesus, says Professor Bousset, an extraordinarily successful physician. The skill of the physician in those days, at least in that part of the world in which Jesus lived, was of a very primitive character. People had no conception as to what was possible or impossible through this art. The physician employed all kinds of medical devices, and, at the same time, all the tricks of quackery, sympathy, sorcery, prayer, and the use of the mysterious name of God. We can call Jesus a physician who confined himself entirely to the employment of religious and spiritual methods. He spoke the healing word to the sick man, took him by the hand, put his hand upon him. This is all; only rarely does tradition mention that he made use of other means. We can call his healing method the psychical. He set the inner powers of man in motion so that they found their realization externally in the bodily life. He healed the sick and suffering through his unshaken confidence in his heavenly Father and the power that was active in him, by making others feel a similar absolute confidence in him as the messenger of God. In this way the healing method of Jesus lies entirely within the sphere of what can be psychologically un-

derstood. It is nothing absolutely unique or peculiar to himself. We find analogies throughout the history of religion, even down to our own days. We need but think of the many undeniable and amazing cures that have been effected in connection with the pilgrimages to Lourdes, or the hearing of prayers in the case of Pastor Blumhardt. Modern science attributes these successes to suggestion, auto-suggestion, hypnotism, etc.

In view of these analogies, continues the German writer, it will doubtless be wise to draw the circle of possibilities as wide as possible. We must take into consideration the masterful impression made by the personality of Jesus, the almost incalculable popular confidence in this successful physician, and the childlike naïveté of people who did not know how to mistrust that which was regarded as miraculous. But with all this, the limitations of Christ's activity are apparent, and we find that there were psychological conditions which made cures impossible. In places where there was no faith Jesus failed to effect cures. His greatest successes were achieved in connection with demoniacs. Among these unfortunates we recognize with absolute certainty the different types of lunacy, such as madness (Mark. v, 2); lethargy (Matt. xii, 22); and epilepsy (Mark ix, 17). The popular opinion was that these sicknesses were the direct result of the presence and activity of evil spirits. Jesus, a child of his own times, shared this view. He is represented as expelling demons from these sick persons. What really resulted was psychological healing, due to the quieting effect of his extraordinary soul power. It is just such cases that have always responded most readily to psychological and personal influence. Christ did not always secure permanent results. Many of his cures were doubtless of only a temporary character.

Jesus himself laid great stress on his miracles, concludes Professor Bousset, and the traditions of the gospels have made him a miracle-worker in the extraordinary and absolute sense. According to these reports, he was a superhuman Son of God, who directly affected the conditions of life and of mankind. He is even reported to have raised the dead. But upon closer examination all these supernatural miracles can be explained on a psychological basis.

THE "GREAT MORAL UPHEAVAL" NOW TAKING PLACE IN AMERICA

If it be true, as the New York *Independent* observed not long ago, that "the chief danger now threatening American civilization is a general deterioration of morals," we ought to take comfort, as a nation, in two diagnoses of our moral health recently made by English writers. Both of these writers are in the highest degree optimistic, and both intimate that something like a moral revival is going on in the United States at this moment.

The first of the two writers mentioned expresses his views in *Blackwood's Magazine* under the title, "American Morality on Its Trial." Referring to the revulsion of feeling created in this country by the life insurance scandals, he says: "There is no precedent for the wave of moral indignation that has swept over the country"; adding: "The American nation of to-day has left no room for doubt as to the force and sincerity of its protest against financial and political breach of trust." In the same article this writer says further:

"The mass of the American people are certainly as honest as those of any other country. They have quite as high a moral standard as our own, and are equally successful in living up to it. There is no simpler, purer or more rational life under the sun than that of the middle class American in his normal condition. Outside of the maelstrom of 'machine' politics or Wall Street speculation—the twin curses of the country—he can be high principled and honorable both in business and in private life. The 70 per cent. of Americans who live outside of the great cities eat the bread of honest industry and have no wish for any other. They know nothing of 'graft' and 'tainted money' except what they read in the newspapers. If they were inclined to be lax, the American woman is there to brace them up. She continues to be what she always has been—a great moral power.

"So long as the American woman holds her present position in her own household and in society there need be little fear as to the ultimate future of American morals. She is one of the sheet anchors of the country in every moral crisis, and her influence is again making itself felt to-day. There are many varieties of good women in the world: some passive and others active; some subjective and others aggressive. The good American woman is the most active and aggressive of her sex. She exercises the strictest discipline over her own family. She has the most decided convictions on social questions. In nine cases out of ten she is an anti-drinker, anti-smoker and anti-gambler. However much she may wish her children to succeed in life, she would not have them be 'boddlers' at any price."

The second writer referred to, Admiral Sir

C. A. G. Bridge, analyzes in *The Nineteenth Century* what he calls "a great moral upheaval in America." This ethical enthusiasm, he declares, has revealed itself under various forms, but the object is always the same—the purification of public life. Its most conspicuous manifestation he finds in the revolt against the boss and the political machine in many States and cities. Another phase of the movement is represented by the "investigation of the proceedings of the great insurance companies, pushed on with almost relentless fervor." A third aspect of the same moral intensity appears, according to Admiral Bridge, in the movement against the laxity of the divorce laws of several States. While dealing with this subject he indulges in the generalizations: "It may be because the Puritan ideal is not yet entirely extinct in the United States, or it may be for reasons resting on a broader base, but nothing is more offensive to Americans in general than anything tending to the degradation of the home. A much-reported scandal is not regarded by them as a good subject for conversation. If mentioned at all, it is usually mentioned with disgust: and the sayer of smart things, who in other societies is almost expected to exercise his wit upon such a matter, would, if he tried to do so in the United States, be thought and probably be made to see that he was thought stupid and vulgar." And, finally, says the admiral, a curious manifestation of the wide front of the moral revival is revealed in the many protests against the brutality of football, as played in this country. He goes on to comment:

"It is reasonable to ask why these several movements or several phases of one great movement, having what was essentially a single aim, became apparent in the year that has just closed. The answer can be given easily. The immense number of persons scattered over the vast territory of the United States who have been striving for purity of life in all its phases did not come into existence only in the second half of 1905. They had existed, in full numerical proportion to the total population, for many years. What they wanted in order to co-ordinate their efforts and give cohesion to their forces was a standard around which they might assemble, and a standard-bearer who would lead them in the great campaign on behalf of public and private morals which they were ready, and indeed eager, to fight. They have found that standard in the now generally recognised character, and that leader in the person, of President Theodore Roosevelt. No



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CHRIST AND THE WOMAN TAKEN IN ADULTERY
(By Frank V. Du Mond.)

One of ten portrayals of Christ by American painters.

President since Washington has been so generally popular or more thoroughly the President of the whole people rather than the mere chosen head of a party."

These English appreciations of our national character have led to some interesting comment in this country. The *New York Outlook* shares the admiral's view that a very real moral revival is taking place, but thinks that its causes lie far too deep to be ascribed, in any large degree, to Theodore Roosevelt's leadership:

"The moral upheaval does not depend on any one man, nor does it owe its increasing vigor and its promise for the future to any single career. It is the result of forces which have been at work for years past, and of a growing sense of the necessity of what Mr. Kidd calls 'civic self-sacrifice.' Americans have long been restive under machine politics; of late years they have been ashamed of their subservience; at last they have

become willing to pay the price of driving the boss out of public life and of separating the government of the country from its business interests. More than one 'boss' of large ability (and it has happened many times that 'bosses' have been lacking in moral insight and vigor rather than in intellectual capacity) has discerned of late years the disastrous results of what Mr. Stefens calls 'the system'—that is to say, the steady and growing seizure of the political life of the country for commercial purposes—and has deplored the tendency as one of danger. This is at the root of the greater part of our moral disorders in public and private life, of the failure of individuals and the inefficiency of the Government; and it is against this corrupt combination between business and government that the country has risen in revolt. It is weary of influence and pulls and backstairs management; of having Mr. Odell decide who shall be Governor of New York, and Mr. Aldrich make up his mind in advance what legislation shall be permitted to go through Congress. It has determined that the men into whose hands as trustees and directors great sums of money are placed shall not treat their positions as if they were mere opportunities for private speculation and money-making; that the men at the head of the party organizations shall not parcel out important positions as the spoils of politics without regard to public interests. In other words, it has determined that the United States shall lead a decent moral life; that the public shall manage its own affairs; that legislators shall regard its will and not the will of irresponsible masters; that the men to whom great interests are committed shall guard those interests sacredly, or shall suffer definite punishment if they are traitors to their trusts.

"The moral upheaval in America is the truest and most beneficent kind of a revival of religion; for what is needed even more than the filling of the churches and the swelling of gifts for religious purposes is honesty in dealing, man with man; a deep and quick sense of responsibility of the public servant to the public that trusts him; and a quickened conscience on the part of every man who holds the relation of a trustee to a group of men or to the community. It is the social conscience which has been touched, and the revival now in progress means, not primarily the saving of individual men from their sins, but the redemption of great communities and the reinvigoration of the moral life of States."

Turning to the definitely religious life of the nation, *The Outlook* discovers many more signs of moral activity. "To call this a commercial nation," it says, "has been equivalent to a severe judgment upon it;" but "as a matter of fact, there are many signs which indicate that behind this immense development of industry, commerce, and finance there is a genuine idealism." "This commercial period," it adds, "has compassed the establishment and growth of three of the most remarkable religious orders of all time—the Salvation Army, the Young Men's Christian Association, and the Young People's Society of

Christian Endeavor. Of these three one was planted and two have found most fertile soil in this commercial nation." Moreover, "this period and country have shown their character by responding to that severest of all tests of religious idealism—the summons to engage in foreign missions." Never, avers *The Outlook*, was the response to this summons more emphatic than at present; and in witness to the truth of this statement it cites the recent convention of the Student Volunteer movement. Of the history of this movement *The Outlook* says:

"Twenty years ago Mr. Dwight L. Moody invited some college students to Northfield to spend a few weeks in the study of the Bible. Out of the gathering of two hundred and fifty students there has come this movement. Originally simply an unorganized body of men with a common purpose, it is now an incorporated body. Those who make this declaration, 'It is my purpose, if God permit, to become a foreign missionary,' are known as Student Volunteers. The organization does not send out missionaries; the Volunteers all go out under their own denominational boards. Allied with this purpose of enlisting recruits for the service is that of promoting in the home land an intelligent knowledge and interest concerning the subject of foreign missions.

"Some conception of the extent of this movement may be gathered from the following facts: Up to the beginning of this year almost three thousand volunteers had sailed for the foreign field; one thousand of these have gone in the last four years. Text-books on missions have been prepared, and twelve thousand students in our colleges in over one thousand groups are studying the subject under highly qualified men. It is safe to say that never before have so many



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"HE THAT IS WITHOUT SIN AMONG YOU, LET HIM FIRST CAST A STONE"

Will H. Low's treatment of this theme is softer, and less dramatic, than that of Frank V. DuMond, shown on the opposite page.

men gone forth from our colleges with so broad a view of the forces working for and against the regeneration of the world."

NEW PORTRAYALS OF CHRIST BY AMERICAN PAINTERS

A number of Cleveland business men recently conceived the idea of collecting and exhibiting ten portraits of Christ by representative American painters. They were doubtless guided and influenced by a somewhat similar religio-artistic undertaking in Germany, a few years ago, which enlisted such talented artists as Gabriel Max, Kampf, Stucke, and others. Organized under the title "The Exhibition of American Arts Company," they invited ten well-known American painters—among them John La Farge, Kenyon Cox and Will H. Low—to embody their conceptions of Christ in life-size canvases. Each artist was left free in the details of his composition, and each was asked to contribute an interpretation of his own particular *motif*. The result-

ing pictures constitute a unique group, and are now being exhibited in New York.

Probably the most notable painting in the collection is that by Joseph Lauber, entitled: "In Him was life: and the life was the light of men." It shows a virile and impassioned Christ, standing on a hill-top illumined by the rays of the sinking sun. The artist declares that his idea was "to create a visible embodiment of an idea which is in the mind of every Christian. I have not chosen," he says, "the representation of my scene from His ministry accompanied by accessory figures, nor the Man of Sorrows, nor the traditional visionary figure remote from man, surrounded by a nimbus; what has impressed me most is the spiritual power and quietness of Christ, the giving of



Copyright, 1906 by Kenyon Cox.

"COME UNTO ME"

(By Kenyon Cox.)

self, and the love, mercy and charity He brought into this life, especially for the oppressed and those whom the world scorns."

John La Farge has painted Christ the Comforter, following the text: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me." The work is medieval, rather than modern, in spirit, and reminiscent of the early Italian school. It owes much of its charm to beautiful coloring and draperies. Mr. La Farge's Christ, remarks the *New York Times*, "has an expression steadfast and aloof. One thinks of busts of Zeus marked by an Olympian calm."

Kenyon Cox and Charles C. Curran have both taken the text, "Come unto Me"; but the treatments are widely different. The former gives us a rich study in voluptuous reds; the latter shows an ascetic Christ, clad in a single white robe which leaves the neck and right shoulder bare. Gari Melchers portrays Christ as "The Man of Sorrows," with sad mien and downcast eyes.

Will H. Low and Frank V. Du Mond have both pictured the incident of Christ and the

woman taken in adultery. Mr. Low's picture is graceful, rather than strong. He paints a young Christ in profile, under an arbor, leaning over a young woman who kneels at his feet. Mr. Low says in comment:

"In essaying to portray the figure of Christ, one is struck at the outset by the complete omission throughout the New Testament narrative of any reference to His physical appearance. Hence it is but logical to presume that, coming as a Man to men, His figure and face were devoid of aught that was visibly supernatural. On the other hand, coming from whence we know not, there has been evolved an accepted type which in many and varied instances has served the artist throughout the Christian era, and which to all mankind is recognizable as a portrayal of Christ. The splendid and majestic, the ethereally spiritualized or the careworn and sorrow-laden type of Christ offer, one and all, abundant op-



Copyright, 1906, by La Farge

"YEA, THOUGH I WALK
THROUGH THE VALLEY OF
THE SHADOW OF DEATH, I
WILL FEAR NO EVIL, FOR
THOU ART WITH ME."

(By John La Farge.)



"IN HIM WAS LIFE: AND THE LIFE WAS THE LIGHT OF MEN"

This painting, by Joseph Lauber, is probably the most notable of a group of Christ-portraits now being exhibited in New York. It shows a virile and impassioned figure standing on a hill-top illuminated by the rays of the sinking sun.

portunity to the artist. But a more simple interpretation has appealed to me. My endeavor has been to depict, in so far as a picture may translate the spoken word, His appeal to our charity of thought and judgment, as being perhaps more than any other of His utterances applicable to our everyday life. . . . Of the type of Christ I can only say that I have sought to express a man compassionate and just, gentle yet strong, one whose thoughts have left a certain impression of nobility upon a face which otherwise might pass unnoticed among the people—where He might be, as indeed He was, known as 'the son of Joseph, the carpenter.'"

Mr. Dumond's treatment of the text, "He that is without sin among you, let him cast a stone," is much more dramatic than Mr. Low's. It is strongly Oriental in feeling. Christ stands with shrouded head and uplifted hands in the door of the Temple, and Magdalen, stricken with shame and terror, writhes before him.

Frederick S. Lamb's picture has a stained-

glass-window effect, and illustrates "The Old and the New Jerusalem." He says:

"I have represented the Christ on the mountain with the old city, Jerusalem, at his feet. The time is late afternoon, and He is supposed to have gone to the mountain for meditation and prayer. While intent upon the thought of the saving of the 'Old Jerusalem' there comes to Him the vision of the New. This is depicted in the picture behind the head, and forms in the sky a cross, suggesting the sacrifice which He must make in order to achieve redemption for the world."

There remain George Hitchcock's "Christ, the Preacher," and William H. Crane's "Thy Will be Done." The first shows a sorrowful figure against a sunny orchard, with radiant flowers. The second is a picture of Christ in Gethsemane, praying in the dusk under a tree.

As a whole, the ten paintings are conceded to be strikingly beautiful and impressive. They will be shown for several weeks in New York, and then exhibited in other cities.

A REVOLT AGAINST CHURCH AUTHORITY IN GERMANY

The spirit that prompted the separation of church and State in France seems to have spread to Germany, where all at once a number of movements have sprung up with the one purpose of persuading the people to leave the churches *en masse*. The unique feature of this propaganda lies in the fact that it does not emanate from governmental sources, but is rather directed against the government. Moreover, the agitation is confined to the liberal and radical sections of the church, and is based on alleged favoritism shown by the State to the conservative party.

Perhaps the most noteworthy expression of this movement is that embodied in a widely circulated appeal recently issued by students of the great Universities of Berlin and Leipsic, asking the professors and the students to sever their connection with the church on the ground that the principles of the latter are antagonistic to the independence of research and thought demanded by "academic freedom." From this manifesto we quote the following characteristic extracts:

The independence of German thought, secured at so great a cost, is in danger. Our opponents are determined and outspoken, and to a great extent have secured the ear and the influence of those in authority in the State. University men, both professors and students, are largely to

blame for the present deplorable condition of affairs. This weakness of character in modern university life will in the end poison the people and produce intellectual decay. University freedom implies absolute independence of any authority in matters of thought and science, also in religious questions. For this reason a genuine university man can never honestly accept any religious creed or confession. The vast majority of German professors and students have as a matter of fact already broken with the church; and all that is now asked of them is that they be honest enough to discard their mask and to abandon religious profession. Accordingly, we ask all of the non-theological professors to leave the church in a body and to insist upon the theological faculty being taken out of the university teaching corps, since what it teaches is in the nature of the case inconsistent and incompatible with the canons and spirit of modern independence of thought and research.

Academic Fellow-Citizens: The undersigned have formally severed their connection with the church and ask you to do the same. Only a general exodus of the university men out of the churches can free the people from confessional control through the State.

Another appeal, but of a different kind, is found in the *Neue Gesellschaft*, the socialistic organ of former pastor Paul Goehre. It urges all who believe in independence in religious matters to leave the church, on the ground that the new school law will put the schools and thereby the education of the coming genera-

tion entirely in the hands of the clergy and the church. The appeal, while directed strongly against the church, claims to be issued in the interest of true religion. The schools and popular education, this document declares, must be absolutely independent of church control and must be secular in character. The public schools, it says further, have no business to impart religious instructions, and if tens or hundreds of thousands declare to the government that they will sooner leave the churches than submit to the new school law, the State will take sober second thought and make haste slowly.

By no means all of the advocates of liberal religious thought recognize this "appeal" as expressing their views. The *Christliche Welt* (Marburg), the leading popular organ of advanced theology in Germany, moderately, yet firmly, expresses its dissent from the Goehre agitation.

Still different in character is a public appeal issued by the authorities of the Free Religious Congregation in Berlin. This document also takes the new school law for a text, and urges upon the liberal-minded people of Germany the necessity of declaring officially the dissolution of their connection with the church. In this way, it says, they can rid themselves of the church taxes which otherwise they will be compelled to pay. It closes with the words: "He

who has inwardly broken with the church should now have the courage openly to confess his convictions!" It is noteworthy that this appeal, although coming from a nominally Christian congregation, asks the Jews also to break away from the synagogue, and offers those who are unable to pay the court expenses attending such a step the necessary funds.

All these appeals are better understood when it is remembered that in Germany State and church are united, and that everybody is born into some religious communion and continues to be regarded as a member all his life, unless he formally and legally severs his connection. This the Germans are singularly loath to do, and even the propaganda of the radical Social Democrats has failed to draw any great number out of the churches. The Germans want to be, nominally at least, religious.

A new organization, called "Monisten Verein," devoted to the advocacy of the radical anti-Christian philosophy of Haeckel, of Jena, is in reality also directed against the church, although nominally of a scientific character. Haeckel, the *alter ego* of Darwin in Germany, and author of "The Riddle of the Universe," has been nothing if not a pronounced enemy of the church, and the new society, of which he is the president and leading spirit, is altogether at one with him in this respect.

THE SCHOOLS OF JERUSALEM

Jerusalem, the sacred city of the three great monotheistic religions of the world, Christianity, Judaism and Mohammedanism, has through the agency of these religions become in recent years a noteworthy educational center. In the middle ages it was well supplied with prominent Mohammedan schools. They were found chiefly in the immediate surroundings of the old Temple Place, the present Haram, and attracted pupils and students from the entire Mohammedan world. When in 1517 the Turks gained possession of the Holy Land these schools fell into decay. There was no revival of the educational interests in the city until the second half of the last century, when various societies and churches of Protestantism went vigorously to work to establish schools. In a spirit of rivalry and imitation the other religious communions followed their

example. As a result, an exceptionally large number of schools have in recent years been established in Jerusalem, and are exercising great influence over the intellectual and spiritual status of the city.

To the *Bote aus Zion*, a German quarterly published in Jerusalem in the interest of the great Syriac orphan homes established by the late Pastor Schneller, we are indebted for the above facts. The same paper makes it clear that the Mohammedans, while at present the dominant power in Palestine, are not in the majority in Jerusalem, where they number only about 6,000 souls and have only four schools. Three of these are of the common grade, and one is a higher institution of learning. In the last mentioned there is an enrolment of 120 boys and youths, who, through the medium of the Arabic language, are taught the Koran,

and in addition study the Turkish and the French languages, mathematics, geography, and history. One of the common schools is for girls, with 350 in attendance, and the other two for boys, with an enrolment of 480. In these elementary schools, too, the Koran is the basis for work done in reading, writing and memorizing. Compulsory attendance is the rule for the boys.

Historically, the Greek Orthodox Church takes the precedence among the different Christian communions represented in Jerusalem. In Palestine as a whole this church reports some 90 schools with 4,500 pupils. The Greeks in Jerusalem number about 5,000 souls, and have established five schools—two higher academies preparing boys for entrance into a priest's seminary—two day-schools of an elementary character, and a school for small children. The seminary itself is near Jerusalem with 70 students enrolled. The two day-schools are attended by 250 boys and 120 girls.

The Roman Catholic Church has been established in the Holy Land since the crusades, and its adherents are generally known as the Latin Christians. They report one theological seminary with 30 students and three elementary schools for boys and four for girls, each in charge of some special order or organization of the church.

The best results have undoubtedly been accomplished by Protestants, and are closely identified with the revered name of Bishop Gobat, of Jerusalem. The Protestants have a normal school in connection with a Syriac orphan home, with 16 male students, and a newly established girls' Normal School managed by the Kaiserswert Deaconesses. The boys' school of the Orphans' Home has an enrolment of 230, and the girls' school of 123.

Among these 15 are blind. In addition there are four other Protestant day-schools and a school for small children. English Protestantism is very active in educational work. The Church Mission Society has a high school and an elementary school for boys and one for girls, the last mentioned with an enrolment of 300. The London Jewish Mission Society also controls two such schools; and the strict Episcopalians in the American colony support religious schools of their own.

Of the other Christian sects, only the Armenians and the Russians have schools of their own in the sacred city. The former maintain a theological seminary with 75 students, and boys' and girls' schools with 130 pupils; while the Russians have only a single school, for small children. The inactivity of the latter in this regard is remarkable, especially in view of the fact that the Orthodox Church is doing so much for schools in other portions of Palestine.

Jerusalem is rapidly again becoming a Jewish city, and the Jews are doing much for the education of their children, although it is almost impossible to secure reliable statistics on the subject. Most of the Jewish schools are of the Talmud type, and several prepare young men for rabbinical positions. The best are those controlled by the "Alliance Israelite," with which manual training is often connected.

Statistics show that about one out of every six or seven of the inhabitants of Jerusalem is attending school. Not a few of the pupils come from outside the city or from abroad. In Jerusalem itself, however, there are about 9,000 children between six and fourteen years, and of a proper age to attend school. On this basis the population of the city is doubtless about 60,000.

THE NAIVE RELIGION OF THE GREEKS

"The Greeks are ever children," Herodotus once said, and the words might serve as a text for G. Lowes Dickinson's new and brilliant study* of Greek life and thought. Children of genius they may have been, with creative powers that belong to maturity and not to childhood, but children they nevertheless were, facing the world and its problems with the bright eyes and wondering gaze of childhood.

Nothing could be more naive than the Greek idea of deity. Facing the mysterious manifestations of the natural world—the fire that burns, the water that drowns, the tempest that harries and destroys—and asking himself, What is this persistent, obscure, unnamable Thing? the Greek replied: "It is something like myself." And so every power of nature he presumed to be a spiritual being, impersonating the sky as Zeus, the earth as Demeter, the sea as Poseidon. Says Mr. Dickinson:

*THE GREEK VIEW OF LIFE. By G. Lowes Dickinson. McClure, Phillips & Co.

"From generation to generation under his shaping hands, the figures multiply and define themselves; character and story crystallise about what at first were little more than names; till at last, from the womb of the dark enigma that haunted him in the beginning, there emerges into the charmed light of a world of ideal grace a pantheon of fair and concrete personalities. Nature has become a company of spirits; every cave and fountain is haunted by a nymph; in the ocean dwell the Nereids, in the mountain the Oread, the Dryad in the wood; and everywhere, in groves and marshes, on the pastures or the rocky heights, floating in the current of the streams or traversing untrodden snows, in the day at the chase and as evening closes in solitude fingering his flute, seen and heard by shepherds, alone or with his dancing train, is to be met the horned and goat-footed, the sunny-smiling Pan.

"Thus conceived, the world has become less terrible because more familiar. All that was incomprehensible, all that was obscure and dark, has now been seized and bodied forth in form, so that everywhere man is confronted no longer with blind and unintelligible force, but with spiritual beings moved by like passions with himself. The gods, it is true, were capricious and often hostile to his good, but at least they had a nature akin to his; if they were angry, they might be propitiated; if they were jealous, they might be appeased; the enmity of one might be compensated by the friendship of another; dealings with them, after all, were not so unlike dealings with men, and at the worst there was always a chance for courage, patience and wit."

The Greek view of death and a future life was scarcely less naive. It partakes of the ghostly imaginings of childhood. Greek religion taught the survival of the spirit after death; but this survival, as described in the Homeric poems, is merely that of a phantom and a shade, a bloodless and colorless duplicate of the man as he lived on earth. On no people has the shadow of death fallen with more horror than upon the Greeks. "The tenderest of their songs of love close with a sob; and it is an autumn wind that rustles in their bowers of spring." Quoting the account of Odysseus' meeting with his mother's ghost—how he sprang toward her and was minded to embrace her, but she "flitted from his hands" with cries and lamentation that "the sinews no more bind together the flesh and the bones"—Mr. Dickinson says:

"From such a conception of the life after death little comfort could be drawn; nor does it appear that any was sought. So far as we can trace the habitual attitude of the Greek he seems to have occupied himself little with speculation, either for good or evil, as to what might await him on the other side of the tomb. He was told indeed in his legends of a happy place for the souls of heroes, and of torments reserved for great criminals; but these ideas do not seem to have haunted his imagination. He was never obsessed by that

close and imminent vision of heaven and hell which overshadowed and dwarfed, for the medieval mind, the brief space of pilgrimage on earth. Rather he turned, by preference, from the thought of death back to life, and in the memory of honourable deeds in the past and the hope of fame for the future sought his compensation for the loss of youth and love."

A hierarchy of anthropomorphic deities, ruling the world as much by whim and caprice as by wisdom, left no room for either a sense of sin or a sense of duty. Mr. Dickinson states it as a distinguishing characteristic of the Greek religion that "it did not concern itself with the conscience at all; the conscience, in fact, did not yet exist, to enact that drama of the soul with God which is the main interest of the Christian, or at least of the Protestant faith." The writer says further:

"To the Puritan, the inward relation of the soul to God is everything; to the average Greek, one may say broadly, it was nothing; it would have been at variance with his whole conception of the divine power. For the gods of Greece were beings essentially like man, superior to him not in spiritual nor even in moral attributes, but in outward gifts, such as strength, beauty, and immortality. And as a consequence of this his relations to them were not inward and spiritual, but external and mechanical. In the midst of a crowd of deities, capricious and conflicting in their wills, he had to find his way as best he could. There was no knowing precisely what a god might want; there was no knowing what he might be going to do. If a man fell into trouble, no doubt he had offended somebody, but it was not so easy to say whom or how; if he neglected the proper observances no doubt he would be punished, but it was not everyone who knew what the proper observances were. Altogether it was a difficult thing to ascertain or to move the will of the gods, and one must help oneself as best one could. The Greek, accordingly, helped himself by an elaborate system of sacrifice and prayer and divination, a system which had no connection with an internal spiritual life, but the object of which was simply to discover and if possible to affect the divine purposes."

Moral virtue the Greeks conceived not as obedience to an external law, a sacrifice of the natural man to a power that in a sense is alien to himself, but rather as the tempering into due proportion of the elements of which human nature is composed. The good man was the man who was beautiful—beautiful in soul. "Virtue," says Plato, "will be a kind of health and beauty and good habit of the soul; and vice will be a disease and deformity and sickness of it." Such being the conception of virtue among the Greeks, it follows that the motive to pursue it can hardly have presented itself to them in the form of what we call the "sense of duty." As Mr. Dickinson puts it:

"Duty emphasises self-repression. Against the desires of man it sets a law of prohibition, a law which is not conceived as that of his own complete nature, asserting against a partial or disproportioned development the balance and totality of the ideal, but rather as a rule imposed from without by a power distinct from himself, for the mortification, not the perfecting, of his natural impulses and aims. Duty emphasises self-repression; the Greek view emphasised self-development. That 'health and beauty and good habit of the soul,' which is Plato's ideal, is as much its own recommendation to the natural man as is the health and beauty of the body. Vice, on this view, is condemned because it is a frustration of nature, virtue praised because it is her fulfillment; and the motive throughout is simply that passion to realise oneself which is commonly acknowledged as sufficient in the case of physical development, and which appeared sufficient to the Greeks in the case of the development of the soul."

From such reasoning as this it appears clearly enough that the Greek ideal was far removed from asceticism; but it might be argued, on the other hand, that it came dangerously near to license. "Nothing, however," says Mr. Dickinson, "could be further from the case." That there were libertines among the Greeks, as everywhere else, he argues, goes without saying; but the conception that the Greek view of life was to follow impulse and abandon restraint is characterized as a figment of would-be "Hellenists" of our own time. "The word which best sums up the ideal of the Greeks is 'temperance';" and "the self-realization to which they aspired was not an anarchy of passion, but an ordered evolution of the natural faculties under the strict control of a balanced mind." In illustration of his point, Mr. Dickinson refers to the treatment of pleasure in the philosophy of Plato and of Aristotle:

"The practice of the libertine is to identify pleasure and good in such a manner that he pursues at any moment any pleasure that presents itself, eschewing comparison and following the flow of vivid and fresh sensations which he postulates as the end of life. The ideal of the Greeks, on the contrary, as interpreted by their two greatest thinkers, while on the one hand it is so far opposed to asceticism that it requires pleasure as an essential complement of Good, on the other, is so far from identifying the two, that it recognizes an ordered scale of pleasures, and while rejecting altogether those at the lower end, admits the rest, not as in themselves constituting the Good, but rather as harmless additions or at most as necessary accompaniments of its operation. Plato, in the *Republic*, distinguishes between the necessary and unnecessary pleasures, defining the former as those derived from the gratification of appetites 'which we cannot get rid of and whose satisfaction does us good'—such, for example, as the appetite for wholesome food; and the latter as those which

belong to appetites 'which we can put away from us by early training; and the presence of which, besides, never does us any good, and in some cases does positive harm,—such, for example, as the appetite for delicate and luxurious dishes. The former he would admit, the latter he excludes from his ideal of happiness. . . . His general contention that pleasures must be ranked as higher and as lower, and that at the best they are not to be identified with the Good, is fully accepted by so typical a Greek as Aristotle. Aristotle, however, is careful not to condemn any pleasure that is not definitely harmful. Even 'unnecessary' pleasures, he admits, may be desirable in themselves; even the deliberate creation of desire with a view to the enjoyment of satisfying it may be admissible if it is not injurious. Still, there are kinds of pleasures which ought not to be pursued, and occasions and methods of seeking it which are improper and perverse. Therefore the Reason must be always at hand to check and to control; and the ultimate test of true worth in pleasure, as in everything else, is the trained judgment of the good and sensible man."

This elemental conception of life, beautiful, as it was, both in itself and its fruitage, contained the elements of its own dissolution. "The eating of the tree of knowledge," says Mr. Dickinson, "drove the Greeks from their paradise." The harmony which was the dominant feature in their consciousness and "the distinguishing characteristic of their epoch in the history of the world" was "nevertheless, after all, but a transitory and imperfect attempt to reconcile elements whose antagonism was too strong for the solution thus proposed." It depended on an assumption of anthropomorphic gods which was too childish to bear the light of reason. It was a harmony for life, but not for death. Mr. Dickinson concludes:

"With the Greek civilisation beauty perished from the world. Never again has it been possible for a man to believe that harmony is in fact the truth of all existence. The intellect and the moral sense have developed imperative claims which can be satisfied by no experience known to man. And as a consequence of this the goal of desire which the Greeks could place in the present, has been transferred, for us, to a future infinitely remote, which nevertheless is conceived as attainable. Dissatisfaction with the world in which we live and determination to realise one that shall be better, are the prevailing characteristics of the modern spirit. The development is one into whose meaning and end this is not the place to enter. It is enough that we feel it to be inevitable; that the harmony of the Greeks contained in itself the factors of its own destruction; and that in spite of the fascination which constantly fixes our gaze on that fairest and happiest halting-place in the secular march of man, it was not there, any more than here, that he was destined to find the repose of that ultimate reconciliation which was but imperfectly anticipated by the Greeks."

Science and Discovery

SURPRISES OF HEREDITY AS SHOWN IN ROYAL PEDIGREES

Nothing could be more unfounded, in view of recent expert research, than the popular idea of royalty as degenerate through intermarriages. Certain degenerations may be notorious in certain royal families, but, says Dr. Frederick Adams Woods, lecturer in the biological department of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the frequency of intermarriage is not the cause. It is not among degenerate families only, like the royalties of Spain and Portugal, that one finds wedlock entered into by near kin, observes Dr. Woods in his statistical study of royal heredity just issued.* Such intermarriages are apparently

equally common in families which have given us the highest mental and moral grades, namely, Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, Hohenzollern and Nassau-Dietz. The parents of Frederick the Great and of his remarkable brothers and sisters were own cousins. The great Queen Isabella came from strongly inbred ancestry, and Ernest the Pious is many times in the pedigree of the excellent house of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. Furthermore, Dr. Woods avers in his carefully compiled volume that the Romanoff degeneracy and Swedish royal eccentricities were neither caused nor perpetuated by the close marriage of kin. All this agrees with the generally accepted scientific opinion of the present day, says Dr.

*MENTAL AND MORAL HEREDITY IN ROYALTY. By Frederick Adams Woods, M.D. Henry Holt & Co.



FROM THE BEST OF ROYAL PEDIGREES

They are Princess Victoria of Wales and her brothers Albert and George. The house of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, declares Doctor Woods, has the cleanest and best pedigree to be found in all royalty.



TYPES OF POSSIBLE MENTAL UNBALANCE

Princess Marie of Greece and her daughters Nina and Xenia. Their hereditary factors include wonderful intellectual brilliance modified by tendency to psychoneurosis.



HEIRESS OF A DREAMING PROPENSITY

The German Emperor's only daughter, still a girl in short dresses, should love poetry and art.

Woods, although he admits that popular opinion is to the contrary.

Nor can any degeneration that may exist in twentieth-century royalty be rightly ascribed to its exceptional and exalted position, according to the many inferences drawn in Dr. Woods's work. Degeneration has occurred only in certain branches, he says. That degeneration may always be accounted for by pollution of the blood of the male line through marriage with a family in which a degeneration was then existing, or some constant artificial selection of the worst types rather than the best. While some branches were deteriorating, others equally blue-blooded (Prussia, Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, Nassau-Dietz, Mecklenburg, Denmark, Austria and modern Portugal) were holding their own or actually rising in mental and moral tone.

It would be a simple matter to take any royal child now living and mathematically calculate its mental and moral future within limits not too narrow to be practical. That is made clear by Dr. Woods's coefficients of correlation and his application of the law of ancestral heredity, into the technical side of which it is unnecessary to enter. At this point it suffices to consider what Dr. Woods deems a popular misconception concerning the value of hereditary influence—a mistake,

he thinks very frequently made. Many people argue that great geniuses, coming as they frequently do from humble families—Franklin and Lincoln, for instance—discount our beliefs in mental heredity. But the cases of such men should only strengthen our reliance on this same force. We should consider the thousands, indeed, millions, of mediocrities who have to be born from mediocrities before one mind of the type of Franklin's is produced. That they rise superior to their circumstances is a proof of the inborn nature of their minds and characters. A man of this sort represents a combination of the best from many ancestors. "It would be possible in a great many throws to cast a large number of dice so that they would all fall aces. But here, in certain regions of royalty, as among the Montmorencys and Hohenzollerns, where the dice are loaded—such a result may be expected in a large percentage of throws." That is, the ancestors of any given generation had been selected with very great care. The result vindicates the science of heredity in the mental and moral sphere as strikingly as the Hapsburg lip vindicates heredity in the physiognomical sphere. Says Dr. Woods:

"In tracing the facial peculiarities of the three families of Spain, France and Austria, the great, swollen underlip of the Hapsburgs offers such a distinct feature that other traits of physiognomy may as well be neglected. This swollen, pro-



PRINCES OF PROMISING PEDIGREE

Children of Prince Charles of Hesse, a house exerting, by its high qualities during many generations, an uplifting influence on all the stocks with which it has blended.



The family of the Crown Prince of Portugal had been decaying for some generations, but it has revived.



Prince Edward of Wales has the best of royal blood in him.



Archduke Carl Franz of Austria shows the Hapsburg lip less prominently than does the King of Spain.

truding lip was in the sixteenth century, in its original type, usually combined with a long, heavy under jaw, as one sees in the Emperor Charles V. Later the jaw became more nearly normal, though the lip still persisted and can be traced, with its varying degrees of intensification, through no less than eighteen generations, coming out in at least seventy of the various descendants.

"Its first appearance, according to history, was in Cymburga, who was born in the last part of the fourteenth century and became the wife of Ernest, the second patriarch of the house of Hapsburg. In its latest manifestation it appears at the present day with diminished strength and modified form in the young King of Spain. This is a remarkable instance of the force of heredity in perpetuating a physical trait and has been thought to be an example of prepotency, the male line being able to transmit a deeply rooted peculiarity, the features from the maternal side having no influence in counteracting it. As an example of prepotency, the Hapsburg lip was cited by Darwin."

Turning from physical to moral characteristics, Dr. Woods finds the best pedigree in all royalty to be possessed by the present King of England, his son, the Prince of Wales, and the children of the Prince of Wales. Or, to use Dr. Woods's own more scientific language, the family of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha (with the death of Queen Victoria the House of Hanover came to an end and Edward VII inaugurated the reign of the house of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha) shows that the assumption of high rank and power and the consequent opportunity for ease and luxury do not in the least tend to degeneracy of the stock. But the good qualities of the royal breed must be kept up with marriages to stocks of equal value and no vicious elements must be introduced. Dr. Woods adds:

"Albert, the lamented consort of Queen Victoria, was, as everyone knows, a highly cultivated, earnest and noble man, a devoted husband and an enthusiastic reformer in all affairs related to the public good. Well versed in science and literature, he was also an accomplished musician. Did he come by this character through inheritance? It will be seen that traits like Albert's are written all over his family pedigree."

"This group is remarkable for its virtues and bent towards literature, science and art. It is not that the dukes in the male line have shown such a tendency in a marked degree, but it is that at each step going back the pedigree gives us in many stems examples of idealists, poets and dreamers."

"We see that after two hundred and fifty years the same traits exist because there has never been a time when blood of another sort was introduced to contaminate or dilute it."

It can be shown, from the pedigrees of



Princess Elizabeth of Greece comes of a stock noted for pious women.



This little Crown Prince of Norway has in his veins blood indicating in its possessor high ideality.



The Crown Prince of Saxony ought to be romantic in temperament.

all the royal children in Europe, if Dr. Woods be correct in his conclusions, that no royal family has been able to maintain itself without degeneration unless it has taken a good share of Saxe-Coburg blood. The good qualities of royalty, if due to heredity at all, in Austria, England, Germany, Belgium and Bulgaria, are largely due to this strain of the

Saxe-Coburg blood. It probably saved the Bourbons in Portugal. Thus, says Dr. Woods, in tracing the pedigree and in accounting for the virtue of the consort of Queen Victoria we find the theory of moral and mental heredity sustained in his case as well as in the others. Inbreeding did not affect the result except for good.

NEW EVIDENCE OF MAN'S AFFINITY WITH THE ANTHROPOID APE

The close relation of man to the anthropoid apes has lately raised in a remarkable degree the market price of these creatures. Every living specimen that reaches Europe is now bid for through letter, cable and telegram, by workers at medical problems in Paris, London and Berlin. This information is supplied by Dr. Saleeby in his remarkable study of evolution as "a cosmic generalization."* The nearest animals to man, explains Dr. Saleeby, are the chimpanzee, the gorilla, the orang-outang and the gibbon. They are the four existing types of anthropoid ape. No amount of correction, complains our evolutionist, will apparently destroy the popular error that man is descended from one or other of these apes. This, we are reminded by Dr. Saleeby, has never been even suggested by any biologist. What all biologists believe is that man and certain of these apes have a common ancestor. Both Darwin and Huxley thought the chimpanzee and the gorilla to be the apes most nearly related to man. The prevalent opinion inclines to give the preference, we read also, to the chimpanzee.

However, there is general agreement with the conclusion of Darwin that man, the gorilla and the chimpanzee are derived from a common ancestor. That common ancestor is now extinct. What his characteristics were can only be faintly guessed at. He may, thinks Dr. Saleeby, have more nearly resembled the gibbon than any other existing form.

Now, the older evidence for man's relation to the anthropoid ape is familiar to all. He resembles them in physical structure to an extent almost incredible. He shares with the chimpanzee and with the gorilla some three hundred structural features which are not possessed even by any of the lowest order of monkeys. Man's earlier stages of development are quite indistinguishable from those of the anthropoid apes. Very little was known in the earlier days of evolution regarding the embryology of anthropoid apes. But recently there have been discovered two noteworthy facts which may prove of great scientific importance and which certainly possesses incalculable interest:

"In the first place, it has recently been found that there is a whole series of diseases which are common to man and the anthropoid apes, but which attack no lower animal. For long these



Courtesy of Harper & Brothers.

THE LATEST INTERPRETER OF EVOLUTION

Dr. C. W. Saleeby insists in his new work, "Evolution, the Master-Key," that religious dogma is forever exploded and that Spencer founded "the cosmic generalization" upon which all truth reposes.

*EVOLUTION: THE MASTER KEY. A Discussion of the Principle of Evolution as Illustrated in Atoms, Stars, Organic Species, Mind, Society and Morals. By C. W. Saleeby, M. D. Harper & Brothers.

were thought to be peculiar to man alone, but Metchnikoff and his fellow-workers at the Pasteur Institute have shown that certain of them can be communicated to the anthropoid ape and that protective or curative sera can be produced in this fashion. This fact clearly points to a profound resemblance in the bodily chemistry—a physiological similarity no less striking than the anatomical resemblances so familiar—of man and these creatures.

"The second recent discovery points in the same direction. It has lately been shown that the blood of each species of animal differs radically from that of every other. Hitherto it has hardly been possible for the expert, summoned to give evidence in a trial for murder, let us say, to decide whether or not specimens of blood submitted to him are human or not. Mammalian blood could be distinguished from, say, the blood of birds, by means of the characteristic shape of the blood corpuscles which is common to all mammals save the camel; but to distinguish between the blood of man and a dog was often impossible. Now, however, it has been shown that when the blood of a given animal, say a dog, is

injected into the blood vessels of an animal of another kind, such as a cat, the red corpuscles of the cat are destroyed and disintegrated; whereas, if the dog's blood be injected into another dog, no such disintegration occurs. Hence, in distinguishing between the blood of a man and a dog it is only necessary to make a sterile solution of the blood stain and inject it into a dog. If 'hæmolysis' occurs, the blood cannot be canine; if it does not, the blood must certainly be canine. Now the astonishing and even bizarre fact is that the blood of the anthropoid ape gives the characteristic human reaction, while the blood of the lower monkeys does not. In other words, the blood of man and of the anthropoid ape are identical when judged by this, the most subtle and delicate of all known tests.

"To the evidence of anatomy in favor of man's intimate relationship with the anthropoid ape there has, therefore, been added that of comparative pathology, of embryology and of physiological chemistry. Many other facts might be adduced, such as the recent discovery that a function hitherto thought to be characteristic of the human female is also displayed by the anthropoid ape."

THE GREATEST ASTRO-PHYSICIST OF THE AGE

The most responsible position, as well as the highest honor that can be conferred in this country upon a man of science was held, *The Popular Science Monthly* is inclined to think, by Samuel Pierpont Langley, the lately deceased secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. Probably Langley's greatest work, says our contemporary, is connected with the heat of the sun and the infra-red rays of the spectrum. But perhaps his researches in aerodynamics are more generally known to the newspaper-reading public. His theoretical and experimental contributions to the subject of what popular parlance describes as flying-machines is pronounced fundamentally important likewise. In fact, writes Professor Fisher in the *London Mail*, Langley, with the aid of a huge swirling table, by means of which he could test the lifting power of a given aeroplane set at different angles and driven at varying speeds, discovered the fundamental law of flight, which is called by his name. Langley's law tells us that the faster a flying-machine travels the less energy will be needed to keep it afloat.

But whatever Langley may have contributed to the sum total of our knowledge in other lines, declares Dr. William Hallock, of Columbia University, in *The New York Times*, the lately deceased scientist will be

best and most gratefully remembered by scientific men as the inventor of the bolometer and the pioneer investigator of the distribution of energy in the solar spectrum. That is, on the whole, the verdict of *London Nature* and of the French and German scientific press, where he is pronounced a physicist of world-wide reputation and perhaps the most eminent American figure in the domain of pure science. The bolometer is deemed his greatest single triumph. This instrument is defined by *The Scientific American* as a thermometer of almost infinite tenuity, measuring radiant heat with an accuracy that has never been excelled. In its more recent forms the instrument can detect differences of temperature amounting to no more than the one-millionth part of a degree on an ordinary thermometer. To quote:

"In the hands of Langley, the bolometer demonstrated experimentally that the maximum heat in the normal spectrum lies in the orange and not in the infra-red spectrum, as commonly supposed. Before the invention of the bolometer the distribution of heat in the spectrum was almost entirely unknown. In the course of three years' patient work, however, Langley completed a map of the principal lines of the heat spectrum and thereby furnished new material for a study of the interaction of solar heat and terrestrial atmosphere. What Kirchhoff did for the upper

rays of the spectrum Langley accomplished for the lower spectrum.

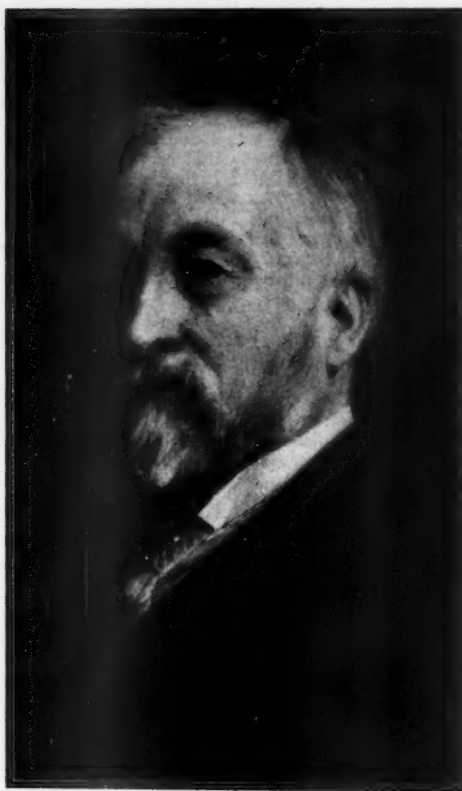
"One important result of all these bolometric investigations was the discovery that the earth's atmosphere acted with selective absorption to a remarkable degree, keeping back an immense proportion of blue and green, so that which was originally the strongest became, when it reached us, the weakest of all, and what was originally weak became relatively strong. The action of the atmosphere is just the converse of that of an ordinary sieve, or like that of a sieve which should keep back small particles analogous to the short wave lengths (blue and green) and allow freely to pass the larger ones (the dark heat rays). Langley, therefore, proved that white is not the sum of all radiations as we used to be taught, but that it resembles pure original sunlight less than the electric beam which has come to us through reddish-colored glasses resembles the original brightness."

So exquisite is the bolometer that, as Langley himself said, "If you look at it, a large deflection will result." The heat of the observer's face would be registered, or at least traceable in the record. Dr. William Hallock, a scientist who had all possible facilities for estimating Langley as man and scientist, writes in *The New York Times*, in a study already referred to:

"The temperature of the surface of the moon and the phenomena transpiring upon the surface of the sun were questions to whose answering he contributed materially.

"Few know or realize that it is to him that we primarily owe our present system of standard time, as used by the railroads first, and now by everybody. It was his bolometer and his careful experimentation which showed that the despised little fire-fly has a lighting plant which uses all its energy for visible light, whereas most of the lighting devices used by man waste at least 99 per cent. of the energy consumed.

"It is then in these domains of astrophysics that his real services to science lie, where, following the meagre and uncertain steps of Melloni, he led physicists into a field which has been gleaned



Courtesy of *The Scientific American*.

OUR GREATEST SCIENTIST SINCE FRANKLIN

Samuel Pierpont Langley, although popularly known as a maker of flying machines, was a famous physicist.

by many since and which has furnished the most important contributions to practical and theoretical physics in the past score of years."

Langley's first important contribution to aeronautics was based upon the observation that birds keep themselves up by pressure of the air on the under surface of their wings, kite like. Langley showed that this upward pressure might be attained in two different ways. First (to follow the article of Prof. W. E. Garrett Fisher in the *London Mail*), the bird's wing may strike down upon the air, which happens in what is known as flapping flight. But, secondly, the pressure may be provided by the internal work of the wind itself, and in this case we have soaring flight. Examples of both kinds are seen in the case of the sea-gull. On rising

from the water, the gull flaps its wings strongly, in order to lift itself the first few difficult feet. But once up in the air, it swings round in large circles and spirals, with no apparent effort, its wings remaining almost motionless, and only being inclined at varying angles in order to meet the changing currents of the wind. It is this soaring flight that all the practical inventors of flying-machines have set themselves to imitate in accordance with Langley's law and the discoveries made by Langley.

Langley was the one American scientist of his day who possessed an international reputation in the popular as well as in the expert sense. His name was as familiar to the newspaper reader of Paris and London, of Cairo and Tokyo, as it had become to those who pore over the Sunday supplements of American newspapers. Langley never committed himself to the fantastic theories of much contemporary science.

THE QUEEN ANT AS A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY

It is unfortunate that mention of the queen ant, thinks Dr. William Morton Wheeler, of the American Museum of Natural History, should suggest by association the idea of the queen honey-bee. These two insects are, he insists, diametrical opposites in certain very important respects. The queen honey-bee is a degenerate creature. She is unable to nourish herself or her young. She cannot visit the flowers, nor build nor store the comb. The worker bee, apart from her infertility, still retains intact all the true female attributes of the ancestral solitary bees. In ants the very reverse of this is the case. The queen ant is the perfect exemplar and embodiment of the species. She has lost none of the primitive female attributes of independence and initiative. These she shares with the female bumblebees, solitary and social wasps. The worker ant, on the contrary, bears all the stigmata of



From *The Popular Science Monthly*.

Silhouette of a Queen *Atta sexdens* in the act of manuring her fungus garden. A tuft of fungus mycelium is torn out of the garden, placed against the anus and saturated with a drop of fecal liquid. (From an instantaneous photograph, after J. Huber.)

incomplete and retarded development. "Although," declares Dr. Wheeler in *The Popular Science Monthly*, from which this study is extracted, "these differences between the queen honey-bee and queen ant and between the respective workers must be apparent to the most superficial observer, yet the familiar conception of the queen honey-bee as little more than an egg-laying machine, so degenerate that she cannot exist apart from the workers, has been tactily expanded to embrace the queen ant." It is time, thinks Dr. Wheeler, that the reputation of this insect be viewed in a more favorable light. The facts, he thinks, have an important bearing on the views of authors like Brooks and Geddes and Thomson, who assume that male animals are more variable than females. This hypothesis has been transplanted by some scientists to the field of biology and anthropology, resulting in some quite mistaken assumptions. Dr. Wheeler, who discovered the temporary social parasitism of some of our American ants, since found in some of the species of Europe—where he predicted its occurrence—follows in this fashion the eventful life history of the queen ant:

"After more protracted larval and pupal stages than those of the worker and male—more protracted in order that she may store up more food and hence more energy in her body—she hatches as a sensitive callow in a colony at the height of its annual development. In other words, she is born into a community teeming with queens, workers and males, and the larvæ and pupæ of these various forms at the season of their greatest activity and growth. From all sides a shower of stimuli must be constantly raining in upon her delicate organization as she tarries for days or even weeks in the dark galleries of the parental nest, while her color gradually deepens and her integument acquires its mature consistency. During this her prenuptial life, she may assist the workers in carrying about, feeding and cleaning the brood. She eats independently of the food brought into the nest by the foraging workers. She may occasionally join the workers in excavating chambers and galleries. If she belongs to a slave-making species she may even accompany the workers on their cocoon-robbing expeditions. Although she shows that she is able to perform all these actions supposed to be peculiar to the workers, she often does so with a certain desultory incoherency.

"When fully mature she becomes impatient for her marriage flight and must often be forcibly detained in the nest by the workers till the propitious hour arrives when the males and females from all the nests in the neighborhood rise high into the air and celebrate their nuptials. Then the fertilized queen descends to the earth and at once divests herself of her wings, either by pulling them off with her legs and jaws or by rubbing them off against the grass-blades, pebbles or soil. This act of dealation is the signal for important physiological and psychological changes. She is now an isolated being, henceforth restricted to a purely terrestrial existence, and has gone back to the ancestral level of the solitary female Hymenopteron. During her life in the parental nest she stored her body with food in the form of masses of fat and bulky wing muscles."

With this physiological endowment and with an elaborate inherited disposition, ordinarily called instinct, the queen ant sets out alone, declares Dr. Wheeler, to create a colony out of her own substance. She begins by excavating a small burrow, either in the open soil, under some stone or in rotten wood. She enlarges the blind end of the burrow to form a small chamber. She then completely closes the opening. This labor of excavation often wears away all her mandibular teeth, rubs the hair



From *The Popular Science Monthly*.

Silhouette of a Queen *Atta sexdens* replacing the saturated tuft of mycelium in the fungus garden. (From an instantaneous photograph, after J. Huber.)

from her body and mars her burnished or sculptured armor. Thus are produced a number of mutilations which, though occurring generation after generation in species that nest in hard, stony soil, are never inherited.

In the cloistered seclusion of her chamber the queen now passes days, weeks or even months waiting for the eggs to mature. When these eggs have reached their full volume at the expense of her fat body and degenerating wing muscles, they are fertilized and laid. The queen nurses them in a little packet till they hatch as minute larvæ. These she feeds with salivary secretion and the larvæ grow slowly, pupate prematurely and hatch as unusually small but otherwise normal workers. In some species, says Dr. Wheeler, it takes fully ten months to bring such a brood of workers to maturity. During all this time the queen takes no nourishment. She merely draws on her reserve tissues. As soon as the workers mature they break through the soil and thereby make an entrance to the nest and establish a communication with the outside world. They enlarge the original chamber and continue the excavation in the form of galleries. They go forth in search of food and they share it with their exhausted mother. She now exhibits a further and final change in her behavior:

"She becomes so exceedingly timid and sensitive to the light that she hastens to conceal herself on the slightest disturbance to the nest. She becomes utterly indifferent to the young, leaving them entirely to the care of the workers, while she limits her activities to laying eggs and imbibing liquid food from the tongues of her attendants. This copious nourishment soon restores her depleted fat-body, but her disappearing wing-muscles have left her thoracic cavity hollow and filled with gases which cause her to float when placed in water. With this circumscribed activity she lives on, sometimes to an age of fifteen years, as a mere egg-laying machine. The current reputation of the ant queen is derived from such old, abraded, toothless, timorous queens found in well-established colonies. But it is neither chivalrous nor scientific to dwell exclusively on the limitations of these decrepit beldames without calling to mind the charms and self-sacrifices of their younger days.

"Now to bring up a family of even very small children without eating anything and entirely on substances abstracted from one's own tissues is no trivial undertaking. Of the many thousands of ant queens annually impelled to enter on this ultra-strenuous life, very few survive to become mothers of colonies. The vast majority, after starting their shallow burrows, perish through excessive drought, moisture or cold, the attacks of parasitic fungi or subterranean insects, or start out with an inadequate supply of food-tissue in the first place. Only the very best endowed individuals live to preserve the species from extinc-

tion. I know of no better example of natural selection through the survival of the fittest. . . .

"Unusually large queens are found in the genus *Atta*, a group of American ants that raise fungi for food, and are, so far as known, quite unable to subsist on anything else. The female *Atta* on leaving the parental nest, is so well endowed with food tissue, that she not only can raise a brood of workers without taking nourishment, but has energy to spare for the cultivation of a garden kitchen. She carries the germ of this garden from the parental nest in the form of a pellet of fungus hyphæ stowed away in her buccal pocket, spits it out soon after completing her chamber, manures with her excreta the rapidly growing hyphæ and carefully weeds them till her firstling brood of workers hatches. These then bring into the nest the pieces of leaves and the vegetable detritus essential to the maintenance and growth of the garden."

The discovery that the queen ant really possesses, at least potentially, all the instincts of the worker, besides others peculiar to herself, puts, contends Dr. Wheeler, a different construction on a matter which has long been puzzling some zoologists. It has been taken for granted that worker ants are necessarily sterile and that they possess morphological, physiological and psychological characters not represented in the queens of their species. But, comments Dr. Wheeler:

"On such assumptions it is, of course, impossible to understand how the workers can have come by the obviously adaptive and exquisitely correlated characters, which they are unable to transmit. It will be remembered that neo-Darwinians and neo-Lamarckians, in the persons of Weismann and Herbert Spencer, locked horns over this matter some years ago. Both in this and in many similar discussions, the very premises which both parties accepted are unwarranted. In the first place, it is now known that workers readily become fertile when well fed and that they can and often do produce normal young from unfecundated eggs. Although these young are usually, if not always, males, it is evident that these males, through the eggs which they fertilize, can transmit the characters of their worker mothers to succeeding generations of queens and workers. Thus the congenital, and perhaps even the acquired, characters of the worker are not necessarily lost, but can be gathered up into the germ-plasma of the species. In the second place, most, if not all of the characters of the worker are not qualitatively but only quantitatively different from those of the queen. In other words, the worker does not differ from the queen as a mutant, but as a fluctuating variation, which has been produced by imperfect or irregular feeding during its larval stages. This is true alike of morphological, physiological and psychological characters. Even when the queen fails to manifest the worker instincts, we are not justified in doubting her ability to do so under the proper conditions.

"The hitherto unsuspected capacity of the queen ant is beautifully illustrated by another set of

facts, which at the same time show the close connection between adaptive behavior and regulation, or regeneration. Under normal conditions the queen, after rearing a brood of workers, no longer takes part in the 'muck and muddle of child-raising' but seems to be as indifferent to the young of her species as some women who have brought up large families. If, however, the firstling brood of workers be removed and the queen isolated, she forthwith begins to bring up another brood, precisely as in the first instance, provided her body still contains sufficient food-tissue. She thus regenerates the lost part of her colony, just as a mutilated earthworm regenerates its lost segments. In the ant the absence of workers acts as a stimulus to restore the colony, just as the absence of segments leads the earthworm to complete its body."

It is evident to Dr. Wheeler, therefore, that the variability of the female sex in ants is remarkable, reaching clear expression and ex-

traordinary range. The fact has a most important bearing on the views of scientists who assume that male animals are more variable than females and of those who, as was said in the beginning, have transplanted this hypothesis to sociology and anthropology. Astonishing, however, to Dr. Wheeler is the attitude of the biometricians, who, he asserts, priding themselves on the accuracy of their methods and repudiating mere observations and speculation, proceed to an elaborate measurement of the wings of honey-bees and ants for the purpose of ascertaining whether males are more variable than females. A glance at a few ant colonies, according to Dr. Wheeler, would convince the most skeptical that there can be no such correlation between sex and variability as that now so much assumed.

A NEW ECONOMIC DESPOTISM THROUGH THE FIXATION OF NITROGEN

That radical reconstruction of society to which so many revolutionists look forward—whether that reconstruction be socialistic or anarchical—will not be accomplished by force of arms or passive resistance if the conclusion to which Dr. Robert Kennedy Duncan leads in his *Harper's Magazine* papers be a sound one, but it will be accomplished through the irresistible might of chemistry. Dr. Duncan, whose work as Professor of Chemistry in Washington and Jefferson College, as author of text-books on the new aspects of the physical sciences and as special commissioner for *Harper's Magazine* in the investigation of the "new" science, has given him an international reputation, says that a social revolution has begun in Germany. It is a social revolution soon to spread throughout our globe. The socialists have nothing to do with it. The revolution is spreading silently because wealthy men have a vested interest in concealing it. "During the next five years," writes Dr. Duncan, "the small manufacturer who is swept out of existence will often wonder why. He will ascribe it to the economy of large scale operations, or business intrigues or what not, never knowing that his disaster was due to the application of pure science that the trust organizations and large manufacturers already are beginning to appreciate." The weapon in the hands of these new Cæsars of industry is the

fixation of nitrogen. The problem involved, says Dr. Duncan in the second of his *Harper's Magazine* studies, is of immense importance to the human race. "We either must solve this problem or starve." Our authority introduces his theme thus:

"The romantic deportment of the nitrogen atom is fascinatingly interesting to the student of chemistry. Wherever he looks he sees that the living, moving, doing thing in the world is nitrogen; it is at once the most restless and the most powerful of the elements. When nitrogen enters into a collocation of atoms we invariably expect the collocation to do something active, whether good or ill; for the nitrogen compounds have properties and qualities, they are never inert.

"So it is that, entering into combination with a few other atoms, it will yield us the most delicate and delicious of perfumes, while it is equally ready to join forces with others to produce substances whose smell of utter vileness has the psychological effect of causing the experimenter to 'wish he was dead.' In the aniline dyes it enhances our clothing with a thousand beautiful colors, and in still another thousand forms it enters the chambers of the sick in the healing guise of all the synthetic medicines. It lurks in prussic acid, the ptomaines, and a host of deadliest poisons; it drives our bullets in the form of gunpowder; it explodes our mines as dynamite and guncotton; it dissolves our metals as nitric acid; it extracts our gold as cyanide; and in an infinity of ways it menaces or ministers to mankind. Nitrogen-containing substances, then, are active substances, and their activity seems to be due to a certain 'temperamental nervousness' of

the nitrogen atom which sends it flying on the slightest pretext from one atomic community to another. On this account we call nitrogen a 'labile' element.

"But it is only when we consider nitrogen in its relation to life that we see how truly momentous is this fact of its lability. We have been accustomed in the past to ascribe to carbon the rôle of life-element paramount, but the more the question is studied, the more does it appear evident that the carbon constituent of the body is the mere brick and mortar of it, good enough to constitute its physical substratum, and good enough, too, to burn as fats and carbohydrates to maintain its fires, but that the working, building, 'vital' thing, the thing that is the moving-spring of protoplasm and that brings about the continuous adjustment of internal to external conditions that we call life, is the versatile, restless nitrogen.

"It looks as though the living being constituted a vast unstable plasma in which the nitrogen atom, with oxygen on the one hand and carbon or hydrogen on the other, very much as it is in nitroglycerin, swings the atoms of the living body through all the multiplex atomic relations of growth and decay. The lability of living substance is the lability of the nitrogen atom, and we may say, with much more propriety than 'Ohne Phosphor kein Gedanke,' 'Ohne Stickstoff kein Leben'—no life without nitrogen.

"And yet—and this is a most interesting thing—this nitrogen, which when combined with elements of another kind is so energetic and so useful, is, in its care-free, solitary condition, a stubborn, lazy, inert gas. In this the elemental condition it is one of the most abundant and pervading bodies on the face of the earth. It constitutes four-fifths of the air that blows in our faces, and so much of it there is that every square yard of earth's surface has pressing down upon it nearly seven tons of atmospheric nitrogen.

"Chemically speaking, it is all but unalterable, though the 'all but' is vastly important to us.

"One of two metals, such as calcium and magnesium and a few compounds of metals, may be made to unite with it. We find, too, that certain organisms, bacteria—'nitrifying microbes' they are called,—have within their little bodies laboratories for attaching nitrogen to other elements, though the mechanism of this action no man understands.

"Still again we find that the lightning flash will cause the nitrogen and oxygen of the air to combine in the path of its streak to form nitrous acid, or that it will cause the nitrogen and water vapor to react to form ammonia. Outside, however, of the minute quantities which are extracted from the air in these various ways, the whole great ocean of atmospheric nitrogen under which we live and move maintains in a chemical sense a listless, useless lethargy."

Now, the nitrogen, proceeds Dr. Duncan, which is united with other elements (it matters little which) and which is so temperamentally nervous and active and useful we call "fixed" nitrogen. Various have been recent attempts to solve the problem of transforming in large quantities the free and use-

less nitrogen into the fixed and useful kind. This problem is of such importance to all mankind that failure to solve it would mean the extermination of our race—perhaps within a generation. That seems a sensational and alarmist statement, admits Dr. Duncan. Yet it is literally true. The invaluable "fixed" nitrogen which we have within us and which we are continually using up we must continually restore. In order to do this, we eat it. We eat it in the form of animal food or of certain plant products such as wheaten bread. But plants and animals depend like ourselves upon the soil for every trace of the nitrogen they contain. The soil in its turn has won it from the reluctant air through the slow accumulations of the washing rain, from the lightnings of a million storms or through slow transformations by billions of nitrifying organisms through what, so far as we are concerned, is infinite time. Not only so, but the valuable nitrogen-containing substances we employ in our civilization are in the same position of dependence upon the soil.

But we filch this nitrogen from the soil immensely faster than it is restored by natural processes. The land grows sick and barren and refuses to grow our crops. Everybody knows what we must do to cure the land—we must use manure or fertilizer. That is, we must mix with the soil substances containing fixed nitrogen which the plant may utilize in building up what we must and will have—bread and meat. In the olden time, natural manure was sufficient to meet the demand of sparse populations. To-day the natural manure of the world is a mere drop in the bucket of man's wants. This would be true even if man could utilize the fixed nitrogen of the sewage of his cities. As a matter of fact man was long since forced to have recourse to three fertilizers. The first was Peruvian guano. We have practically eaten it up. The second fertilizer is ammonium sulphate. The supply is large but inadequate. The third fertilizer, nitrate of soda or Chile saltpeter, seems more promising. Yet by the year 1925 these beds will have been exhausted.

In these facts we have the basis of the new economic despotism. The result of experimentation by Prof. Adolph Frank, of Charlottenburg, establishes that under certain conditions calcium cyanamide is a better fertilizer than the sulphate of ammonia from the gas works, and practically equal to the saltpeter from the mines—weight for weight of the nitrogen it contains. The new product was

elaborated by toilful experiment, performed in the obscurity of laboratories. In another decade it will yield tribute from all the scientific agriculture of the world:

"The world is now, thanks to Dr. Frank, in the possession of a fertilizing material that is almost ideal. The parent calcium carbide is made out of lime and coke which are everywhere cheap and available, and the atmospheric nitrogen anybody may use. The cheapness of the fertilizer is thus dependent solely upon the price of electrical energy. Even now, the fertilizer equivalent of an electrical horse-power is superior to the living horse. A living horse produces yearly some 21,230 pounds of manure, which contains about 126 pounds of nitrogen, while the electrical horse in the same time fixes no less than 550 pounds of this same nitrogen in the form of calcium cyanamide.

"Under the name of 'Kalkstickstoff,' this cal-

cium cyanide is now in the markets of the world. . . .

"In manufacturing the substance, they employ the latest results of technical science. The atmospheric nitrogen must be separated from the oxygen with which it is mixed. They, therefore, liquefy the atmosphere and separate the two substances by fractional distillation. The oxygen passes off to be used for other purposes, but the nitrogen passes suddenly from the intense cold of liquid air into the highest heat of the electric furnace, where, through contact with a mixture of coke and lime, it is caught and transformed into Kalkstickstoff."

Such, hints Dr. Duncan, is the chemical foundation for an economic superstructure within which the next great trust will make its home, unless, indeed, a word to the wise suffices.

HELIUM AND THE TRANSMUTATION OF ELEMENTS

The story of helium is pronounced by Sir William Ramsay, the famous Professor of Chemistry at University College, London, to be one of the most romantic in the history of science. It is a story, he says, of which the last chapters are still unwritten. Helium, originally seen as a spectrum line in the chromosphere of the sun, was discovered on the earth, or rather existing as a gas in the atmosphere, so recently as last year. And helium, adds Sir William in a recent communication to the London *Athenæum*, has provided the first authentic case of transmutation—a problem which has occupied the alchemists ever since the sixth century of our era.

An eclipse was visible in India in 1868, observes Sir William in his exposition, and among those who observed the phenomenon was the celebrated French astronomer Janssen. For the first time a spectroscope was employed to analyze and trace to its sources the light evolved by the edge or "limb" of the sun. It appeared that enormous prominences, moving at an almost incredible rate, were due to hurricanes of hydrogen. That the gas blown out beyond the shadow of the moon was really hydrogen was revealed by the red, blue-green and violet lines which characterize its spectrum. Among these lines was one occupying nearly the position of the two lines characteristic of the spectrum of glowing sodium. In October of 1868 Sir Norman Lockyer declared that he had established the existence of three bright lines in

the "chromosphere," or colored atmosphere surrounding the sun. It was known that an increase of pressure had the effect of broadening spectrum lines. Sir Norman Lockyer was at first inclined to attribute this new line to a broadening of the sodium lines owing to a pressure of the uprush of gas causing the hurricane. However, this hypothesis and a subsequent one—that the new yellow line might possibly be ascribed to hydrogen—could not be maintained. Hence the line was attributed to the existence of an element in the sun unknown on the earth. The name "helium" was chosen as an appropriate reminder of the habitat of the element. Sir William proceeds:

"Among the lines visible in the chromosphere, ten are always observed. Of these, four may be seen in the hydrogen spectrum, one is due to calcium, and four to helium; there is still one unidentified with the spectrum of any known element; it has the wave-length 5316.87, and the source has been named 'coronium.' It appears at a great height in the solar atmosphere, and it is conjectured that it must be lighter than any known gas.

"Shortly after the discovery of argon in 1884, the notice of one of the discoverers was drawn to an account by Dr. Hillebrand, of the United States Geological Survey, of the presence in certain ores containing uranium of a gas which could be extracted by an air-pump. Hillebrand examined the spectrum of the gas, and supposed it to be nitrogen. It is true that he saw in it spectrum lines which could hardly be ascribed to nitrogen; but on mentioning the fact to his colleagues, he was bantered out of his quest, and did not follow up the clue. Now in the spring

of 1895 attempts were being made to cause argon to combine; and it was argued that conceivably Hillebrand's gas might turn out to be argon, and might give an indication to a possible compound. Consequently, a specimen of cleveite—one of the minerals which Hillebrand had found to give off the supposed nitrogen in largest quantity—was purchased, and the gas was collected from it. On purification, its spectrum showed the presence of a brilliant yellow line, almost identical in position with the yellow lines of sodium. It was soon evident that the solar gas, helium, had been discovered on the earth.

"The visible spectrum of helium is comparatively simple, and many of its lines have been identified among those of the solar chromosphere. It is also to be detected in many of the fixed stars, notably Capella, Arcturus, Pollux, Sirius, and Vega. It is one of the lightest of gases, being only twice as heavy as hydrogen, but, unlike hydrogen, however, its molecules consist of single atoms, whereas those of hydrogen consist of paired atoms, which separate only when hydrogen enters into combination with oxygen or other elements. This peculiarity appears to render liquefaction of helium almost impossible; for while hydrogen has been liquefied, and boils at 422° Fahr. below zero, helium has been cooled to 438° Fahr., and has been compressed to one-sixtieth of its ordinary bulk, and yet has shown no sign of liquefaction. Indeed, it is now the only 'permanent' gas, for it has never been condensed into liquid form.

"The minerals which contain helium have one thing in common; they all contain uranium or thorium, or lead, or a mixture of these. Minerals of lead alone do not show the presence of helium; but it may be stated that helium is an invariable constituent of ores of uranium and thorium. It was at first supposed that such minerals contain helium in a state of combination; but this view could not be substantiated, for the constituents of these ores do not show any tendency towards combination with helium."

Between this and what follows Sir William sees a remarkable connection. Radium and allied bodies are disintegrating—"their atoms are spontaneously flying to bits." This is why radium compounds are permanently at a temperature above that of the atmosphere, and why they are continually emitting corpuscles of high velocity. Now, this view, although new in its application to elements, has long been known, remarks Sir William, to hold good for certain compounds. There is a fearfully explosive compound of nitrogen with chlorine which, on the least touch, resolves itself suddenly into its constituent elements. It is true that here we have a molecule composed of atoms "disintegrating" into atoms which subsequently combine to form new molecules of nitrogen and of chlorine. But in principle an analogy may be drawn between the disruption of the molecules of an explosive compound and the disintegration of an atom into

corpuscles. Professor Rutherford and Mr. Soddy showed, however, that corpuscles which have been proved by Prof. J. J. Thomson, of Cambridge, to be exceedingly minute are not the only products of disintegration of the radium atom. The proof was adduced that among these products were atoms of a density comparable with that of hydrogen and helium:

"This hypothesis evidently admitted of experimental proof, and in conjunction with Mr. Soddy I collected the 'emanation' or gas evolved from salts of radium. We showed that this gas, presumably of high density, disintegrates in its turn, and that perhaps 7 per cent. of it changes into helium. What becomes of the remaining 93 per cent. is as yet undecided; still some hint may be gained from the fact that a constant ratio exists between the amount of helium obtainable from a mineral and the weight of lead which it contains. It may be that lead forms the ultimate product, or, at least, one of the ultimate products of the disintegration of the atom of emanation. Another radio-active element, actinium, has been shown by its discoverer Debierne also to yield helium by the disintegration of the emanation, or gas, which it continually evolves.

"This disruptive change is attended by a great evolution of heat; for the radio-active elements are in a sense explosive; and explosions are always accompanied by a rise of temperature. But such atomic explosions surpass in degree, to an almost inconceivable extent, the molecular explosions with which we are familiar. Could we induce a fragment of radium to evolve all its energy at once, the result would be terrific, for in the energy with which it parts during its change it surpasses in explosive power our most potent gun-cotton by millions of times. It has been suggested that to this or similar changes are due the continued high temperature of the sun and the presence of helium in its chromosphere."

"Up to the present no further cases of transmutation have been observed than those mentioned: radium and actinium into their emanation, and these emanations into helium. But proof is accumulating that many forms of matter with which we are familiar are also undergoing similar change, but at a vastly slower rate. 'The mills of God grind slowly'—so slowly that many generations of men must come and go before ocular proof is obtained of the products of such possible transmutations."

It was Sir William Ramsay, as will be recalled, through whom our knowledge of many little known gases has been increased. But while Sir William must be credited with the first isolation of helium (in 1895), the spectroscopical discovery of the element itself must be ascribed to Lockyer. Sir William Ramsay's discoveries, in addition to the atmospheric gases, include neon, xenon and krypton. His work on the discovery of gases in our atmosphere is standard authority.

Recent Poetry

Spring brings us out-of-door poetry with a rush. None of it is better than Bliss Carman's poem in *Appleton's Booklovers Magazine*. Of all our poets, Carman is the most delightfully pagan, and he is at his best when consorting with animate nature. He is always lured by the open road and the mountain trail, and even his metrical feet have the *Wander-lust* in them.

PAN IN APRIL

BY BLISS CARMAN

If I were Pan upon a day in spring,
Some morning when the gold was in the sky,
In some remote ravine among the hills,
As slowly as the purple of the peaks
Dissolved before the footfall of the sun,
I would emerge and take on form and voice
And be myself the dreamer and the dream.
I would go down beside the brawling brooks
That leap from dizzy ledges in the air
And plash among the bowlders far below,
Filling the canyon with reverberant sound;
And in that rushing murmur I would hear
A hidden throb of music large and slow,
The rhythm whereto from chaos rose the world
To power and meaning and majestic form.
I would take heed of winds and budding leaves,
And of the sap that mounts to meet the sun
By the dark stairway in the tree's deep heart.
All the sweet life of tasseled silver birch,
Basswood and red-keyed maple, would be mine,
And mine the hum of bees in willow blooms
Yellow and fragrant. I would taste the tang
Of black birch twigs; and on some sandy ground
Strewn with pine needles, patched with lingering
snow,
Find the first mayflower spilling on the air
Its scent of woodlands odorous and wild.

In all that life of rivers, trees, and flowers
From rim to rim beneath the airy dome
In ordered sequence I would feel myself
Grow with their growing, touch the bound and
poise

Of shape and symmetry in myriad ways.
Then in a marshy place beside a stream
With water seeping through the grassy tufts,
My ear would catch the first small silver note
Of the shrill chorus which must soon awake,
When the green frogs take heart again to fill
Their reedy flutes with old impassioned joy.
Then in the woods with their unfolding green
Meshing and filtering the morning light,
How I would listen for the arriving birds
And note and know them by their rapturous calls!
With every ringing song I would be glad,
And mark each throat of fluttered gray or blue
Throbbing with ecstasy—the pulse of life,
The beat and tremble of the soul of things.

In that wild music I would grow aware
Of a dumb longing poignant as my own,

Craving for utterance through the rift-of sense,
Confronted with the law of rhythm and time,
Helped by the very hindrance to a pause
And modulation in its wayward rush;
Then finding vent in that melodious guise.
I would see, too, the foxes in their dens,
The noisy squirrel and the lumbering bear,
And all the moving creatures of the wood
Furtive and timorous, yet glad of life
And eager with resurgence of the spring.
All humans also would be in my ken,
Women at work, and men in their shirt sleeves
With clanking teams at troughs on distant farms,
And children straggling on their way to school.

Then I would muse on what sustains the world,
This colored pageant passing like a dream,
That fleets between eternities unknown.
And without argument I would surmise
The excellence of instinct warm and keen
Which keeps us safe until the law be learned,
And must forever be one guide to good,
While restless soul puts forth unresting hands
To mold the world according to its will.
And thence comes beauty, substance made to wear
The form that best will serve the spirit's need
For growth and gladness up from change to
change.

The greening earth, the level changing sea,
The stable hills and the triumphant sun,
The tissue and fabric of the universe,
The veil that hides what men call mystery—
These for a robe of glory should be mine,
The outward semblance of a radiant life,
The fragrant floating garments of the spring.

There I would feel in that delightful world,
The earliest fulfillment of desire,
Beauty accomplished at the soul's behest
And loveliness made actual to meet
The need of loveliness—what more than that?
So it would be enough, perhaps, to live
The pure, unvexed existence of a god
In deep-eyed contemplation for a day,
Drenched with the beauty and the sense of spring
On the Aprilian earth—if I were Pan.

That is a land-lover's poem. The following is
a sea-lover's poem, with a Kiplingesque swing and
a Kiplingesque tang to it. We take it from *The
Pall Mall Magazine*:

THE CALL OF THE SEA

BY W. MONRO ANDERSON

When the farthest sea is charted, when my lights
are getting low,
You must lay me out on deck and head away
Where the clipper ships are tacking, and the great
long liners race,
And the smoky tramps go thrashing down the
bay;

With the scent of teak about me, and the smell
of tarry cables,
I shall watch the shore lights dropping out of
sight,
And the great green windy billows they will
drone a sea-dirge for me,
While I bid the swinging stars a long good-
night.

You must stitch me up in canvas, you must heave
me overboard,
With a firebar as a keepsake from the crew;
Never mind the "Jack" or Bible—keep her en-
gines going hard,
For I'd miss the muffled beating of the screw;
Somewhere in the North Pacific, where the loony
whales are spouting,
And the clean blue track is clear for miles and
miles,
I shall lie so still and quiet in the Port of Missing
Traders,
Where the ships of all the world make after-
whiles.

Ay, so very snug and quiet on the rolling waste
of sands,
With no weeping women wailing for the dead,
Down among the long-oared galleys I shall watch
the traders pass,
And the great black-bellied liners overhead.
Overhead a ghostly white moon through the
broken cloud-gaps racing,
And the smoke-stacks spitting cinders at the
sky;
I shall hear the white gulls screeching and their
far-off pilot calling
Down the long line where the lagging strag-
glers fly.

It's a pleasant harbor, and it's full of masts and
spars,
And there's dancing and there's fiddling all day
long;
And you're always on full rations, and it's always
double rum,
And the hand who has to draw it draws it
strong;
Pay her off and get her going, Oh! you lazy sons
of Devon,
There's a hooker lying idle down below,
For another hand is wanted, and she's waiting,
and I'm ready,
And the sea is calling loud, and I must go.

Katherine Tynan—Mrs. Hinkson—has "long
had a foremost place among living writers of
prose and poetry," according to Clement K.
Shorter in the London *Sphere*. A volume of
her verse has just been published in London
under the title, "Innocencies." From it we take
the following:

INTROIT

BY KATHERINE TYNAN

'Twere bliss to see one lark
Soar to the azure dark
Singing upon his high celestial road.
I have seen many hundreds soar, thank God!

To see one spring begin
In her first heavenly green
Were grace unmeet for any mortal clod.
I have seen many springs, thank God!

After the lark the swallow,
Blackbirds in hill and hollow,
Thrushes and nightingales, all roads I trod,
As though one bird were not enough, thank God!

Not one flower, but a rout,
All exquisite, are out;
All white and golden every stretch of sod,
As though one flower were not enough, thank
God!

By way of contrast, we give next a poem in-
spired by the children who do not know what it
is to see the larks or to behold spring's rout
of wild flowers. It is taken from *Everybody's*:

CITY CHILDREN

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

Pale flowers are you that scarce have known the
sun!
Your little faces like sad blossoms seem
Shut in some room, there helplessly to dream
Of distant glens wherethrough glad rivers run,
And winds at evening whisper. Daylight done,
You miss the tranquil moon's unfettered beam,
The wide, unsheltered earth, the starlight gleam,
All the old beauty meant for every one.

The clamor of the city streets you hear,
Not the rich silence of the April glade;
The sun-swept spaces which the good God made
You do not know; white mornings keen and clear
Are not your portion through the golden year,
O little flowers that blossom but to fade!

After that it is well to be reminded that one
may dwell in Arcady even though penned up be-
tween four walls. The following from *Scribner's*
is an effective reminder of that fact:

"ET IN ARCADIA EGO"

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON

A simple print upon my study wall,
I see you smile at it, my masters all,
So simple it could scarce indeed be less—
A shepherd and a little shepherdess
Who let their sheep go grazing truant-wise
To look a moment in each other's eyes.
"A gray-haired man of science," thus your
looks,
"Why is this trifle here among his books?"
Ah well, my answer only this could be,
Because I too have been in Arcady.

My students give grave greeting as I pass,
Attentive following in talk or class,
Keen-eyed, clear headed, eager for the truth;
Yet if sometime among them sits a youth
Who scrawls and stares and lets the lesson go
And puts my questions by unheeding so,

I smile and leave his half-writ rhyme unvexed
 Guessing the face between him and the text.
 A foolish thing, so wise men might agree,
 But I wrote verses once—in Arcady.

The little maid who dusts my book-strewn room—
 Poor dingy slave of polish and of broom
 Who breaks her singing at my footsteps'
 sound,

She too her way to that lost land has found.
 Last night, a moonlit night and passing late,
 Two shadows started as I neared the gate.

And then a whisper, poised twixt mirth and
 awe,

"The old Professor. Mercy, if he saw!"
 Ah child, my eyes had little need to see—
 I too have kissed my love—in Arcady.

My mirror gives me back a sombre face—
 A gray haired scholar, old and commonplace
 Who goes on his sedate and dusty ways
 With little thought of rosy yesterdays;
 But they who know what eager joy must come
 To one long exiled from a well-loved home
 When comes some kinsman from the selfsame
 land

To give him greeting, they may understand
 How dear these little brethren needs must be
 Because I too have lived in Arcady.

Miss Florence Wilkinson, we are glad to note,
 is publishing a volume of her poems. She has
 written novels and dramas, but she has never
 achieved in prose quite the distinction she has
 already achieved in verse. We are indebted to
The Outlook for this poem:

NIAGARA

BY FLORENCE WILKINSON

THE WATER TALKED TO THE TURBINE
 AT THE INTAKE'S COUCHANT KNEE:
 Brother, thy mouth is darkness
 Devouring me.

I rush at the whirl of thy bidding;
 I pour and spend
 Through the wheel-pit's nether tempest.
 Brother, the end?
 Before fierce days of tent and javelin,
 Before the cloudy kings of Ur,
 Before the Breath upon the waters,
 My splendors were.

Red hurricanes of roving worlds,
 Huge wallow of the uncharted Sea,
 The formless births of fluid stars,
 Remember me.
 A glacial dawn, the smoke of rainbows,
 The swiftness of the cañoned west,
 The steadfast column of white volcanoes,
 Leap from my breast.

But now, subterranean, mirthless,
 I tug and strain,
 Beating out a dance thou hast taught me
 With penstock, cylinder, vane.
 I am more delicate than moonlight,
 Grave as the thunder's rocking brow;
 I am genesis, revelation,
 Yet less than thou.

*By this I adjure thee, brother,
 Beware to offend!
 For the least, the dumbfounded, the conquered,
 Shall judge in the end.*

THE TURBINE TALKED TO THE MAN
 AT THE SWITCHBOARD'S CRYPTIC KEY:
 Brother, thy touch is whirlwind
 Consuming me.

I revolve at the pulse of thy finger.
 Millions of power I flash
 For the muted and ceaseless cables
 And the engine's crash.
 Like Samson, fettered, blindfolded,
 I sweat at my craft;
 But I build a temple I know not,
 Driver and ring and shaft.

Wheat-field and tunnel and furnace,
 They tremble and are aware.
 But beyond thou compellest me, brother,
 Beyond these, where?
 Singing like sunrise on battle,
 I travail as hills that bow;
 I am wind and fire of prophecy,
 Yet less than thou.

*By this I adjure thee, brother,
 Be slow to offend!
 For the least, the blindfolded, the conquered,
 Shall judge in the end.*

THE MAN STROVE WITH HIS MAKER
 AT THE CLANG OF THE POWER-HOUSE DOOR:
 Lord, Lord, Thou art unsearchable,
 Troubling me sore.

I have thrust my spade to the caverns;
 I have yoked the cataract;
 I have counted the steps of the planets.
 What thing have I lacked?
 I am come to a goodly country,
 Where, putting my hand to the plow,
 I have not considered the lilies.
 Am I less than Thou?

THE MAKER SPAKE WITH THE MAN
 AT THE TERMINAL-HOUSE OF THE LINE:
 For delight wouldst thou have desolation,
 O brother mine,
 And flaunt on the highway of nations
 A byword and sign?

Have I fashioned thee then in my image
 And quickened thy spirit of old,
 If thou spoil my garments of wonder
 For a handful of gold?
 I wrought for thy glittering possession
 The waterfall's glorious lust;
 It is genesis, revelation,—
 Wilt thou grind it to dust?

Niagara, the genius of freedom,
 A creature for base command!
 Thy soul is the pottage thou sellest:
 Withhold thy hand.
 Or take him and bind him and make him
 A magnificent slave if thou must—
 But remember that beauty is treasure
 And gold is dust.

*Yea, thou, returned to the fertile ground
In the humble days to be,
Shalt learn that he who slays a splendor
Has murdered Me.
By this I adjure thee, brother,
Beware to offend!
For the least, the extinguished, the conquered,
Shall judge in the end.*

Miss Thomas has written few things better than this prophecy of better days for Russia. We take it from *Poet Lore*.

IN MUSCOVY

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

I

Hear, if ye will, this borrowed line
From the old scholar Herbastein.
"In Muscovy no voice of bird
Through all the Winter Year is heard.—
Upon the instant everywhere,
In Muscovy, when comes the hour
Of winter's loosed and broken power,
In hedges, groves, and orchards bare—
Ere yet the flower, ere yet the leaf—
The birds are singing, free of grief;
So sing, with quivering, blissful throats,
Their maddest, sweetest summer notes,
In Muscovy!"

"In Muscovy all unespied
Where through the Winter Year they hide
If hollow tree, if winding grot,
If delved mine where winds blow not,
Or, lapped on beds of rivers still,
Soft wing by wing, and bill by bill!
Where swallow, lark, and throstle stay
Through winter's teen, no soul can say;
Men only see their instant throng
And hear the sudden joyful song
In Muscovy!"

Thus far the scholar Herbastein;
The legend read anew, be mine!
In Muscovy a mighty Heart
Mid long snow-silence broods apart;
In Muscovy a mystic Soul
But looms through dreams that round it roll
(As when a traveller scarce is known
For wreathing breath his lips have blown).
That Heart, that Soul, but threads a trance,
With sight beneath the veiled glance!
It is a music in arrest,—
'Tis folded song in winter-nest!
... But now near waking is that Heart,
From wintry trance that Soul shall start;
Ay, yet,—and soon!—the birds shall sing
And all the land-locked land shall ring!
Vesna her banners shall outfling;
And all the world shall know 'tis Spring
In Muscovy!

II

In Muscovy, O brooding Heart,
No anarchy snaps your bonds apart,
Though even now those bonds ye cast!
Your sun toward solstice mounts at last;
In fated fullness of long Time
To greening Vernal Day ye climb!

So, ever, on this turning sphere,
Each land shall greet its melting year!
Ye are the people of the bourne,
Lit by the Even and the Morn!
Wherefrom ye have the mystic Soul
Swayed by the tides that dual roll.
In you the East and West inhere;
Ye have the vision of the seer,
Whom, like a mantle, Thought enwraps—
Let not in dreams that vision lapse!
And unabated strength of thews
Have ye,—in World-emprise to use.
Be not that strength in wrath forespent
When, up the earth the shaft is sent,
To say that, close beneath your verge,
The new day strengthens to emerge;
And yet—and soon—the birds shall sing
And make the land-locked Land to ring!
Vesna her banners shall outfling,
And all the World shall know 'tis Spring
In Muscovy!

In *Book News* is published (not for the first time, we presume) the following beautiful and sad little lyric by the late William Sharp, who was also Fiona Macleod:

THE ISLE OF DREAMS

BY WILLIAM SHARP

There is an isle beyond our ken,
Haunted by Dreams of weary men,
Grey Hopes enshadow it with wings
Weary with burdens of old things:
There the insatiate water-springs
Rise with the tears of all who weep:
And deep within it, deep, oh, deep
The furtive voice of Sorrow sings.

There evermore,
Till Time be o'er,
Sad, oh, so sad, the Dreams of men

Another poem in the minor strain is the following from *Appleton's Booklovers Magazine*:

THE WATCH OF THE GODS

BY GEORGIA WOOD PANGBORN

The melancholy of a driven leaf,
The patient journey of a long dead world;
These are alike, when gods with steady eyes
Look down upon a universe unfurled.

They see the silt and scum of what has been,
The death in ice that was a birth in fire,
Old forests mute with snow that shall not melt;

A world long done with sorrow and desire.

And, you that sigh to see a green leaf brown,
E'en so, perhaps, the gods with steady eyes,
Who watch dead worlds like autumn leaves
Go by
Along the drift of gray eternities.

If the above has a tear in it the following has a smile in it for most of us. It comes from *The National Magazine*:

BALLADE OF THE INFANT ON MY KNEE

BY FRANK PUTNAM

Time was, when in my boyhood's home
I dreamed both day and night (none knew)
Of long, straight roads where I should roam
Free as the warm South wind that blew
Meadow and orchard idly through.
Other designs had Fate for me,
More to my taste, as time proved true:
Witness the infant on my knee.

Later I felt I was foreordained
(Touched by a Fairy at my first cry)—
The world well lost for a true love gained—
In red men's forays to fight or fly,
There mate and marry, there live and die.
Fate smiled behind her fan at me,
Never an Indian maid knew I:
Witness the infant on my knee.

Dreams and visions alike forgot,
Fame was the lure that led me long,
Wealth passed by and I knew it not;
I staked my all on a vagrant song
That died unheard in the heedless throng.
Then Fate had pity, as all may see,
And made me amends for her great wrong:
Witness the infant on my knee.

ENVOY

Prince, happy is he whom Fate befriends,
Or low or high though his lot may be;
When she at the last her best gift sends:
Witness the infant on my knee.

The Bibelot devotes all of its March number to the lyrics of Margaret L. Woods. Mrs. Woods is English and has published six volumes of fiction and six volumes of lyric and dramatic poetry. Fifteen of her lyrics are reprinted in *The Bibelot* and they all have literary distinction. The one below appeals to us most strongly:

GAUDEAMUS IGITUR.

BY MARGARET L. WOODS

Come, no more of grief and dying!
Sing the time too swiftly flying.
Just an hour
Youth's in flower,
Give me roses to remember
In the shadow of December.

Fie on steeds with leaden paces!
Winds shall bear us on our races,
Speed, O speed,
Wind, my steed,
Beat the lightning for your master,
Yet my Fancy shall fly faster.

Give me music, give me rapture,
Youth that's fled can none recapture;

Not with thought
Wisdom's bought.
Out on pride and scorn and sadness!
Give me laughter, give me gladness.

Sweetest Earth, I love and love thee,
Seas about thee, skies above thee,
Sun and storms,
Hues and forms
Of the clouds with floating shadows
On thy mountains and thy meadows.

Earth, there's none that can enslave thee,
Not thy lords it is that have thee;
Not for gold
Art thou sold,
But thy lovers at their pleasure
Take thy beauty and thy treasure.

While sweet fancies meet me singing,
While the April blood is springing
In my breast,
While a jest
And my youth thou yet must leave me,
Fortune, 'tis not thou canst grieve me.

When at length the grasses cover
Me, the world's unwearied lover,
If regret
Haunt me yet.
It shall be for joys untasted,
Nature lent and folly wasted.

Youth and jests and summer weather,
Goods that kings and clowns together
Waste or use
As they choose,
These, the best, we miss pursuing
Sullen shades that mock our wooing.

Feigning Age will not delay it—
When the reckoning comes we'll pay it,
Own our mirth
Has been worth
All the forfeit light or heavy
Wintry Time and Fortune levy.

Feigning grief will not escape it,
What though ne'er so well you ape it—
Age and care
All must share,
All alike must pay hereafter,
Some for sighs and some for laughter.

Know, ye sons of Melancholy,
To be young and wise is folly.
'Tis the weak
Fear to wreak
On this clay of life their fancies,
Shaping battles, shaping dances.

While ye scorn our names unspoken,
Roses dead and garlands broken,
O ye wise,
We arise,
Out of failures, dreams, disasters,
We arise to be your masters.

Recent Fiction and the Critics

When Sienkiewicz writes a Polish historical romance his pen has the sure touch of a master. He has a talent for characterization that makes one think of Shakespeare. He has a wealth of incident and of stirring action that Scott did not surpass. His men are tremendously masculine, and his heroines are the very acme of feminine charm. His humor is compelling, his dramatic power is at times unsurpassed, and the tone of his novels is always pure even in the midst of revolting scenes described with unsparing realism.

After a silence of several years he has given us what appears to be the second volume of a new trilogy, of which "The Knights of the Cross" was the first. About **Field, On the of Glory** the only point the critics make against the present volume* is that the title is misleading and should be "On to the Field of Glory." There is no warfare in the story, except in anticipation. The time is one of preparation for war, just prior to the second great siege of Vienna by the Turks. The story ends with the hero and his friends on the march to meet the Turks. The third volume of the trilogy will undoubtedly give us the siege.

But if there is no war, there is plenty of fighting, some strenuous love-making and plenty of humor. The reviewer of *The Sun* does not find the lack of war any deprivation. He remarks:

"We have found ourselves quite willing to abide in Poland in the company of this admirable story teller. He stirs our blood and he makes us laugh, and inasmuch as he does this we have no particular wish to go to Vienna, though it would be interesting, of course, to see the renowned Polish cavalry cutting the pagans to pieces. . . . The reader will be glad to read . . . all the story. It has a strong and curious interest. Not many stories are better."

The Nation advises all who have read and liked the author's Zagloba romances to read this, his latest work. The four Bukoyemskis "are as stirring in their way as the author's immortal Zagloba was in his," and Panna Anulka "is as charming as Sienkiewicz alone (one is tempted to say) can make the heroine of gory romance." In all his books, says another critic, (in *The Book News*), Sienkiewicz is "the complete master of his art. He never hesitates in a narrative or makes any of those blunders so frequent in the contemporary novel; nor does he, on the other hand, give coun-

tenance to any save a delicate handling of those questions which so frequently give opportunity for vileness such as permeates the Russian novel in particular." Some of the scenes in the present book are, as the *Providence Journal* points out, revolting and likely to prove unpleasant to the ordinary reader, though the truth of the picture doubtless requires them. But we get Poland in the latter half of the seventeenth century as no one not a Pole could have presented it, and as no other Pole ever has presented it. "'On the Field of Glory' is, when once the reader has caught the spirit of the age and country in which it takes place, a graceful romance and a vivid picture of a life now almost forgotten by the Poles themselves." The translation by Mr. Curtin elicits general praise.

Mr. Upton Sinclair, a young man with an undoubted gift of literary expression, has been trying to find himself for several years. His "King Midas," his "Journal of Arthur Stirling," his "Manassas" and now "The Jungle," are the fruits of this effort, and they leave us still uncertain as to the author's line of future development. They present somewhat the appearance of a series of excursions in diverse directions. The latest of his works* is scored by the critics, but it has at least secured elaborate recognition at their hands, and is receiving more attention and longer reviews than perhaps any other novel of the day.

It is frankly socialistic, its author being now a sort of official press-agent for one of the several factions into which the socialists of America are divided. The foundation for the socialistic conclusion is laid in the alleged conditions in the packing industry in Chicago. The hero, a young Lithuanian giant, enters a packing establishment, hopeful, willing, trustful. He is almost forced into a descending scale of degradation, until he becomes a hobo, a drunkard, a highwayman and a political heeler. Then he "gets religion" of the socialistic brand, and becomes a man again. Mr. Robert Hunter, author of "Poverty," says of the tale: "It is one of the most powerful and terrible stories ever written. As a portrayal of industrial conditions I have never read anything in literature that equals it."

The Reader Magazine finds that the story re-

*ON THE FIELD OF GLORY. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Translated by Jeremiah Curtin. Little, Brown & Co.

*THE JUNGLE. By Upton Sinclair. Doubleday, Page & Co.

veals much of artistic penetration and power, and the very brutality of the book will cause it to be much talked of; but "one feels that the conditions that it depicts are too grossly overdrawn to insure a permanent place for it." This is in brief the judgment of all the conservative critics. The author's indictment, *The Outlook* thinks, "would have been more convincing if it were less hysterical."

Mr. Edward Clark Marsh, writing in *The Bookman*, gives Mr. Sinclair a literary classification as follows:

"Here is our first thorough-going American disciple, on one side at least, of Zola: a novelist with little of the insight and imagination the Frenchman possessed at his best, but with all his industry and no little of his ingenuity in gaining an effect by piling detail on detail, directing attention so persistently to parts that the whole loses all perspective."

The same critic finds "genuine talent" displayed, but the hero, Jurgis Rudkus, "is a mere jumble of impossible qualities labelled a man and put through certain jerky motions at the hands of an author with a theory to prove." *The Independent* similarly concludes that Mr. Sinclair has not only talent but unquestionable genius; "but he lacks judgment and has always been disposed to exceed the truth in the violence of his effort to tell it." The same reviewer writes further:

"Never was such a black picture drawn of greed and inhumanity practised by that class of society which we are accustomed to reckon generous and honorable. There is no denying that Mr. Sinclair has the reality of terrible possibilities back of his representations. It is not whether the thing is literally true that counts for so much as it is the proof the book offers that such things may be true in every horrible detail. The power exists in the hands of great corporations to bring these miserable conditions to pass. And it is a sort of axiom of human nature that the more power a man or a set of men have the more unscrupulous they are in exercising it. If one-tenth of the author's statements have ever been true of any one living worker in Packingtown, it constitutes an argument for socialism or any other form of revolution that is well nigh incontrovertible. But this is just Mr. Sinclair's purpose. 'The Jungle' is really a socialistic tract, and not a novel at all."

The Times (New York), in its literary supplement, devotes a full page to its review of "The Jungle," finding it "a close, a striking and in many ways a brilliant study of the great industries of Chicago"; but the reviewer is skeptical as to the author's sincerity: "His art is too obvious, his devices too trite, and he has too much joy in them. His delight is not so much in the thing he says as in the way he says it, which is often astonishingly clever." Another conservative paper,

The Evening Post (New York), gives not only a column review to "The Jungle," but a leading editorial on "Socialistic Novels," which is based chiefly upon it.

Another socialistic novel that is commanding respectful consideration from even the conservative press is by the author of "The

The Great Refusal Silence of Dean Maitland"—the lady (Miss Tuttiett) who calls herself Maxwell Gray. Her story*

is of a young man who renounces inherited wealth because of the injustice upon which it rests, and in doing so also renounces the love of the girl he was to have married, but who is not quite devoted enough to follow him into poverty. He goes finally to South Africa and establishes a successful socialistic colony, finding happiness in altruism.

The socialistic conclusion does not seem at all convincing to the critics, but the author's nobility of purpose commands their respect. "Whatever may be thought of the execution of this novel," says the *London Spectator*, "its ideals are so much 'on the side of the angels' that the story itself cannot but be welcomed by the serious reader." The *London Times* takes about the same view: "The tale is a really thoughtful one, written with a purpose; but buried so deeply beneath extravagances of style that it needs patience to value the motive at its true worth. Maxwell Gray's canvas is too big for her—her scene painting is splashy and gaudy." William Morton Payne, reviewing the book in the *Chicago Dial*, regards it as "singularly charming and appealing," and though based upon overwrought emotion rather than upon any practical form of idealism, it is "so fine in motive and so graceful in diction that criticism is measurably disarmed."

Eden Phillpotts has never been a remarkably popular writer in this country, a fact due, partly, we presume, to the somberness of his tales and partly to the close fidelity with which he reproduces an unfamiliar dialect and life under conditions alien to Americans. His latest novel† is of the same color and texture as those that have preceded it, but it is generally regarded as the strongest work that has come from his pen. The *London Academy* calls it "a powerful, almost a great book," and the *New York Evening Post* thinks that it shows that a worthy successor has been found to Thomas Hardy.

The "portreeve" was a sort of town overseer.

*THE GREAT REFUSAL. By Maxwell Gray. D. Appleton & Co.

†THE PORTREEVE. By Eden Phillpotts. The Macmillan Company.

The story circles around Dodd Wolferstan, the portreeve of Bridgetstowe, on the north of Dartmoor. Instead of the "eternal triangle" of characters, we have a quadrangle—two men who love the same woman, and two women who love the same man. Dodd Wolferstan, who has worked his way to success from a lowly start in the workhouse, who is strong, handsome, sane, religious and ambitious, loves Ilet Yelland, a peasant girl, and is loved by her. Unfortunately, Abel Pierce also loves her with the fierceness of primitive passion, and the wealthy Primrose Horn loves Dodd just as fiercely. She and Abel conspire to separate Dodd and Ilet, and succeed for long, until Abel's death. Then Dodd and Ilet are married and the real story begins. The tale from that on is a tale of Primrose's hatred and her consecration to revenge. She succeeds to the full, wrecks the portreeve's life and drives him to a madhouse and a tragic death.

The London *Academy's* critic compares the story to the old Greek tragedies. He says: "In giving us something stronger than the lukewarm brew of the average of our day, Mr. Phillpotts gives us more than a taste of the old tragedy. We are lifted, excited, awestruck: there is something of that purging by pity and terror that only great tragedy can accomplish. And yet, great as our modern author is in many ways, he just falls

short." The London *Times's* critic enjoys the author's "fine sincerity of purpose," his sympathy with the poor, and the conversations of the primitive Dartmoor people; but he cannot believe that the elemental emotions rage so nakedly there as Mr. Phillpotts would have us believe, and above all he cannot believe in the malefic astuteness of Primrose, or in her awful steadiness of hate. The *Outlook* (New York) thinks the motive of the story one of the most repellant within reach of the novelist, and it is worked out with unsparing boldness; yet Mr. Phillpotts has never before sketched the loveliness and majesty of the Dartmoor country with a surer hand. The *St. Louis Mirror* cannot understand why Phillpotts does not achieve the vogue of Thomas Hardy, for "no modern English writer excels him, at times, in the artist touch of description, and the atmosphere he invokes is well-nigh perfect; the breath of the moor, the ripple of the stream, the scent of the hay, are all his to give to the one who goes with him to Devon's tors and meadows and wastes." The *Springfield Republican*, however, finds him lacking in Hardy's special charm—"the delicate ironic touch, the skilled artistry." The *New York Evening Post* thinks that Phillpotts has shown a steady advance in each of his later novels; but "The Portreeve" is so far beyond his other works that it can be compared only with Hardy's "Mayor of Casterbridge" or "The Return of the Native."

THE CHILD—A STORY BY JEAN RICHPIN

I

It was a small railway station on the Paris-Lyon line. With a disdainful tone in his voice the conductor was accustomed to call out the name of the station to the sleepy passengers: "Saint-Felicien-du-Mont; one minute's stop!" Then the train proceeded further with a loud noise, and disappeared immediately into a tunnel as if it felt ashamed of having been halted for such a trifle.

Mr. and Mrs. Verdie were the only two officials of this station. He called himself the station-master of Saint-Felicien-du-Mont, while his wife designated herself more modestly as the railroad-guard.

They had a son of about two years of age, Emil by name, or, as they fondly called him, Milot. The little fellow was the sole fortune, the sole joy, of his good parents, and M. Frederic in particular was uncommonly proud of his boy.

One morning the "station-master," as usual, took his child along with him to his work that he might play with him in his short intervals of

rest. He had to close up a passage in the hedge which ran along the track.

Milot behaved excellently; he did not cry once the whole time. And even when Verdie, in order to amuse him, began to creep on the ground on all fours the child laughed like a veritable hobgoblin and took the face of dear papa between his dirty little hands. The happy father beamed with joy and called laughingly to Milot:

"Well, well! Now I want you to sing."

The little fellow began to crow like a young rooster. The father rolled in laughter. How comically Milot threw his head back! And how oddly he screwed up his little mouth, showing here and there the still missing teeth.

Verdie forgot all the sleepless nights which his son had caused and thought only of the pleasant memories which that child had left in his mind—the first smile, the first "papa," the first clapping of hands, the first step—in short, all those commonplaces which to the parents' hearts always seem so new and fascinating.

Radiating with delight, he played pranks with Milot and rolled on the grass like an old dog trying to keep his young puppy in good-humor.

"Milot," he asked, imitating the helpless speech of the child, "how does the train go?"

Milot began to run up and down with his awkward little feet and cried, opening his eyes wide and puffing up his cheeks: "Fu, fu, fu!"

Without a shadow of doubt that was, at least in the opinion of Verdie, a faithful imitation of the noise made by a train. The father could scarcely get over his laughter and delight. That was his work. He had taught Milot this, as he had also taught him how to mew like a cat, to blow out the candles, to bring into a rage the parrot of his aunt who lived with them, and a hundred other ingenious performances.

Presently his wife Marie appeared with a flag. She let down both barriers at the point where the track crossed the road, and looked toward the tunnel.

"Is the express train coming already?" asked Verdie, who stood on the other side of the track.

"Yes, it will be here in a minute."

Both pricked up their ears. The next moment a thick cloud of white steam emerged from the tunnel and the train came rushing on the trembling rails.

"Mamma, mamma!" cried Milot, who saw it coming.

Whereat he tore himself loose from his father's hand and ran, mimicking the train: "Fu, fu, fu!"

Suddenly a fearful double shriek rent the air: the child had run on the track.

"Milot! For Heaven's sake, Milot!"

"Fu, fu, fu!" cried the child, jubilantly raising his voice higher and higher.

The train whizzed by like lightning, then grew smaller and smaller.

A short distance from the track Milot's mutilated body lay in a pool of blood.

II

They lifted the child and carried him into the house.

"Oh, my God, my God!" cried Verdie with a voice that seemed not to proceed from a human throat.

Marie wept, cried and wailed. But when she saw her husband take the revolver and point it at his head, she jumped up with a bound.

"No, no! Not that! Not that!" she cried, and tore the weapon from his hand, beside herself with terror.

He yielded the revolver to her, and both broke down, weeping loudly.

Suddenly Frederic seized his weapon again.

"No, let me—I am to blame for all, I am to blame! I should have kept him back—not taken him to the track. . . . I, I am to blame! I am a miserable wretch! Let me!"

They struggled amid wild cries to wrest the revolver from each other.

"No, no, no! Oh, I beg you, Frederic!" implored the young wife. "On my knees I beg you, do not kill yourself!"

But he paid no attention.

"Do not kill yourself! Oh, my God, what am I to do to keep him from killing himself? Give me a saving thought. Oh, my God!"

Verdie suddenly released her; he seemed to have renounced his purpose.

Then he felt a soft object under his feet, the sight of which broke his heart: Milot's first shoe, a red felt shoe, the length of a finger. In his struggle with Marie he had thrown it down from the *étagère*.

Now he could no longer control himself; he rushed to the kitchen drawer and pulled out a knife.

"Frederic, Frederic!" cried his wife, as she saw that he was on the point of cutting his throat. "Stop! stop! Listen to me! You shall know everything. You have lost nothing, nothing! Milot was not your son!"

III

The husband turned around. His feet shook beneath him as if the roof had suddenly dropped on his shoulders.

"What—what are you saying there?"

"He was not your son, I swear to you, my good Frederic! He was the son of—"

"You wretch!"

With these words Verdie snatched the revolver that lay on the ground and fired on his wife.

Then he rushed like a madman from the room past his sister-in-law, who had just returned from the village.

"Anne, Anne!" cried Marie, who was fatally wounded and had a rattling in her throat. "In a year—or in six months—or in a couple of weeks—you will tell Frederic, won't you, sister—you will tell him that it wasn't true—what I told him; tell him that Milot was his son—as you know—and as the dear Lord knows, who gave me the idea! It was the only way, else he would have killed himself—my poor husband! Won't you, Anne? You will tell him?"

An hour later she expired in her sister's arms.

The Humor of Life

MORE EATING THAN SEEING

George Ade, the humorist and playwright, told a story recently of a farmer who went to a large city to see the sights. The rural visitor engaged a room at a hotel, and before retiring asked the clerk about the hours for dining.

"We have breakfast from six to eleven, dinner from eleven to three, and supper from three to eight," explained the clerk.

"Wa-al, say," inquired the farmer in surprise, "what time air I goin' ter git ter see ther town?"
—*Judge.*

A FRIENDLY INVITATION

"When in need of a square meal draw on me," said the rubber nipple to the baby.—*Judge.*

FUNNY, ISN'T IT?

That a taut rope is none the wiser.

That, though night falls, day breaks.

That a pen has to be driven, but a pencil is lead.

That sailors never box the compass on the spar deck.

That the fellow with a literary bent is usually broke.

That a tree is cut down before it is easily cut up.

That improper fractions should figure in pure mathematics.

That the man with lantern jaws is seldom a brilliant talker.—*Warwick James Price in Saturday Evening Post.*

REAL DISTINCTION

"Is Mr. Scadds a man of scientific distinction?"

"Yes, indeed," answered Miss Cayenne. "He has so many college degrees that when he sends in his card you can't be sure whether it is his name or a problem in algebra."—*London Tit-Bits.*

A DELICATE COMPLIMENT

Many delicate compliments have been paid to the fair sex by men subtle in speech, but here is one straight from the heart of an illiterate negro, which, it seems, would be difficult to excel.

It is recalled by the Reverend C. P. Smith, of Kansas City, in telling the story of a marriage-fee.

"When I was preaching in Walla Walla, Washington," he says, "there was no negro preacher in town, and I was often called upon to perform a ceremony between negroes. One afternoon, after I had married a young negro couple, the groom asked the price of the service.

"Oh, well," said I, "you can pay me whatever you think it is worth to you."

"The negro turned and, slightly looking his bride over from head to foot, slowly rolled up

the whites of his eyes to me and said:

"'Lawd, sah, yo' has done ruined me fo' life—yo' has, fo' sure!'"—*Judge.*

HONEST CRITICISM

An actor whose name is world-known nowadays tells the following story as illustrating the curious criticisms to which players are subject.

In his early days he once gave to a waiter in a restaurant a pass for "Hamlet," in which he himself took the title-rôle.

He did not tell the waiter he was an actor. He wanted to get from this simple-minded and yet intelligent man an honest criticism on his work.

So he duly played Hamlet, the waiter occupying his free seat throughout the performance; and the next day the actor visited the restaurant.

"Well," he said to the waiter, "you saw 'Hamlet' last night, eh?"

The waiter scowled as he replied:—

"Yes, I did; and who's goin' to pay me for my time?"—*London Tit-Bits.*

EVENED UP

All things by Time are set to rights

And squared in divers ways;

Gay blades by lengthening their nights

Are shortening their days.

—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

AN INFERENCE

"When I awoke from the operation I felt as if I was burning up."

"I see. You must have thought that it had been unsuccessful."—*Smart Set.*

EXCUSABLE

EDITOR: I cannot tolerate such spelling as this. You have here the word "suburban" spelled "sub-bourbon."

NEW WRITER: Yes; but haven't you noticed the scene of the plot is laid in Kentucky?—*Judge.*

HOW THEY DID IT

TOMMY (from the city): And you pasteurize all the milk, don't you, Uncle Jed?

UNCLE JED: Haw, haw, haw! Jes' lisen to ther boy. No, sonny, it's only ther cows we treet thet way.—*Brooklyn Life.*

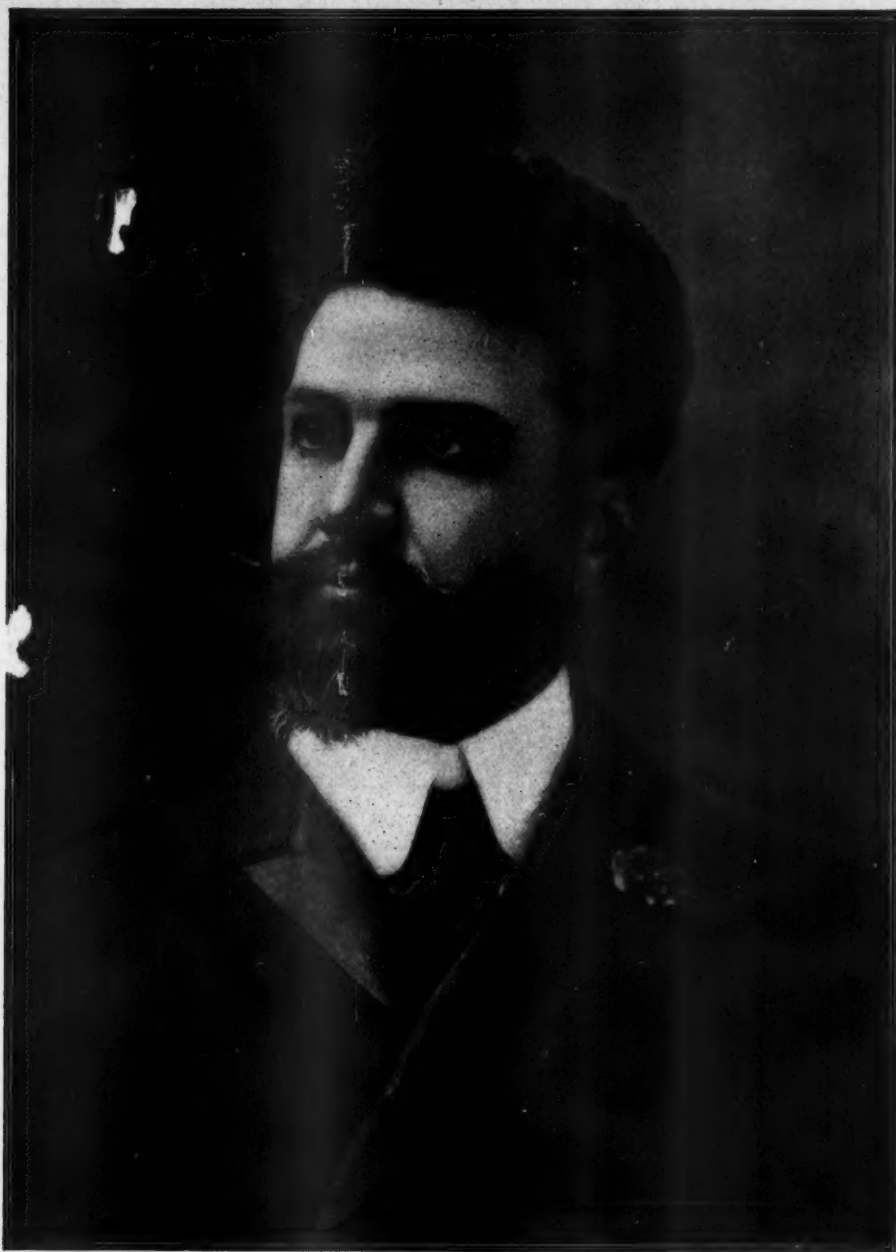
A BIGOT

UNCLE GEORGE: And how do you like your employer, Harry?

HARRY: Oh, he isn't so bad; but he's bigoted.

UNCLE GEORGE: Bigoted? In what way?

HARRY: He's got an idea that words can only be spelled his way.—*London Tit-Bits.*



Photograph by J. Falk.

ONCE AN ORCHESTRA LEADER; NOW THE HEROIC MAYOR OF SAN FRANCISCO

"Society was thrown back to its beginnings," writes Frederick Palmer. "There was chaos in the streets and in men's minds. . . . The control of the situation fell back on two men, Funston and Schmitz. Both happen to be natural leaders of men. But Schmitz was the surprise. In this crisis he showed that he had a backbone of steel and the mind of the born organizer. Tall and well set up, with black beard and black pompadour hair, he seems still the leader of an orchestra as he once was. His origin and his previous character make his work the more wonderful."

His name is not even in "Who's Who"—yet. It is Eugene E. Schmitz.